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THE BOOKMAN

THE LITERATURE OF QUACKERY

By Robert T. Morris

ACCORDING to the dictionaries a quack is an impudent and fraudulent pretender to medical skill. This sort of definition would seem to fall short of comprehending the spirit of writing that appears in ever increasing volume from the presses of incorporated and not incorporated publishers, but which is classified in a general way as quackery by the medical faculty.

Perhaps we shall be obliged to elaborate the subject on the basis of a description of the quack as one who is unable or unwilling to make full use of available medical knowledge and in its place presents misleading ideas wittingly or unwittingly. We may readily enough dispose of the advertising literature of nostrums and charlatanism accepted by certain newspaper folk who show a cynical contempt for the mentality of their readers. It pays in the "counting house". The motive is sordid even though editors may be found who assert that the valuable fruit of their newspapers could not be distributed among the people widely except for the rich soil of quackery in which the roots of their papers are planted in the advertising columns.

In quite separate category we may place books and pamphlets relating to the purely religious healing cults. Here the prevailing motive is definitely humane. The question of pragmatic value of various kinds of propaganda becomes one of analysis of method chiefly.

A problem of this sort at the moment has stirred the Episcopal Church to the point of arranging a commission of erudite gentlemen who are to decide upon the relative merits of James Moore Hickson and Dr. Elwood Worcester of the Emmanuel movement. Mr. Hickson ignores diagnosis while Dr. Worcester, after varied experiences, finally works in conjunction with Boston physicians and with careful selection of cases for treatment.

A rather large literature of religious healing dates from early his-

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tory. Priests among the ancient Egyptians, like the medicine men of North American Indians, were quacks, if you please, in their "property" employment of the supernatural. We must give consideration, however, to the character of their audiences and assume that these may have been the really wise men who knew best how to direct questionable means toward a justifiable end. Aside from the sordid motive of the newspaper quack and the humane motive of the religious healer, we have such a confusing array of mixed motives displayed in the cult literature of today that he who would steer clear of Scylla must keep a steady hand upon the tiller.

The vast knowledge of science that is being collected by experts and stored in medical libraries has become unwieldy for the experts themselves and quite out of reach for the doctor who is not trained in modern educational ways for knowing who knows. For the layman the matter is quite hopeless.

Examination into the character of current health cult literature may perhaps best be made by means of a momentary study of the targets at which it is aimed.

According to a New York police captain our citizens consist of two classes, the captured and the uncaptured in crime. According to the point of view of the medical faculty our citizens are again divided into two classes, people whose screws are loose and those whose screws are tight. Both of these two sets respond equally to the workings of nature's first law. Self-preservation in matters of finance and health calls for eager attention on the part of practically every man and woman in our commonwealth. The independently wealthy and healthy constitute a minority under the conditions imposed by our present cultural period.

Quackery in finance and medicine is a natural psychological phenomenon belonging to one phase of the behavior of our species. It is, therefore, a natural history affair. Sisyphus, the citizen, condemned to the conditions of modern civilization, rolls his idea of invested money and of health to the top of the hill that confronts him and then does it all over again. The extent of medical quackery and of its literature allows us for purposes of convenience to make further subdivision of the subject into two chief categories. The honestly deluded advance their propaganda of half baked theories. Sensation mongers, insincere, personally profit by their appeal to a primal fondness for mystery belonging to lust of the chase for novelty. There is an ancient Persian saying to the effect that the wise can understand the foolish because he himself has been foolish, but the foolish cannot understand the wise, because he himself has never been wise. The question then arises as to the proportion of the foolish.

In accordance with army tests for intelligence of drafted men, by means of the modified Binet method, the statement has been made that more than one-half of the adult population of this country consists of people who are less than fifteen years of age mentally, and that the larger part of these have never progressed beyond the twelfth year of age standard of intelligence no matter what their surroundings or educational opportunities. This army rating allows us to get at an understanding of the field that lies wide open to the literature of quackery.

People whose internal resources do not permit them to select many right

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premises for getting at right conclusions are notably responsive to external impressions of the sort made by cult propagandists. Conscious and unconscious quackery leveled at the heads of some seventy millions of our people and making use of an ammunition consisting of fog words and phrases like "cosmic unity", "vibration of atoms", "the ego clothed in its astral body", "psychic harmony", "concept centres", "thought ether", brings down a game bag full of victims who feel complimented at having this sort of gauge placed upon their understanding. We sometimes hear a great deal of anguish expressed by good people who had depended upon mummery and incantation during the curable stages of cancer and tuberculosis, finally turning up at the offices of responsible medical advisers at a time when their cases have become hopeless. So much for that part of the public which lives along the lower intelligence levels.

How about the highly intelligent who yield to the persuasive literature of quack propaganda? Here we come to another question altogether. It is one that relates to the matter of cultural limitation. In the course of development of a people sturdy physical constitution marks the early history of that particular branch of a race. Then comes the period when physical decline is often associated with brilliant mentality expressed in terms of art, science, and literature. Function and structure, according to the biologist, are closely allied. When there is decline in physical structure of a people, mental functions follow suit. We find vagaries of mentality exhibited in clear quick intelligence perhaps along certain lines of thought and a snarling of mental complexes along other lines of thought. There is a tendency for the so called nervous balance to be lost and the highly intelligent neurotic is in a state of continual unrest. The search for physical and mental comfort leads to gropings in mysticism, in the occult, and in the novel generally rather than along lines of healthy reasoning among classifiable data which call for steady and methodical association of ideas. The literature of quackery appeals therefore not only to the mentally mediocre, but also to many of the mentally brilliant, victims of overcultivation. It will have a larger and larger audience for the reason that all of the Aryan nations in our present cultural period are now on the decline, as indicated by the falling birth rate and an increase of the proportion of insane and feeble minded.

A third but much smaller group in which the literature of quackery finds a resting place consists of people who for the most part are pretty level thinkers. They are the very busy men and women who have no time to give to critical analysis of any out of hand subject like that of medicine, and who for that very reason may have had unsatisfactory experience with doctors because of their wrong selection of consultants.

The fourth and smallest group consists of physicians whose imaginations are captured by some nicely stated theory which will not bear close inspection, and who lack the time necessary for rational investigation of the subject.

Although there are many kinds of astonishing medical literature, a certain degree of classification becomes possible. Paracelsus, for example, announcing himself to be a medical reformer, published his acid-alkali theories of illnesses and their treatment in such a convincing way that his writ-

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ings commanded respect upon a small basis of fact, although presented in a manner that did not please all of the savants of his day. Hahnemann, with a display of bombast and egotism belonging to other philosophers of the period, named his chief work "Organon", a title doubtless suggested by Bacon's "Novum Organum" or by the logical treatises of Aristotle. The writings of Hahnemann and his followers were strongly defensive and aggressive to a degree that was probably required before scientific medicine had become the order of procedure. The basis of value in his dogma was enlarged upon with such freedom of speculation by his earlier followers that they were frequently characterized as medical quacks.

William Turner, in a book entitled "Chrono-Thermal System of Samuel Dickson", with a subtitle "Fallacies of the Faculty", said in his preface in 1848 that the edition was a work subversive of the entire fabric of established medicine. He expressed the hope of attracting the attention of women and dedicated the book to Mrs. General Gaines. His theory of periodicity of movement of every organ and atom in the body, the intermittency and unity of all diseases, and the unity of action of cause and cure involving change of temperature, makes amusing reading today; but the book was translated into French, German, and Swedish and it found a thief in a Dr. Laycock who published the ideas under the title of "Vital Periodicity".

The Thompsonian doctrine of signatures in plants and Perkins's metallic tractors had a literature which left nothing for posterity, but books relating to the color cure and Gould's Biographic Clinics brought forward, with what might be dubbed quackery, ideas of such value that permanent place has been made for them by the regular medical profession.

A later day propagandist of the would be revolutionary type is Freud. He seems to be more dangerous than some of the other subversive writers because the quality and style of his diction appear to be quite scientific and this style, as in the case of Swinburne, leads the reader where he may not wish to go. Freud as a mystic, working with a few basic facts of value, has aroused much fantastic thought among people who have had little acquaintance with genuine science. His literature would seem to be largely quackery of the sort which comes under the description which we have chosen in place of the dictionary definition.

Perhaps the most astonishing medical writer of the moment is Alfred Abrams. His book entitled "New Concepts in Diagnosis and Treatment" with a description of the vibration rate of diseased tissue and of disease germs, his introduction of the atomic theory into applied medical practice, and his electronic reactions open up such a bewildering new field of thought and of demonstrable fact that many of his followers, less capable and more imaginative than he, are pretty sure to give us a flood of literature that will be quackish in its nature.

Louis Berman's recently published book on the subject of "The Glands Regulating Personality" is a brilliantly written statement of fact with emphasis placed upon sensational features in such a way that the patent fallacies and personally erected superstructure may not always be investigated as closely as they should be. There is no doubt but that personality is regulated by the glands, yet Berman does not tell us enough about what regulates the glands.

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Stepping into another field for a literary vista in a different point of the compass, we find a larger shelf of books and journals than would appeal to Dr. Eliot relating to the subject of mind cures. There is a certain sameness of fundamental idea running as warp through all of these writings, but the woof takes on many fantastic colorings. The basic idea, whether the authors know it or not, consists in what psychologists might call the bringing of contents of the subconscious mind storehouse up to the conscious mind delivery counter. Much of this literature is really helpful to people whose minds through illness or lack of training are given to slipping their cogs. The introduction of method for getting control of the mind gives the element of value. A quackery part consists in emphasis placed upon the idea that each method is the best one and that proper medical treatment may be dispensed with in favor of the mind cure.

Another quackery part relates to the publishing of names of famous people who have been cured. One of our acquaintances in the patent medicine business tells us that he could pound up brick dust and sell it. His advertising would not only bring in letters from cured patients but many of the letters would include photographs which the writers would ask to have published along with their testimonials.

In the mind cure set we find, for example, "The Conquest of Fear", "Conscious Evolution", "Supreme Personality", the various expositions of New Thought doctrines, Christian Science, "The Science of Self-Consciousness", and the latest book by Emile Coué, "Self Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion". Along with ideas presented by this class of literature which are distinctly helpful for many people, particularly the neurotics, there goes a good deal of harm because the effect of the writing so frequently is in the direction of selfish introspection as opposed to ideas of social service.

Faith cure books belong in a class by themselves and make strong appeal to people of religious temperament who have lacked self-control to a degree sufficient for meeting the trials and tribulations of daily life. There is less of impudence in faith cure writing than in many other sorts of literature which relate to healing, although we find egotism displayed sometimes by authors who state that God has made them His special messengers.

The widely read sex literature, much of it coming under both descriptions of quackery, is distinctly harmful on the whole because of the ease with which morbid suggestion is aroused in the minds of both trained and untrained readers. The sincerity of some of the writers on sex topics is indicated in the case of one book which the author dedicated to his mother but which recently cost the publisher a year in jail.

Books and journals devoted to the subjects of naprapathy, osteopathy, and chiropractic belong to still another group in which quackery of the sort which we have described is thoroughly mixed among practical points. In this group of cults emphasis is placed upon the idea that adjustment of spinal vertebræ will regulate our health fortunes. Anyone who will take the trouble to step into the nearest meat market and examine a longitudinal section of the spine of a sheep or any other animal may decide at a glance without further anatomical or medical knowledge as to whether any

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of these bones may be "moved" or if they would remain in new positions provided that they could actually be "adjusted". The basic quackery of this literature has deeply prejudiced the regular medical profession against making inquiry into the question of benefit which may be derived in properly selected cases by manipulation of certain vertebral regions according to the applied practice of healers representing these cults. As in the case of mind cures, part of the quackery consists in promulgation of the idea that regular medical practice may be supplanted by cult method.

Quite apart from the cultists proper we find literature like that of Upton Sinclair in his "Book of Life". Sinclair sparkles as brilliantly as the flashes of a spinthariscope, his truth mingled with darkness. We doubt if he could persuade Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol to follow his idea of the benefits of fasting, and many readers of the neurotic type might be definitely injured by ideas which this temperamental author introduces into an attractive pabulum.

Strange as it may seem, books and lesser literature relating to the subject of astrology still have vogue and the quackery of the medical aspects of this literature appeals to very many people who live below the top floor.

What is the outlook? Raymond B. Fosdick in a recent commencement day address asked the interesting question if man would continue to be master of the intricate machinery of civilization or if civilization would prove to be a Frankenstein monster that would slay its own maker. Mr. Fosdick was referring to complex technical matters of government widely removed from the intelligence and vision of plain citizens. The situation has gone far beyond us. Man's capacity does not keep pace with his inventions. According to Conkling the social inheritance of man has outstripped his biological inheritance. Mr. Fosdick says truly that "life in the future will be speeded up infinitely beyond the present. Science will not wait for man to catch up."

These ideas may apply to medicine quite as well as they would to government. Incidentally we may remark that civilizations of the past have found themselves in the same difficulty. They have created their own Frankenstein monsters and there appears to be no reason why our own civilization should follow any different course.

Great medical libraries will carry literature representing a sum total of the work of the best men in medicine. Flashes from falling star cults will direct the vision of many spectators away from the orderly moving planets.

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THE PARODY OUTLINE OF LITERATURE

II: CINDERELLA

By Will Irwin

With a Sketch by Herb Roth

THE room emitted a faint scent of cinders, of dinners old and new, of overripe grain. To right gleamed and sizzled a hot stove with whose lid steam played an irregular tattoo. By these signs, by the skillets arranged in gleaming rows along the wall, by the enameled cabinet, its compartments labeled with such brief, succinct legends as "flour", "salt", "pepper", "mustard", "grain alcohol", and "gin essence", by the small but yet complete still in the corner, the sapient visitor, turning upon it eyes unclouded by sophistication, would shrewdly have guessed it for what it was — a modern, post-Volstead kitchen, unromantic, utilitarian. As unromantic at first sight seemed the girl, now bending over a dishpanful of hot mash at the sink. Yet those same sapient eyes, regarding her as she lifted her hands from the pan, wiped them on the roller towel, would have seen by her mouth, her nose, and her hair that she was beautiful — delicately, hauntingly beautiful. She crossed the room now; stood with a hand poised over the pot lid. Then she spoke.

"Hell!" she said. Only that. Yet subtly, indefinably, you gained the impression that she was irritated, or peeved. The impression gathered strength as an electric bell rang two sharp, startling peals. With knitted brows and pursed lips she glanced upward at the inoffending bit of metal which had emitted this disturbing sound, turned, not forgetting in her agitation to coax back into place a strayed wisp of her brown hair which here and there shone with a glint of green, moved toward the door. The cat stood at the lintel, mewing to be let out. With a foot clad in a coarse brogue which could not conceal the fine lines of a perfect ankle, the girl kicked her sharply through the door. Then she sped on, up the back stairway, along the solemn corridors of an old-fashioned mansion in the East Thirties, stood before the glints of a mahogany door. Giving her slender, well formed hands a final wipe on her coarse apron, she knocked, entered.

The woman who sat before the glass, amidst the refined elegancies of a chic boudoir, somehow subtly matched her surroundings in their present state. The tawny gilt and delicate blue of the walls looked artificial but beautiful when they reflected back the glints of soft light from innumerable shaded globes; so under the same circumstances did Lilith, stepsister to the girl now standing with an air of obedient expectancy by

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the threshold. In the full glare of New York's hazy afternon sun, these decorations and appointments appeared what they were — old, somewhat faded, the plaster showing through here and there. So did Lilith. Now, clad in a pink negligée, she was with a rag removing the makeup from a stringy neck. Before she spoke, before she even took notice of the girl, whose dewy freshness made chamber and occupant appear still more passée and tawdry, she twisted the rag into a cone, with its corner brushed from her eyelashes the black rim. Those eyes of Lilith had not faded. Bold, dark, piercing yet soft, they seemed to make glints in the mirror. From the open door beyond her came silken rustlings and movings about, which hinted at further feminine occupancy in that quarter of the house. Now Lilith spoke in her hard, metallic voice:

"Ella", she said, "you need not serve dinner tonight. Tell the parlor-maid to do that. Don't delay me by eating any dinner yourself, but come up here and get my rose foulard ready and be prepared to dress me, as expeditiously as possible. That tiresome maid of mine insists on taking her day off as usual — tonight when the Patriarchs are giving their formal ball to the visiting Prince of Lusitania!"

"Yes, madame," said the girl, whom we may now call Ella.

"Yes, madame," said Ella, docilely. Yet somehow a sixth sense seemed to tell her that the conversation was not finished. And instinct was right. Lilith was in that mood — primæval, basically feminine, atavism of the cave women — which in a moment of perplexity or triumph sometimes drives the most refined flower of our oversophisticated society to indiscreet confidences, even though the confidante be only a servant.

"I want to look my best tonight," said Lilith. The filmy folds of the almost evanescent foulard lay disposed over a chair. Lilith's fingers caressed them. "My best for the Prince. He danced with me twice at the Junior League ball and cut in three times. How would it seem, Ella, to have a princess in the family — yes", and Lilith's dark eyes struck from the mirror an imperious gleam — "yes, and eventually a queen!"

A voice came from the room beyond, like Lilith's in its hardness yet with a certain feline quality. This was Goldona. Toward Lilith, Ella felt, she felt as a stepsister should feel. It was harder with Goldona.

"I hear, Ella", said the slow, taunting voice of Goldona, "that the kitchens of the royal palace are extremely convenient." And now, a slight flush tingeing her delicate cheek, Ella spoke:

"Yes, sister," she said. Only that. But the word brought a sharp crash from the room beyond, as of an ivory hair brush dropped suddenly on old mahogany. The purr was gone from Goldona's voice; it had a tiger quality as she jerked out:

"How often have I told you not to use that word?"

It was Lilith's voice which had now taken on the feline purr.

"Cinder-Ella," she sneered.

In the sophisticated but only partly literate circles in which she moved, Lilith passed for a wit. Yet most of her quips traveled but half way to the mark, as this. It referred to a formal dinner whereat Ella had served with the mark of a cinder across her cheek. This one slip in a perfect record as maid-of-all-work was a secret mortification to Ella. Lilith, with the un-

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canny penetration of the cruel, knew that.

"Cinderella!" mockingly echoed the voice of Goldona from the boudoir beyond.

Cinderella, as we will call Ella henceforth, had not used that word "sister", with its unwarranted familiarity, by accident. The black, rebellious mood of the morning had persisted. You knew that by a sudden clenching and unclenching of her hand, by the abruptness with which she turned, by the manner in which she closed the door. Perfect servant though she had trained herself to be, she slammed it. It was wicked to feel so, yet the situation was growing intolerable to a refined girl whose inner spirit harbored a proud sensitiveness. "To hell with both of them," she murmured.

II

How the woman came to be there, Cinderella never knew. But, as she herself took the soup kettle from the stove, began to drain off the stock, there she was. And Cinderella experienced somehow no start of surprise. As the woman sat there — plump, middle aged, but comely, with soft brown hair and a merry brown eye — Cinderella had even a feeling that she had seen her before. Yet nevertheless she spoke abruptly, as though some force superior to her will drove her to the heart of the subject.

"Who are you?" asked Cinderella.

"Call me your Fairy Godmother, kid," said the strange visitor. "That's what I am, I guess. I've come to do you good. Now listen, dearie, I'm a trance, test, clairvoyant, an' materializin' medium an' second-sight seeress. Listen, my spirits has sent me here. I'm in half control now but I'm liable to go right off into full control any minute. Listen, when I do, don't be scared, but just pay attention. Here I go now. Wuff!" With this exclamative, which drew out into a low, dying wail, the eyes of the Fairy Godmother closed. She shuddered three times, stiffened to rigidity. When she spoke again, it was a child's voice that parted her full lips.

"Hee-hee — I'm Laughin'-Eyes, the child control," said this voice. "Hello, pretty girl! Pretty girl sad. I see a will — oh, ever so long ago. No — go away bad man. He hadn't ought to did what he done. I see a tall, dark complected lady — two ladies. They're rich. Pretty girl very poor. Pretty girl thinks she loves 'em. She don't. Nobody understands pretty girl. She wants dances an' parties an' pretty clothes too. But nobody understands — " For ten minutes Laughing-Eyes rambled along thus, with each sentence revealing more and more of Cinderella's hidden thoughts and feelings which she had never revealed to a soul. Gradually, conviction came to the girl. Then, "Laughin'-Eyes goin' away — goodby pretty lady!" said the voice of the child control. With a jerk, the Fairy Godmother sat up.

"Where am I?" she said, putting a plump yet attractive hand to her brow. "Ah, yes. Did the spirits give a convincin' demonstration, dearie? When I'm in full control I don't know nothin' they say. Listen, dearie, I'm in half control again now. I can hear the spirits but I can hear you too. Listen. They tell me that things has been bad, but they're goin' to be better. They sent me here to say they're workin' for you, but they can't help you unless'n you help yourself. I'm comin' out of control now, dearie, an' I got a scheme I want to talk over with you just as woman to woman."

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The purport of the conversation of the next half hour I will not for the present reveal. Suffice it that as the Fairy Godmother turned at the door, she repeated:

"Now remember, kid, just at midnight."

"I get you — Just at midnight," repeated Cinderella.

Walking with strange sprightliness considering her bulk, the Fairy Godmother crossed the cemented area. Cinderella, watching from the doorway, felt that at any instant she might disappear. She did not, however; her palpable, material form rounded the ashcan, was gone. Cinderella turned back to her work. Beautiful she had been before, but with a subdued beauty. Now, subtle, sparkling color touched cheeks and lips and nimble fingers. It was an intensification of beauty which Lilith and Goldona, just now at eleven o'clock ringing for their morning coffee from their elaborate boudoirs, still glittering artificially behind drawn curtains, would never know. Swiftly Cinderella turned to the still . . . poured out something . . . lifted it . . .

III

Mayor Hylan, when the Prince landed in New York, had ascertained from a secretary that Lusitania was pro-German during the war. And now, all the wealth, beauty, and fashion of Manhattan from Baxter Street to Turtle Bay Gardens was dancing that night at the Grand All-American Municipal Ball and Reception in Grand Central Palace. Silks, furs, and gorgeous jewels, silvery face powder, made bright the assemblage. Always, Lilith contrived artfully to station herself beside the Prince. Twice he had danced with her. Now, in an interval of music, she was conversing, the courtiers and aldermen standing respectfully aside, almost out of earshot.

"Prince, it must be great to be a princess," Lilith was heard to say.

How the Prince might have answered this shot, so simple on the surface, so packed with subtle meaning, none will ever know. For, amidst the dying, haunting fall of a shimmy by the Marine Band, even the Prince noticed a commotion at the other end of the majestic hall, and then a hushed silence. The crowd had parted. Through it, lithe yet stately, maidenly yet how graceful, tripped a girl of such transcendent beauty as to make even the most hardened roué in that brilliant throng draw a breath of startled admiration. She was dressed in something of sheer, rippling silver — something, but only just enough to reflect back the light of her eyes, give slimness to her symmetries. Her little feet, as she advanced, both twinkled and glistened from a multitude of — were they diamonds? — on the vamps, the toes, the heels, of tiny high heeled shoes.

That amazed silence passed into a buzz of admiration. Suddenly the orchestra began the strains of a jazz. Then it was that Alderman Lipschowitz of the Sixth Ward, New York's most successful publicity hound, saw opportunity and grasped it. Advancing with a stalwart and masterful air, he took the new arrival into his arms as by right; they glided away, the ornaments of her slippers giving back light from a thousand facets.

"Curses!" suddenly spoke the Royal Press Agent. "We missed that trick. Cut in, your Highness! Cut in before it is too late!"

Forward strode the Prince, just in time to anticipate Councilman Di Caproni of the Bronx. At his quick tap on the shoulder, Alderman Lipschowitz

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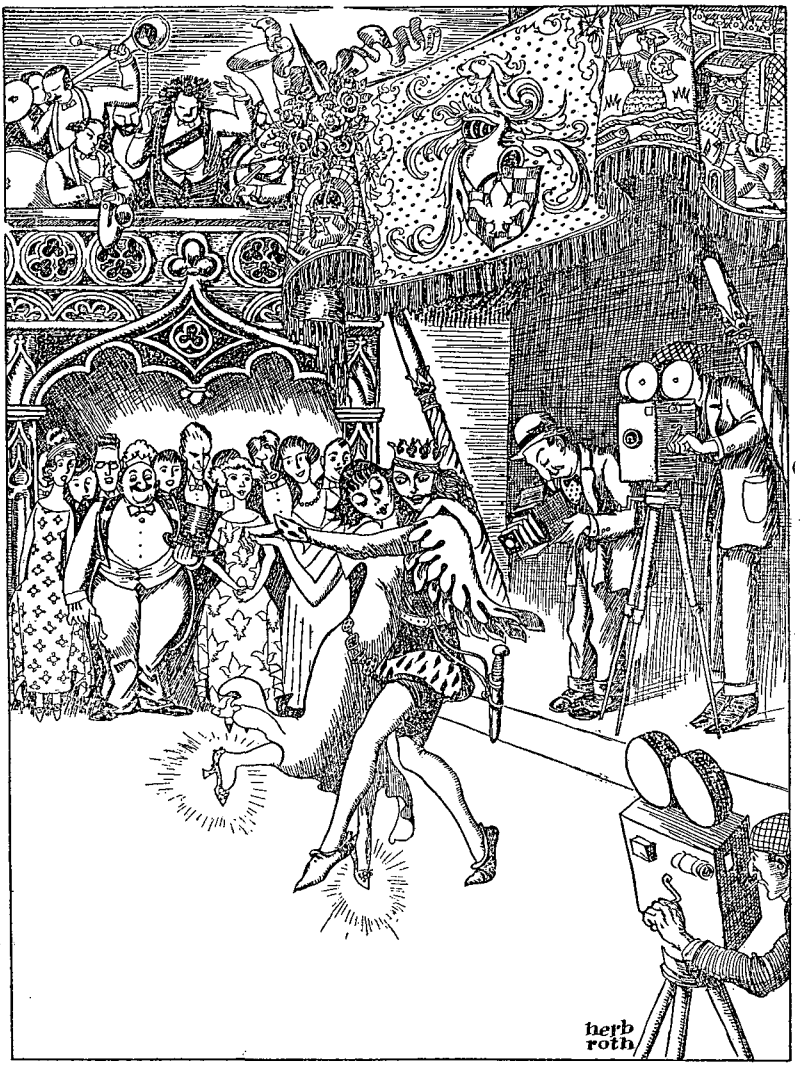

"She was floating in the arms of the Prince"

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fell away from the girl's side. She was floating, floating now in the arms of the Prince. The dancers had seen over their shoulders his prompt act. As the music died away, they broke into spontaneous applause. The band, taking this for an encore, struck up a haunting waltz. They floated and floated, the Prince and the Unknown, and neither spoke; except only as brown eyes spoke to blue. But finally:

"What shall I call you?" he asked, softly.

The sweet, sad mouth curved into a slight smile as with the thought of old sorrow bravely borne.

"Call me Cinderella!" she said.

At that instant came an astonishing climax. A heavy, metallic sound pierced the music of the orchestra. It was the Metropolitan clock striking twelve. On its first reverberation, the twinkling feet of Cinderella stopped. She had wriggled out of his arms. She was running, gracefully yet swiftly, toward a palm embowered door. With the suddenness of her motion, one of the little slippers spilled like a blob of light from her dainty foot. She did not turn back. The Prince stood for a moment palpably embarrassed. There was no one at hand to tell him what to do. Then the instinct of a born gentleman informed him that since a lady had dropped it the object must be picked up. That conquered his embarrassment. He stooped gracefully to the little, glittering slipper. The hall rang with applause. The Royal Press Agent hurried to his side. "Great stuff, your Highness", he exclaimed, "and right off the reel! You'll do! Now hold the pose. The photographers are about to flash." At the same moment the society editors, craning their necks from the windows to view the carriage entrance, saw a glint of silver and diamond light flash into a smart Rolls-Royce brougham which rolled rapidly away.

"Hang onto it!" continued the Royal Press Agent with a rapid forefinger, indicating the slipper.

And something in the Prince's attitude subtly suggested that this was exactly what he wanted to do.

IV

The press agents of the municipality, of Alderman Lipschowitz and of the Prince of Lusitania, did not permit this incident to die. For three days the newspapers rang with it. Every morning the latest afternoon edition put to the breakfast tables of New York the shrieking inquiry, "Who is the Fair Unknown that snared the Heart of the Prince?" The Royal Press Agent, as the story died down, tried to ascertain from the Prince the particulars of his conversation with the Unknown. But on that, he was dumb. He did not reveal that quaint yet charming name. Had he done so, had the newspapers published it, this story would else not have been written.

For in the stately old dining room of the mansion in the East Thirties, there was gloom. Lilith voided her disappointment on Goldona, Goldona, her malicious, cat-like jealousy on Lilith. Speculate as they might on the identity of the Unknown, they could get no further than that her face was somehow familiar. And all this time, that face was bending over them as Cinderella patiently, respectfully, removed the hash or offered the onions. Clothes so transform a girl! Cinderella served with her eyes cast meekly down. Yet beneath the humble garb of servitude hers was the only heart in that old house which danced with joy.

Three nights after the Grand Mu-

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nicipal Ball, the Prince appeared again in public — a rather humble and democratic affair given by the American Federation of Labor. A double line of society reporters waited for the Unknown at the carriage entrance. She did not come. And now, the Prince was going away. At the magnificent Litz-Miltmore Hotel, society was giving him his farewell party.

And she came. Again, the dancers fell back before her. Again her beauty seemed to still the music. But she was no longer in silver! A magnificent creation of taffeta — soft, clinging, velvety, darkly purple — gave emphasis to her outlines. Her feet no longer glittered. They were clad now in little black slippers no larger than an elf's. This time the Prince needed no prompting of his press agent as he strode forward. Again they floated; and now passing dancers, craning their heads politely toward this focus of interest, saw that they were speaking to each other. As the music died away to its fall, they had danced near to the palms which guarded the entrance to an anteroom. Thither he guided her. A twosing couple, the hotel bootlegger plying his trade behind the palms, hastily withdrew. All the world loves a princely lover. Now, they were kissing. And suddenly — the boom of the Metropolitan bell. Her lips parted from his; her form writhed in his grasp.

"Midnight!" she said. "Oh, I must go!"

But his arm restrained her.

"Will you stay if I promise to keep you forever?" he breathed.

For answer, she resumed her kissing.

"But you understand", he said as they paused for breath, "it can be only morganatic."

Cinderella, though she had been only two nights in society, was already touched by the modern spirit.

"Go as far as you like, Prince," she said.

Their lips met again.

V

Rosalie Le Grange, test, trance, and clairvoyant medium, was playing rum and talking shop with Professor Beach, materializing medium.

"How did you ever get started on that O'Shaughnessy lay?" asked Professor Beach.

"That cat, Goldona O'Shaughnessy," replied Rosalie Le Grange. "She come round to me when she seen her sister Lilith was tryin' to cop the Prince, to get a love philtre to break it up. I smelled money, an' I pumped her — you know. I put two an' two together an' found there was somethin' phoney in the finances of that family. Suspected they was holdin' out on somebody. Then I found they had a stepsister cookin' in their kitchen an' waitin' on table. I went round disguised as a lace pedler an' looked her over. Pretty! Prettiest thing you ever laid your eyes on. Fresh as dew an' all that. But nothin' upstairs. Wouldn't 'a' stood for it all these years if there had been. One of those — what d' you call 'em when they never grow past fourteen an' can't pass the army intelligence test better than class D an' ain't good for nothin' but ditchdiggers or major generals?"

"Mor'ns?" suggested Professor Beach.

"That's it. Not more'n half witted. She was one of 'em. Right there, like a spirit sent it, I got my idea. That's the kind princes an' millionaires fall for. Fresh as a daisy — contrast. Nothin' above the ears — affinity. Made up my mind to sic her on the

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Prince. Even if he didn't pan out, I'd give her the first good time she ever had an' have a lot of fun myself. So I called on her an' threw a trance an' pulled some of the regular stuff an' a few convincin' facts I'd pumped out of that Goldona O'Shaughnessy an' got her confidence an' put her through."

"How'd you ever horn her into those swell society functions?" inquired Professor Beach.

"Schwartz, the caterer," replied Rosalie Le Grange. "He catered for 'em both. He's been comin' to me for ten years. I've got so much on him that when I ask for somethin' he's grateful I ain't askin' more. Jimmy the Greek owns the Rolls-Royce. It's just an old busted Rolls-Royce body he bought cheap and fixed up with a Ford engine. He lets it out to out-of-towners who want to make a splash cheap. Won't send it out of the city limits because it can't climb nothin' higher'n Murray Hill. He let me have it free. I throw bootleg trade his way all the time."

"What was the midnight business for?" asked Professor Beach.

"That", replied Rosalie Le Grange, "was the best thing I done. Sounded spooky, didn't it? Well it's all a matter of the costumes. They was borrowed from Sadie Winkowski — you know — Geraldine Duguesqueline of the Midnight Follies. I've got a lot on her. She has to go on in her clothes at one-ten a. m. — she has a undressed act before that. Gettin' them clothes off of this Cinderella an' gettin' 'em over to the stage entrance an' onto Sadie in an hour an' ten minutes — well, I nearly broke open my operation, hustlin'. First night she nearly ruined me. I was usin' Sadie's costume for the 'Waters of Niagara' scene. There's a pair of slippers hung all over with glass pendants. Well, that little fool Cinderella overstayed her time an' at midnight she ran so fast she shook off one of the slippers. Didn't have the sense to stop an' pick it up — I'd told her to hurry. Sadie had to go on with plain white shoes an' the stage manager nearly fired her an' I come through next day with twenty-five dollars to the costumer for a new right slipper — the Prince had hung on to that one. I didn't care much, though. I knew by that we had him goin'."

"Well, between your twenty-five dollars and your trouble, I don't see where you get off," said Professor Beach.

"Don't you?" inquired Rosalie Le Grange sarcastically. "Well, as soon as they saw she was marryin' the Prince, Lilith an' Goldona O'Shaughnessy done the next best thing. They wanted to stay square with this Cinderella so's they could be ladies in waitin' or somethin'. So they handed over the fortune they'd been holdin' out on her, pretendin' it was just an engagement present. She's a princess now, but what's more, she's rich. An' I've got somethin' on *her!*"

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THE CRYSTAL BOX

Fragments of Autobiography

By Hugh Walpole

IV: LONDON, 1909—1914

WHEN I came up to London in 1909 and planted my umbrella in Chelsea the town of the early 'nineties was only just behind me. On every side of me were men who had lived in it, made it, destroyed it — it was not romantic at all.

Now it is more distant and perhaps more romantic than the reign of Queen Anne.

The before-the-war London which was, when I was living in it, the most matter of fact and platitudinous of towns is now in its turn being pushed back into the romantic color of history. I am not at all sure indeed that it will not, before the end of this century, become the most interesting period of all London's modern post-Napoleonic life. Already that moment of the outbreak of war has, with its terrible and prophetic gesture, pointed everyone to the careless tranquillity of those preceding years. A hundred novels have already made August fourth the thrilling crisis of their little chronicles, not one I think successfully. We are still too near.

Too near to 1914, but what a distance from 1910! I am thirty-eight years old, not a septuagenarian age, but already I find that youngsters are interested when I tell them that every day I rode from Piccadilly Circus back to my rooms in Chelsea on a horse omnibus and leaning over the front discussed matters with the friendly old driver; that I have driven continually in hansoms; that I often watched Fred Farren in the Empire Ballet from the shocking and demoralizing Promenade; that I heard from Robert Ross's lips the true account of the last days of Wilde in Paris; that I saw Dan Leno in pantomime; that I watched the flight of the first aeroplane at Hendon; that I had tea with Thomas Hardy's first wife; that I was at the first night of Stephen Phillips's "Herod"; that I dined with Aubrey Beardsley's sister; that I was at the first performance of Elgar's Violin Concerto; that I heard Ternina in Wagner; that I read Conrad's "Lord Jim" from month to month in "Blackwood's". . . .

II

Of course that world was easier to live in, but it was not a perfect world for all that. For a year I lived in Chelsea on a hundred pounds and was as happy as a king; it would be really difficult now to be happy on a hundred pounds a year in London.

I had great luck from the first. I secured almost at once a good reviewing job on a London paper, had my first novel accepted at once by a good publishing firm and, better than these,

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secured the friendship of two of the greatest personalities in modern letters. People accused me in those days I remember of being a literary snob but I was very naïve in my snobbism. I simply worshiped men of letters and went for them direct as a kitten goes to a saucer of milk.

My real life began I suppose when a kind friend gave for me a little luncheon at the Reform Club to celebrate the success (a very tiny success) of my first novel. The men who came to that luncheon were Max Beerbohm, H. G. Wells, Clutton-Brock, Reginald Turner (the wittiest talker in the whole of London), and Robert Ross.

Think of it! For a boy, fresh from the country, crude, ignorant, and eager, to have at once the chance of such companionship! And soon after this I met Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Edmund Gosse, Sidney Colvin and, best and greatest man of his time, Henry James.

Those were really the days of the novel. The veterans — Meredith, Hardy, Kipling, Moore — were in the background, proved and sure of their immortality, and Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Conrad were still spoken of as young men of whom anything might be expected.

Everyone talked then of the novel — it had a great and wonderful new period of efflorescence; a push and masterly realism might take it anywhere. H. G. Wells had made his now historic speech at the Times Book Club declaring that the time had now come for the novel to admit everything into its generous embrace, Henry James was showing in "The Wings of the Dove" that there were entirely new fields in psychology to be discovered, Conrad was showering down upon us pages of incomparable prose, Arnold Bennett flung with a careless, indifferent gesture that masterpiece "The Old Wives' Tale" at the feet of the public.

It was a great time — a great time when you are at the beginning and everyone expects good things from you and you have no past works to be dragged up in evidence against you.

It is certainly the easiest thing in the world for any young man or woman of ordinary talents to make a first little splash as a novelist. Your little personality is fresh to the world; you are presenting your vision of life from an angle just a little different from the angles of other people. Everyone is waiting eagerly for the signs of a new talent; everyone is only too ready to see proofs of unusual merit in something fresh and young; no one is more eager for this than the publisher who is longing to have a fresh horse in his stable — unless it be the reviewer who is positively aching for a new stick to beat the old hacks with!

Yes — it is easy to begin; it is the staying the course that counts.

And here it is I think that both in England and America the mistake is made — we are all too eager for something new. The young author who has something fresh to say finds himself almost at once surrounded by a crowd of supporters who are pushing him eagerly forward, generally against some other writer with whom he has not the slightest ambition of rivalry. He may keep his own head, feel that he is only at the very beginning of an arduous and ungrateful art, but he is not human if he does not react to the kindness and praise and attention.

The very talk that follows leads his audience to expect more of him than he is as yet able to give. His fifth or sixth book is disappointing, repetition or an attempt in a new vein that does

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not suit him. His friends, having dug him up by the roots every five minutes to see how he is growing, are surprised to find that there are few signs as yet of blossom and fruit; they hurry off to another young tree.

Like Chiappino I have already seen "four and twenty leaders of revolt". I have seen Wells and Bennett and Galsworthy torn to pieces by their once most ardent admirers. I have heard a thousand times that Conrad is not what he was and that Hardy is a far greater poet than novelist. I have heard a million youths declare that they cannot read Meredith and a flock of young critics deride Henry James. I have seen the young prewar novelists sink and fade and give way to the war poets and I have seen the war poets, in their turn, surrender before the battalion of women novelists — and that battalion too will vanish before some new advancing cohort — perchance of Freudians, of scientific botanists, of poetic mathematicians! . . .

III

There is only one way of safety for a young artist — to be so deeply absorbed in life, in art, in both life and art, that he can have no eyes for the fluctuations of fashion.

I knew in that prewar London two men, one H. G. Wells to whom life and the conduct of it was of infinitely greater importance than art, the other Henry James to whom life was of value because of the beautiful things that art could make out of it. To Wells the great question was, and is, how can life be made more effective, more practically ordered for the good of the human race? And to James — what are you doing with IT? Here's your subject — how are you fashioning it, are you getting the very most out of it? Life is the huge block of marble, you are the sculptor — work. To Wells it is perpetually amazing that human beings should be so clumsy in the art of living, to James it was perpetually amazing that human beings should be so clumsy in the pursuit of art.

"Let art go", Wells is today forever crying, "if only we can put our house a little more in order." "Take", James would say were he alive, "your disordered house as your subject and see what you can make of it."

And yet, with all that absorption, there was perhaps no human being in the whole of Europe during the first years of the war who felt so poignantly, so directly, so personally the agony of it all as James. It would be true enough to say that the war killed him.

I was fortunate enough during the years 1910 and 1911 to go up on Sundays to Wells's house in Hampstead and share those long Sunday walks that are now historical and almost traditional. After a time he lost interest in me but, before that sad inevitability, I had a splendid time. One had the sense with Wells that he was forever traveling on a magic carpet, kicking his heels in the azure air and scarcely waving a hand of farewell to one fair country before his eyes were eagerly scanning the faint horizon of the new kingdom. One walked, on those Sundays, like a puppy breathlessly at his heels. One discovered very quickly that he was but little interested in individuals or rather that he discarded them one after the other like pocket handkerchiefs, hoping that they would return from the general wash cleaner and straighter and more symmetrical, but not very confidently expecting it. His ironic comment conflicted with his natural kindliness and his point of view as he always readily

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confessed changed from hour to hour. Gaily we danced in a trail behind him over the fields and ditches of Hampstead and suddenly he would stop for a game of cricket or sit under a tree and mop his brow or take a train or an omnibus that had strayed in some lost English fashion into the country.

It was all immensely exciting and stimulating and, at the end, unsatisfying. I am sure that there is no company in the world today quite so good as his, but for those who thirst for finality he is not the companion. I returned to Chelsea on Sunday evening like Alice after her game of croquet; the beastly birds, however tightly one might fix them under one's arm, would turn round and look at one.

Henry James, on the other hand, was all rest and tranquillity. The day would never be long enough for the perfect elaboration of those marvelous sentences that wound like a conjurer's ribbon out of his mouth before his patiently expectant audience.

Of the many personal impressions of him that appeared after his death, by far the best in my opinion was a page in "The New Statesman" from the pen of Desmond MacCarthy, an extraordinary little portrait that will, I trust, be one day reprinted.

But the obvious things about Henry James were so striking that they have been repeated again and again. With the thick stocky figure, the broad map-like face, the careful, absolutely neat clothing — he gave the effect of racing man turned French abbé. His courtesy was eighteenth century, and to every incident or character he applied a vastly tender and elaborate humor that often enough enclosed some small personality as the dim Duomo in Florence gathers in around an investigating tourist.

He was above all, I think, an immensely lonely man. He had of course many who dearly loved him, hundreds who adored to be his friends, and around all of these he expended an enormous fund of attention and self-sacrifice. But I doubt whether any single one of them truly rested in the depths of his soul — no, not even his brother William whom he so passionately loved. He adored his friends; for his own family he would have done anything in the world or gone anywhere; and for women like Edith Wharton and Mrs. W. K. Clifford and for men like Percy Lubbock and Howells and Julian Sturgis there could be no sacrifice too great. And yet . . . And yet . . . There was always a wistfulness, an isolation that remained. Partly it was, I think, an isolation of the brain.

I remember once when some friends whom he dearly loved had been to luncheon with him he said something ironical about them. I deprecated that and he answered as though to a little child: "My dear boy, don't you know that when one's friends are with one one's heart is fully engaged but so soon as they are gone one's brain comes into play?"

But it was not only the subtlety of his intelligence that kept him apart; it was also, I believe, the loneliness of the exile. Dearly though he loved England, proudly as he proclaimed her his country at the time of her trial, he was, to the last, an American. Certain phases of modern American life he detested but it was curious to see how, in the company of his brother William or of Howells or of Mrs. Wharton, a sense of almost homely ease descended upon him. He was American too to the last in his attitude to Europe — quite unconsciously using his notebooks as though he might be called back to his country at any moment.

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When I first met him I was at my very crudest state of adoration of life in general and London in particular. I think it was this very crudity that won his affection. The soil was so fresh that some fine seed must come to flourish there. My naïve prattlings about the art of writing he received always with a kindly benignancy, rather as a Christian missionary would listen to a native who was repeating for the first time the Apostles' Creed.

He liked at first my eager appreciation of everybody and everything, but I remember one awful occasion when I had written a letter to "The Nation" arguing that the English novel of the moment was not in so bad a way. I can see him now, standing, his legs a little apart, watching me as though he would say: "What imbecility grosser than this is there yet to appear?"

For the most part he tried very gently to show me that looseness and carelessness and untidiness were of the Devil!

"Subject! Subject! Subject!" he would wail at me. "Where's your subject?"

"Well, there," I would feebly try to reply. "Old generation passing away typified by the tyrannous duchess . . ."

"Then stick to it! Stick to it! You haven't stuck to it anywhere at all. You haven't done anything with it. You've left it and wandered off. . . ."

I tried for a time to follow; then there came a day when he compared a not very successful novel of Edith Wharton's with one of the very greatest of Joseph Conrad's. The comparison was entirely in Mrs. Wharton's favor. Conrad was loose, rambling, disconnected. Mrs. Wharton was tight, fine, worked-on, the subject was drained. . . .

"But there are other things —" I ventured.

IV

No one who was not happy enough to experience it will ever realize what his tenderness of heart was. His published letters, so admirably selected by Percy Lubbock, reveal that a little but one must hear the cadence of the voice, see the benignancy of the eye. . . .

I remember once when I was staying with him at Rye that we went for a walk and that a gate was opened for us by two very young round eyed children. He felt in his pockets for some pennies, found them, presented them, and then began a long elaborate oration to the children about sweets and how excellent it was to buy sweets and what sort of sweet was the best — all in his kindest, most ornately humorous manner.

The children listened for a long time, mouths wide open, gazing up at him. Then suddenly they dropped their pennies and ran screaming and crying across the fields. This upset him terribly; for days he continued to recall it—how had he hurt them, what had he said?

But enough. There is just now I fancy a certain reaction against his work. That will of course pass. Of his early period "Roderick Hudson" and "The Portrait of a Lady"; of the middle period "The Awkward Age" (that most marvelous and tragic of social comedies), "The Spoils of Poynton", "What Maisie Knew", and many of the short stories; from the later period "The Ambassadors" and "The Golden Bowl"—these are sure of their fame so long as the English novel lasts: sure for the great, superb nobility of character that runs, like a golden thread, through them all; sure for their splendid art; sure for their interpretations of a curious and complicated time. . . .

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V

With the publication of "Fortitude" my life changed. It was a success, small, but sufficient to assure me that I might surrender myself altogether to novel writing, then as now the only art for which I have any talent at all.

Sometimes an angry critic will blame a novelist as though he had committed some monstrous crime; but if he is happy and out of harm's way while he is at it, and if no one is compelled to read him! . . . But critics are right to be disappointed. Take from them their splendid ideals, and they are barren indeed!

London in those two years before the war was wonderful. I have seen somewhere that no one can really love London until he is badly in need of comfort. That is, I think, true. It is, like all great towns, a bad place in which to be lonely, but you cannot I think be lonely there very long. What you have to do is to make your own town of it. Pitch your tent, gather your barber, your bookshop, your flower shop, your place of entertainment, your restaurant, your favorite view, your group of trees, your glimpse of water, your bridge, your church, close in around you and make them your own. They respond at once, flattered and touched by your selection of them.

They are your friends for life. If, as later you will, you make another selection, your old friends will still be there waiting for your return. So that in the end you will have five or six homes. . . .

Piccadilly on a summer evening, the Strand and the Temple and Gray's Inn on a spring afternoon, Chelsea any time at all, Regent's Park (most beloved of all to me with its lakes and dirty sheep and crowds of children and policemen playing football and sudden unexpected carpets of flowers), these — and a hundred thousand other delights — win your heart with a quickness that is the most tactful affection in Europe.

And the human friends you make there!

There isn't a puppy in Marylebone who doesn't want you to be happy!

(To be continued.)

FIRST SNOW

By J. L. McLane, Jr.

A FLIGHT of snowflakes over the hedgerows whirling
Muffled the valley in whiteness like a dream;
And down the hillside with soft, guttural purling
Bubbled and chuckled a sly, vagrant stream.

Black were its waters against the gathering glory
Of bank and boulder buried thick with snow . . .
And I remembered Summer, like an old story
Told by an old man very long ago.

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XV: *EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON*

With a Caricature by William Gropper

THE simplicity of Edwin Arlington Robinson baffles so many people that it occasionally disturbs the poet himself. "Why cannot they read one word after another?" he once exclaimed when the charge of obscurity was hurled at him. In fact the one obscure thing about Robinson is Robinson—his personality, in other words. He has never seated himself in the middle of the market place and permitted the curious public to stroll about him. A reticence, that may be the result of a New England heritage, has restrained him from venturing into the whirl of modern letters, although it should be pointed out that he is in no sense of the word a hermit. It is rather from critical conflicts, cliques, back slapping dinners (although of late *his* back has been strenuously slapped, much to his bewilderment), public readings, and the like that he carefully absents himself. He does not live in a cave; neither does he eke out a precarious existence in a hall bedroom, staring at the wall for inspiration all day. He has his own circle of friends and he is a welcome adjunct to their gatherings, although he much prefers to sit and listen rather than talk. The outward manifestation of Robinson's life may be divided into two phases, and from them the visible aspects of the poet may be constructed. Therefore let his existence be for once portrayed under captions A and B, with a prologue describing the single character of a play in which all other personages are merely lay figures and background. The phase under caption A has its locale in New York, "The Town Down the River"; that under caption B is centred in the midst of the pleasant greenery of the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro, New Hampshire. And so to our

Prologue

A tall, slender man. A high forehead with dark thinning hair. Quiet contemplative eyes which peer through spectacles. A short dark mustache (English fashion) barely concealing a thin secretive mouth. A gravity of demeanor that often breaks into a smile which trembles curiously about the mouth. He dresses quietly, generally in dark clothes, and always carries a cane. When he walks he stoops slightly, the droop of the scholar who is an inveterate reader. He hates to walk. He wears a soft hat. He never talks about his own poetry. He never criticizes other people's poetry. He wouldn't read in public for a million dollars. He is anti-Prohibition.

Caption A

He lives in New York during the winter. Just where he lives is his own secret, although it may be stated that he moved from Brooklyn last

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spring after three years' residence there. Most of his winter days are passed in visiting his small group of friends and attending the theatre, a pastime for which he has a genuine passion. He does not write much poetry during the cold months, reserving that for his long summers at Peterboro. He reads all the magazines and follows closely the various trends of American letters. And now, perhaps, some history may be mingled with description.

Contrary to several statements, he was born in Head Tide, Maine, and his first interest in letters, he once said, manifested itself in reciting "Lochiel's Warning" to his mother, while seated on the kitchen floor. He did not state how his mother received it. He passed some years at Harvard but he did not stay to graduate. At that time he made certain friends who noted the unique character of his work and have remained faithful to him during the years that followed. His first book, a small green-covered paper-bound volume entitled "The Torrent and the Night Before", established his style and he has not deviated from that method since, except in developing a richness, a mellowness, and a profound depth that is untouched in modern poetry. That style is established upon a relinquishment of so called "poetical" words, a finished technique, and an analytic incision that cuts like a scalpel. Many of the poems contained in "The Torrent and the Night Before", which later were transferred to his second book, "The Children of the Night", were written in the barn of his home at Gardiner, Maine, to which place he moved while a small boy. In those years he was a radical, a peculiar phenomenon in a land that adored "purple passages". The saffron 'nineties did not influence him, for he had discovered his own métier and had resolved to stick to it. The years that followed "The Children of the Night" remain for his biographer. They are marked by residences in Boston and New York. He even dwelt in Yonkers for a short time. The struggles that marked his first years in New York were the struggles of all unknown, penniless, determined poets. Even the flattering article written about him by Theodore Roosevelt, then President, which appeared in "The Outlook" in 1905, did not aid him materially. True, the President placed him in the New York Customs House after seriously considering sending him to Mexico, and Robinson remained there for several years. But he was a born poet and it was inevitable that he should go back to his chosen life work.

He was, and is, a shy man. He is easily terrorized, especially by women, although of late years he has rather acclimated himself to society. He works with a furious intensity that is the blessed virtue of few writers; although his volumes have been appearing with a fair regularity of late he is very slow in his composition. He once affirmed that his hardest job in life was to make the non-spontaneous portions of his poetry read like the really spontaneous sections. His prime interest is humanity and this has manifested itself in the series of remarkable character portraits that star his books. The long neglect which was his portion does not seem to have soured his nature. He is naturally serious, yet while he may regard life as an uphill climb he does not despair of humanity. The war troubled him greatly, although its influence upon his poetry was slight. That brief influence may be discerned in portions of "Merlin" and such pieces as "The Path of Glory".

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Sketched by William Gropper

Edwin Arlington Robinson

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Caption B

The scene is the large room in Colony Hall at the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro. The immediate property is a pool table. A tall gentleman in a light grey suit and a yellow tie makes a shot and ingloriously scratches. He observes the cue ball with the utmost bewilderment and a shout of amusement goes up from the side lines. The tall gentleman smiles and twinkles through his glasses. It comes his turn to shoot again and he studies the positions of the balls with meticulous caution.

"Kiss it in," suggests somebody. "Kiss it gently. Kiss it as you would your sister."

A quick smile animates the tall gentleman's face.

"You never saw me kiss my sister," he retorts. Then quite calmly he achieves a difficult shot and beams with honest delight at the result. This is Robinson in his own element at Peterboro. Whoso has not seen him in that delectable corner of New Hampshire barely knows him. William Rose Benét hit him off perfectly when he described him as Merlin playing pool.

Robinson leads the ideal artist's life at the MacDowell Colony. He rises early and, after breakfast, tramps to his studio which is hidden among trees but from whose door he can see the blue crown of Mt. Monadnock rising in the distance. With that vision before him he sits and composes his best work. Luncheon is brought to him, as it is to all the other colonists, and placed upon his doorstep where he may get it when he pleases. He lives uninterrupted days in what is perhaps the most charming environment for a writer in the United States.

And he changes and glows at Peterboro. He emanates a jovialness that is unhampered by city cares. Practically all of his evenings are passed at the pool table, where with such companions as Arthur Nevin, the composer, Jules Bois, the French writer, William Rose Benét, the poet, and others, time flies. Robinson has developed into an excellent pool player, for it is his one mode of relaxation. And right here Caption B may end.

Now what manner of man is Robinson? Is it possible to set down the personality of a man who has become great because of his personality? At the beginning of this article it was stated that his simplicity baffles many people. The writer has discovered himself in the awkward situation of those very people at whose vain attempts at understanding he had planned to smile. The laugh is on himself. Certain threads of information exist, certain suggestions, which may point toward the influences that formed Robinson, but it is quite impossible to set him down on paper. He once stated that he descended from good New England yeoman stock. This is suggestion number one. His boyhood was a rather lonely one. This is suggestion number two. He loves to be exact in his reasoning and to settle questions to his own satisfaction. Suggestion number three. He once said that if he were placed on a desert island and permitted but three books for the remainder of his life he should choose the Bible, Shakespeare, and the dictionary. There is suggestion number four. He has never married and has no intention of marrying. Suggestion number five. His favorite writer of fiction is Charles Dickens. He possesses a profound admiration for the poetry of William Wordsworth. He takes off his soft hat to Thomas Hardy. In New York he rises late and generally goes to bed

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long after midnight. He adores detective stories and Sherlock Holmes is one of his heroes. He is absolutely immune to cults, 'isms, and movements. Surely these scattered facts are straws pointing to the personality of the man.

Then there is his absolute modesty. The last two years have witnessed a great number of honors which have fallen to Robinson, but the poet remains unchanged. When Yale gave him a Lit. D. he surreptitiously disappeared from Peterboro and returned silent and confused. He couldn't get away from the excited comments of his friends soon enough. He likes to be let alone when he is working, although he is never unsociable. His courtesy is too innate for that.

So there he is — tall, quiet, silent, unassuming, unconcerned, deliberate, careful, and withal extraordinary. And the extraordinary part of the man is something that must be beyond words. It reveals itself fleetingly in a sense of mighty reservoirs that are meticulously controlled. Like all true geniuses he suggests that he still possesses more than he gives, that his source is inexhaustible, that subterranean rivers flow beneath the surface with which he calmly meets the world. He is more than a dreamer although he is a great dreamer. Life passes before him in a rich show and he possesses the capability of viewing it in an objective manner. He assimilates and digests life and draws memorable conclusions. He ferrets out the soul of humanity and turns it over and over with analytic interest, making his acute deductions and stabbing truths home to his readers with a phrase. His simplicity consists in resolving things to their original elements, of disdaining mawkishness, sentimentality, preconceived theories, and propaganda. He is an alchemist refining gold out of the chaos of modern life.

PARADOX

By Vincent Starrett

MY thoughts tonight are lone and far;
One rang against a distant star.
I thought the star plunged to the sea,
And felt the waves rush over me.

Then one who fished with silken net
Drew forth the star, all shining wet,
And flung it swiftly to the sky —
And, lo! the fisherman was I.

So, thoughts are strange and life is queer,
And stars are often very near;
And fishermen with nets of dream
Snare more than pebbles in the stream.

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THE DREAMER

By Elsie Singmaster

ISIDORE BORNOT closed the broad doors of his blacksmith shop on Memorial Day and prepared to go to the service at Snyder's Church. His name was French, but his ancestors had upon their arrival in Pennsylvania two hundred years ago become Pennsylvania Germans in speech and in thought. Occasionally they gave a boy the Christian name of the emigrant. They did not realize that their surname, with every letter sounded, was incorrectly pronounced.

This Isidore, the last of the family, resembled in many ways the first Isidore. He was short and wiry and light on his feet — not in the least a typical blacksmith. He had easy, clever ways of doing things, he made up in deftness what he lacked in weight and muscular strength, and he was much patronized. One wasted no time at his shop; he worked quickly and he did not gossip. A few persons did not like him and went to the blacksmith far away on the other side of Snyder's Hill.

"He pushes you out, sort of," his detractors would say. "You are hardly there before he is done. He seems to be trying to save time for himself."

If he did save time for himself, he made no visible use of it. In the intervals between customers he sat in the back of the shop. Perhaps he slept, because sometimes he had to be called twice before he came blinking into the sunshine. He was, however, as some suspected, saving time for himself, time in which he might pursue a mysterious, unseen avocation.

Having locked his shop, he entered his little house which stood close by and changed his clothes. Then he locked the house door also and sat down on the step, his hands clasped round his knees in the attitude of a young boy or girl, his eyes fixed upon a lovely prospect. Beyond the road and parallel to it ran a stream, confined to a comparatively narrow channel by a steeply rising ridge whose oak trees and azalea blossoms mirrored themselves in the clear dark water. Behind his house rose a similar ridge, so that there was room only for his little property and the road and the creek.

To the right the two ridges, parting, bounded a broad meadow where painted-cup was in bloom and redwing blackbirds flitted. To his left the ravine continued until a hill closed it abruptly, filling the ravine as though it had been rolled into it as far as it would go. In twilight the place had a grim appearance, but this morning in the sunshine it was enchanting. One's eyes, leaving the meadow shining in the sun, found relief in the cool green masses of the hillsides, and then, tired of the gloom of the shadow, looked toward the golden meadow with delight.

But Isidore was not contemplating the beauty of nature; his eyes were fixed upon his clasped hands. The delicate smile upon his lips was not inspired by the water with its green and brown and white and pink reflections, nor by the clear sky, nor by the sunny

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meadow; he was thinking of himself, not of himself as he was, but of a creature of which the real Isidore was a nucleus.

He was following out a dream which he had begun when he rose in the early morning. This was Memorial Day, 1920, and the occasion of the gathering at Snyder's Church was the dedication of a monument to the boys of the congregation who had died in hospital or on the battlefield. His dream was of himself as hero, though he was many years beyond the age for fighting. He heard the call to arms, he saw himself springing to answer, he saw himself the centre of a farewell ceremony, the favorite of his companions, of his superiors, the hero of battles.

His dream occupied a long time; it was minutely detailed. He heard himself thanking a weeping girl for her donation of a sweater and comfort kit; he fancied himself kissing her forehead; he saw the regretful expression in the eyes of acquaintances who had injured him, though such persons were wholly imaginary; in his real character he cherished not the least animosity even toward those who did not patronize him though they lived near by. He felt the hand of a Red Cross nurse on his, he basked in the sweetness of woman's smiles, and returned eventually without an arm, to be the hero of today's celebration.

He dreamed often of engaging the affections of women, but they were never women of his own class or position or even women whom he knew. A mile away in a stone farmhouse lived Margaret Hoffman, capable and beautiful, rich by inheritance from her father and the widow of the owner of many farms. He saw himself distinguished by her favor, little Isidore Bornot, quiet, inconspicuous, almost old.

His strange aspirations reached much further than he had ever journeyed in person; the heroines of his romances were sometimes princesses, sometimes daughters of a president of the United States. He saw himself shining in their splendor.

It had long been time for Isidore to give up dreaming, but the habit was too firmly fixed. Ten years ago he had not wholly forgotten the truth nor ceased to distinguish reality from invention, and at that time, when he realized the increasing difficulty with which he roused himself from his dreams, he shuddered. He could not have expressed his feeling or even analyzed it, but he knew in his heart that his imagination had run riot, that he was sinning against himself, that he was convincing himself that things were as they were not, and that it was wrong. But his will was not strong enough to save the integrity of his mind.

When he had carried his fantastic tale to its ultimate conclusion he rose, brushed his clothes with his hand, and clicked the gate behind him. He turned toward the left and the hill which seemed to close the mouth of the ravine. The azalea blossoms here in the deeper shade were not pink but rose color and there were masses of laurel now coming into bloom.

The stream wound round one side of the hill and the road round the other. Isidore followed the stream, walking on the only possible path, the untrodden edge of the bank. He stepped lightly on beds of soft, grey grass and beds of wild forget-me-not. He was in a few moments in a tract so dim, so silent, so isolated, that it seemed enchanted. A gleam of rose color close to the ground betrayed the presence of moccasin flowers, Isidore's feet pressed the showy orchid, and if

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he had looked farther into the shadows he might have discerned the yellow, rarer moccasin. But he was not conscious of the presence of the flowers, he was again wrapped in a dream.

The shade grew more dense, between the stream and the hill the path more difficult, the silence deeper. A moment ago the birds had sung, but now there was not a sound. He sought a certain spot and presently he found it, a pool, created not merely by the pausing of the stream but by springs in the deep bottom. No sunlight touched it and it had an evil name among swimmers. The water was icy cold, the depth was traditionally unfathomable, and the fallen trunks of trees were supposed to set traps for the diver.

Upon a log at the brink, Isidore sat down, rubbing his hands lightly together. This dream was one of the most satisfactory, the most complete. He saw himself returning late along the road on the other side of the hill, and hearing suddenly a woman's shriek in the quiet night. He knew no fear, he rushed to her rescue, stumbling, falling, risking his life with every step, plunging knee deep into swampy ground, and calling aloud to hearten her. She proved to be the rich widow who was his mate in other imagined adventures, dragged thither by murderers who fled at his approach after they had robbed her of her clothes and tossed her into the pool.

He could see her, white and beautiful, clinging to the bank which crumbled beneath her frantic clutch, he could feel her wet arms round his neck, could hear her expression of gratitude, her assurance that she had long watched and admired him.

At the celebration today he would see her, and he had stopped here to intensify his sense of possession. He tore himself away with difficulty, though he knew that already scores of automobiles and carriages and hundreds of pedestrians were climbing the steep roads to the church. He left the scene of his rich imaginings with a sigh and pushed on round the hill to the road. He blinked in the sunshine as he blinked when he was called from the back of his dusky shop.

On the road he was offered many opportunities to ride but he preferred to walk. There were still other dreams which he meant to rehearse, perfected on a thousand journeys to the church. He wished that there were a quiet road on which he could approach, where no one would say "Hi, Isidore, get in!"

The church was visible from afar. Built of white native stone with a tall white wooden spire, it was large enough to seat more than a thousand persons. Round it on the land which sloped to the valley were innumerable graves, set in long close ranks, marked by white stones. Immediately surrounding the building was an open space; when one crossed it, stumbling over tiny hidden stones and catching one's feet in creeping degenerate rose branches and slipping upon lily stems, one realized that here too were graves, so old that the markers were scarcely more than pebbles.

Isidore recalled his dreams one by one. He saw the church on fire, himself discovering it, and climbing to the tower at peril of his life to ring the bell and summon aid. He pictured the rescue by himself of a little child who had climbed the uppermost ladder and could not descend. He saw himself hiding behind a broad tombstone, watching the effort of burglars prying open the door to secure the silver communion service. He saw himself pursuing them, heard the

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clink of their booty upon the gravestones. If he had heard of the wild swinging of Bessie, the favorite heroine of elocutionists, upon the tongue of the curfew bell, he would have seen himself in her place.

Most frequently he saw the destruction of the ancient church. It was presaged by the swaying of the steeple, observed by him alone. The church was crowded — sometimes at a communion service, sometimes at a large funeral — and he had lingered without. He saw a dark line rising like a wriggling snake or like lightning on the façade; he saw the steeple swaying crazily against the sky. He saw himself walking through the door, across the vestibule, up the church aisle, composedly, yet not daring to delay.

"The steeple is swaying," he heard himself saying solemnly. "Go at once and go quietly, and you may all escape."

He saw them turn obediently, those nearest the door going first, then those in front following. He in one aisle and the pastor in the other closed the procession with ceremonial dignity, the removal of the communion set or that of the coffin, as the case might be, having been provided for.

His cheek blanched at the cracking sound which followed their exit, at the tremendous crash as the spire struck the roof, at the bursting out of the walls. They all watched it, all safe: mothers and fathers in Israel, to whom so hasty a departure from existence would have been abhorrent; men and matrons, who had still years of work to do in the world; young lovers with their dreams, their pale cheeks now close together; little children with their tender bodies, safe in the clasp of their mothers. In his dream he never waited for their thanks, he disappeared, he went back to his little shop. But thither they followed him with acclamation and with a valuable gift.

Perhaps of all his fantasies this was his favorite. He lived it as he went up the hill, the clatter of vehicles beside him, the dust of their passing powdering him.

A small platform had been built close to the new monument so that the preacher and the speaker and the families of the dead might be seated during the brief unveiling and be saved from the jostling of the crowd. The dedicatory address was to be delivered inside the church, and when the flag was removed from the marble angel, the brief sentences spoken and the prayer offered, the crowd entered, some pushing roughly, and filled the main floor and the galleries to the extent of their capacity.

Isidore did not go in; he was not interested in the inventions of other men; his own were too dear. He mounted the platform and looked about, taking in, in a rare moment of accurate vision, the old church, the acres of graves, the neighboring hills, the clear sky. The rotund voice of the preacher made an announcement, a stanza of "America" was played through on a powerful, sweet toned pipe organ, and there was a burst of lusty singing. The loveliness of the day, the gay bunting on the church front, on the little platform, on almost every vehicle, the long tables and eating stands on which viands were now being placed—all seemed the material for a dream of cheerfulness.

But Isidore's uncompleted dream was not cheerful. A film came over his eyes, he stood very still. He saw himself again, climbing the slope, looking down from the neighboring hill upon the church filled with pious

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worshipers, and then seeing clearly, beyond the possibility of a mistake, the long, irregular wandering black line, like the mark of a giant's pencil, which followed the separation of the stones, and an irregular, slow, almost imperceptible but unmistakable motion of the spire against the unnoting sky.

He added a new detail to his creation, he believed that he had long warned the congregation that the church must fall, that the foundations were weak, the spire topheavy. He thought that he had discovered its weakness when he climbed to rescue the little girl.

Held by his dream he gazed intently at the church. The singing was over, the preacher was praying, the workers at the stands near by called softly to one another to be quiet. Everything seemed suddenly to stop except the preacher's voice. Then Isidore, staring at the church, saw an ominous sight. The spire moved. There was as yet no break in the wall, but the spire moved.

An intense, yet perfectly controlled excitement filled his soul. He believed that he had been divinely forewarned, appointed for this hour. He stepped down from the platform, a little, somewhat bent, heavy handed figure in a thin black suit, with bright tan colored shoes. Carrying his hat in his hand, he walked to the church door. A few hundred persons, latecomers, those who were setting the tables, and those who did not care for speaking, saw him enter. Several hailed him in cheerful whispers as he passed, but he did not answer. Still less did he impart to them the threatening danger or ask them to share in his responsibility. He was living in his dream.

He pressed through the crowd in the vestibule with an insistence which convinced all those whom he touched of the importance of his business. It did not occur to him to advise those near the door to fly, to make room for those who should come after; he meditated no marring of his dramatic effect. With the same persistence he made his way down the crowded aisle. The orator had begun his introduction; he delivered it bombastically, annoyed by the sudden appearance before the communion table of this interloping figure. He must be a madman, for he began to address the congregation!

Isidore spoke slowly, as one should endeavor to speak in excitement, but not too slowly for a moment which is one of vast importance.

"Friends," he said distinctly, "you may believe me or not, but the steeple is moving against the sky, and there is a crack" — this he now fully believed — "in the foundation walls."

Thus far the event fulfilled exactly his expectation, but now came a dreadful variation upon the sequence of events which he had planned. The throng did not melt away quietly and in orderly procession as in his dream. Those nearest the door did not depart quickly to make room for those who were to come after; either they stood still because they were terrified, or they pressed into the church to hear more distinctly what they had not clearly understood. Upon them like a mounting wave rushed those who had heard and understood and who had lost their wits utterly. Shrill screams began to rend the air.

"Let me out!"

"The church is falling."

"Oh, be careful! My baby! My baby!"

The pastor and the orator took counsel in a bewildered, horrified, ag-

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onized glance. The orator lifted his arms.

"My God, what madness!"

The pastor began to shout above the din of screaming. He proceeded down the pulpit steps still shouting, as an actor sometimes comes upon a scene.

"Come back! It isn't true! It's a lie! The church will stand a hundred years! Come back!"

A momentary lull answered him, the throng surged like an ebbing wave into the body of the church and those who had opened the gallery windows stayed their wild leap. But a heavy man stepped on a bench which creaked beneath his weight, and a voice shouted, "The timbers are cracking!" and hope was past. Again the wave mounted to make its way through the narrow openings.

The pastor and the orator went down the aisles, quite as Isidore had dreamed he and the pastor would go, but they rushed madly, still shouting, unheard, that there was nothing wrong. They laid hands on the uppermost figures and pulled them away, fighting with them. Presently they began to lift children and lay them in pews. There came other cracking sounds which marked the pushing of the mass through the doors whose very frames seemed to burst. There was a final rush of those who were alive and could help themselves. The pastor and the orator followed them out, denouncing their frenzy, demanding help.

For a moment before the timid return began, Isidore Bornot was left alone. He stood against the chancel rail, quietly. His position in the church alone was for an instant like that of which he had dreamed; the unconscious forms did not molest him, could not even be seen from where he stood. But the film was gone from his eyes, his mind was keen, he faced reality as he had not for ten years. He knew that the steeple had not swayed except in his imagination, he knew that there had been no crack in the church wall. He laid his hand on the chancel rail and tried to move it. It remained firm. He laughed, a little, astonished, whimpering laugh.

He knew that he would not be long alone, and he stepped out, not down the aisle to face the confused throng, but according to his oft dreamed dream, through a little door behind the pulpit. The ground dropped sharply, he was soon far down the hillside, gliding from grave to grave, invisible to those above. He could hear screams, not the concerted cry of a multitude in terror but single cries of creatures in physical or mental pain.

"I shall die!"

"Get doctors quickly!"

"Where is my little boy?"

"Have you seen my father?"

"Oh, help me, help me!"

At the foot of the hill, he looked back for the last time, then he slipped into the woodland. He saw the great white church standing firmly in its place; it was to stand, as the pastor promised, another hundred years.

He made his way homeward along fences and through bits of woodland, walking slowly. He still carried his hat. Sometimes he sat down in grassy corners, or on fallen tree trunks. His mind had ceased to react quickly to reality and for long periods it was wholly blank. It seemed to him that some action was incumbent upon him, but he could not tell what it was. The dénouement of this drama was not his.

He did not reflect that he might be pursued and arrested, or that he

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would certainly be expected at the very least to explain his rash act. His problem took account of no one but himself.

He came at last toward twilight to the hill which blocked the mouth of the ravine, and avoiding the road, he selected the same path by which he had come, by the stream and the deep pool. He stepped again upon the thin grass and the tender flowers. On the fallen tree he sat down. His brow was knitted, his hands were clenched, he seemed to be clutching some object which strove to escape. It was the idea of himself as he really was, which he for the moment held. He understood clearly that because of his madness perhaps a hundred men and women and children were injured and that some were dead.

Then his brow cleared and he breathed a deep sigh. The Isidore of his dreams returned. He knew that whatever his fellow men did to him, however they punished him, he would be able to think it away. He had a resource; he knew how to persuade himself that the hideous reality was a dream and that the dream was a reality. As he had all his life been preparing for this woe, so had he all his life been preparing a panacea. He knew that he could bring himself to believe that he had saved a thousand men and women and children from destruction.

Suddenly he smiled cunningly. He remembered that he had heard that all steeples, even those which were newly constructed, swayed a little. He could not be gainsaid when he insisted that he had seen the steeple sway. No one would be able to see his heart; he could not be punished as a criminal, he could only be denounced as a fool.

Again his brow knitted and his hands clenched. His hand was now empty; in his moment of relaxation his hat had rolled into the pool where it filled and sank. But he did not miss it; reality had him again, he understood once more what he had done. He rejected all panaceas, all excuses. He rose and stretched his arms toward heaven, wishing that God would smite him with lightning.

Again and again his mood changed. It seemed to him that hours passed, but they were only moments stretched into hours. He was now his real self, now the creature of his vain imaginings; now Isidore Bornot, a criminal and a fool; now Isidore Bornot, a hero and a martyr. He imagined in one ecstatic moment that the church had been destroyed and that he had perished with it.

Utter ruin of his mind would have put an end presently to his struggle, but there came an interruption. He had risen and stretched his arms to heaven once more when he heard the sound of footsteps, heard the breaking of dead branches and the sound of voices. He stood for a moment perfectly still, thinking. If he lingered they would come up to him in a few minutes; if he fled, he could elude them easily in the tangled woodland and get away. But he did not mean to get away. He conceived suddenly a new dénouement.

His deed was not done in atonement, nor was it exactly the expression of his remorse; it was an effort to keep his connection with reality. There was but this one means, it seemed to him, of retaining his identity. It was his only way of salvation. He was not afraid of the black pool nor was he afraid of the search party, whether they sought him in wrath or merely to hear the explanation for his madness. Already, in-

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deed, condoning voices had spoken for him.

"He must have thought that what he said was true!"

"Steeples do sway, even when buildings are strong."

"When he realizes what he has done, poor Isidore will go mad!"

What he feared was the reappearance of his other, unreal self, of Isidore as hero and martyr. He believed that it was better to face God now, than to wait until at some distant day he was overtaken in his sin.

Not in any symbolic fashion but with native thrift he stepped out of his clothing and stood poised for an instant, as a nymph might poise over the pool. It was an evidence of his sincerity that he was not reminded by his own dim reflection of that whiter, more beautiful body which he had so often and so fantastically seen in the black depths. His image enlarged as he bent nearer, it grew more distinct. Then, quickly blurred by the disturbance of the water, it vanished to appear no more.

SWIYA'S NIGHT SONG

By Constance Lindsay Skinner

I KNEW the way thou wentest
By the light along the beach,
And the hidden chanting of the shells
Within the cave.

I knew thy path:
Because the reeds were playing
Dim, melodious songs of hope
By starlit leagues of shore;
And the sea was bright with rapture
Where thy frail canoe
Leaped across the night.

I knew thy port:
Because the winds of prayer,
Loosed to earth from my heart's need,
Shook the leafy dark
And, crying, swept upon the sea;
And the moon of my desire, full orbed and golden,
Woke the maiden skies
Shrouding the harbor of thy wondering quest.

There shall I follow, there enfold thee,
Spirit of my song!

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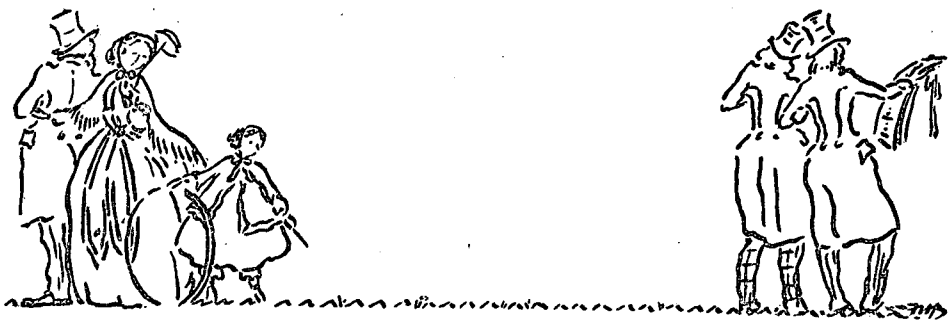

STELLA AND HER BROOKLYN SALON

By Thomas Walsh

With Sketches by F. H. Barkley

THE proud dweller in the Borough of Manhattan casts only a careless eye upon the neighboring hills of Long Island; he rarely stops to realize that here in the old centres of the abolished City of Brooklyn have occurred some of the principal events of New York history; here some of the men and women most prominent in the social development of the greater community have been born, lived and flourished. This is the site of the first battle in which American troops were drawn up in regular formation to meet their British foes; here lived the exiled Talleyrand; here was, and is, the Plymouth Church of Henry Ward Beecher; here sang and prophesied the poet Walt Whitman. And here too was the home of that typical figure of her time, the poetess Estelle Anna Lewis.

The old Lewis home still stands down a long uninteresting street — a plain house of brick with trim of brown stone, a high stoop, and quaint railings. But there are few who remember that it was here, prior to 1865, that Mrs. Lewis held her own with the literary forces of the day, fighting and intriguing for place and publicity, using the money she had inherited and her sentimental attractions to capture the attentions of the literary world. She was born in Baltimore in April, 1824, the daughter of Dr. John Robinson, of half English, half Spanish or Cuban blood. For her early instruction she was sent to the famous "female academy" of Mrs. Emma Willard at Troy, New York. She left there in 1841 and continued her studies privately until her marriage with the Brooklyn lawyer Silvanus D. Lewis, a man some years her senior, respected but not sufficiently brilliant to shine beside his rather showy young wife. She immediately attempted to take a place in the literary cliques of New York, among the "Female Poets" and "Women Poets" who are enumerated at large in the

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volumes of Griswold, Reade, and Caroline May — that old world of crinoline and lovelocks, antimacassars and lambrequins, during the fifties and sixties of the last century. A near neighbor of hers — although we are not sure that there was any acquaintance — was Samuel Longfellow, the pastor of a Unitarian church on Clinton Street and brother of the poet whose best work he rivaled at times. Harriet Beecher Stowe also lived in the vicinity, and in lower New York flourished "the most brilliant and beautiful" Eliza Oakes Smith, wife of Seba Smith, the author of "Way Down East".

Fellow authors and callers were Mrs. Sigourney, Anna Cora Mowatt, Phoebe and Alice Cary, and gallant gentlemen like Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, Nathaniel P. Willis, and Edgar A. Poe. In New York their general meeting place was the home of Mrs. Vincenzo Botta, and in Brooklyn they haunted the hospitable threshold still standing at 125 Dean Street, the home of Stella.

Sarah Anna (Rufus Griswold demanded a large sum of money from her husband to suppress the name "Sarah" in his account of her writings) or Anna Estelle or Stella or (as she ended up in Europe) Estelle Delmonte Lewis — how charming she appears in the portrait painted by C. D. Elliott in her fiftieth year, or in the fine engraving by Henry Adlard "after a photograph from life"! Assuredly no flattering likeness, says Edgar Poe, of this fine complexioned woman, in dark ringlets, with large humorous mouth. The eyes are dark and in the painting, at least, show no traces of her Spanish or Cuban blood. She has the look of

"Intriguing to capture the attentions of the literary world"

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"She was often found sitting in Mrs. Clemm's kitchen"

a forceful personality and a generous hearted woman. Her melancholy temperament has been noted by Poe, who also called her "perhaps the best educated, if not the most accomplished of American authoresses". She was an incessant student and in her moods, "generous, sensitive, impulsive, enthusiastic".

Her earliest writings appeared in "The Family Magazine" and in the various "Garlands" and "Albums" that were current during the 'fifties and 'sixties. At the age of twenty, in 1844, she published her first volume, "Records of the Heart", which contained decidedly mediocre verse which Poe both publicly and privately declared "inexpressibly beautiful".

We leave the reader to judge the merits of this remarkably lauded lyric. It is called "The Forsaken" and these are some of its lines:

It hath been said — for all who die
There is a tear;
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier —
. . . . . .
When lying on my clayey bed
In icy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led
Will come and weep?
Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round;
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That sod's cold gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Poe wrote her, "We have read this little poem more than twenty times and always with increasing admiration." Her "Child of the Sea" appeared in 1848; "Myths of a Minstrel" in 1852; and an illustrated edition of her "Poems" in 1858.

She begins in the history of Poe with his "Enigma" published in "The Union". It is known that she relieved him with money in 1847 and that he gave critical notice to her poems in 1847 and 1849. Stoddard ("Edgar

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Allan Poe", 1889) declares that she paid Poe one hundred dollars to review one of her books and that on his neglecting to do so, she very naturally complained of him. He did not deny her charges, but merely remarked that if he reviewed her rubbish it would kill him. Nevertheless he did review it in "The Southern Literary Messenger" and in "Graham's Magazine", sending his notes to Bayard Taylor, requesting that he insert them as his own production. In his letter to T. Fordham (February, 1847) he speaks of her as "a most particular friend of mine who deserves all I have said of her". In November, 1847 he wrote to thank her for repeated kindness and "above all for the comforting and cheering words of your note. Your advice I feel as a command which neither my heart nor my reason would venture to disobey." And yet he writes (June, 1849), "No news of Mrs. L. yet. If she comes here I shall refuse to see her."

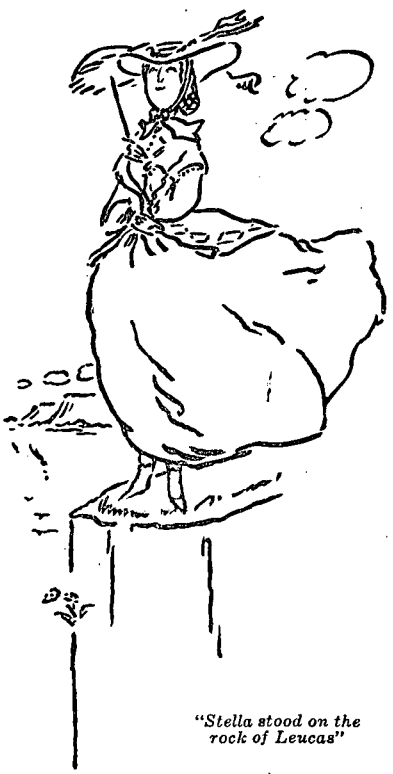
"She was often", we learn, "found sitting in Mrs. Clemm's kitchen at the Fordham Cottage, waiting to see the man of genius who had rushed out to escape her to the fields or forest or the grounds of the Catholic School in the vicinity." According to Mrs. Clemm, "She says she knows Eddy [Poe] does not like her."

Mrs. Clemm was capable also of writing to Griswold (September, 1849), "I understand from Mrs. Lewis you have received the package Mr. Poe left at her house for you. I wish you to publish it exactly as he has written it. If you do so, I will promise you a favorable review of your books as they appear — you know the influence I have with Mr. Poe."

On June 29, 1849, having completed his arrangement for his southern lecture tour, Poe journeyed to Brooklyn in company with Mrs. Clemm to pass the night at the house of Stella on Dean Street. "He seemed very sad", Stella wrote, "and retired early. On leaving the next morning he took my hand in his and looking in my face said, 'Dear Stella, my much belovèd friend, — you truly understand and appreciate me. I have a presentiment that I shall never see you again. I must leave today for Richmond. If I never return, write my life. You can and will do me justice.' "

"I will," she exclaimed — "And we parted to meet no more in this life. That promise I have not yet felt equal to fulfil."

In summing up the qualities of Stella, Poe wrote: "All critical opinion must agree in assigning her a high, if not the highest rank among the poetesses of her land. Her artistic



"Stella stood on the rock of Leucas"

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125 Dean Street

ability is unusual; her command of language great; her acquirements numerous and thorough; her range of incident wide; her invention generally vigorous; her fancy exuberant; and her imagination — that primary and most indispensable of all poetic requisites — richer perhaps than any of her female contemporaries."

Poe regarded her with "all a brother's affection" and indeed seems to have had very solid reasons for gratitude to her both on his own account and in recognition of her kindness toward Mrs. Clemm. It is a disputed question whether or not the first public reading of his "The Raven" was given as he stood before the old mantelpiece of 125 Dean Street. Stella says in a letter: "My girlish poem 'The Forsaken' made us acquainted. He had seen it floating the rounds of the press, and wrote to tell me how much he liked it. 'It is inexpressibly beautiful', he said, 'and I should like to know the young author.' After the first call he frequently dined with us and passed the evening in playing whist or in reading to me his last poem."

In 1865 Stella left Brooklyn, after a disagreement with her husband which some have described as a divorce. She traveled to Greece and Lesbos and stood on the rock of Leucas, the site of the suicide of Sappho who became the heroine of her most conspicuous work, the tragedy of "Sappho", dedicated to her friend the Italian tragédienne, Adelaide Ristori, and translated into Greek and performed in Athens. It is a poetical drama filled with lyrical passages of a mediocre order, of ceaseless half impassioned apostrophes, and heavy with undigested learning and meticulous details.

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Stella was proud of the speech that her heroine delivers on the rock of Leucas before taking the fatal plunge. In the copy I possess of her work, she has carefully underscored these lines:

"Horror! O horror of the world of horrors!
The flames of Tartarus flashed in mine eye!
Demoniac visions, writhing souls stretched out
On lakes of fire with crimson eyeballs stared
Me blind, and rent my ears with horrid shrieks.
When reason reels how vast's imagination,
How wonderful the worlds it conjures up,
It rolls the ocean from his coral bed,
And bares the flaming heart of hell beneath."

There was also another tragedy in five acts — "The King's Strategem" or "The Pearl of Poland" which "The Westminster Review" designated as more fitted for the study than the stage. Its plot turns upon the loves of Christine "the Pearl" and Milo. The king has the hero assassinated in order to steal his bride but she is saved from her intended fate and retribution falls, as it should, upon the royal villain. Psychologists and others curious in the matter of ghosts will be interested in the description she gives of Milo leaving his grave:

"I stood right on the border of the grave
And looked down in the coffin, which was lidless,
And saw with my two eyes wide open, sire —
Wide open — and clear of vision as they're now —
The fine dust stir, then rise like ashes when
A softly breathing zephyr blows into them: —
Right in the spot where, sire, once beat the heart —
The noble, youthful, palpitating heart —
The bosom heaved — the eyes into their sockets leaped,
Flashing like stars amid the crepuscule —
The lips did smile — the hair put on its hues —
And Milo rose — and stood up in the grave!"

But Stella no longer belongs to Brooklyn; the stream of her visitors that came across the Fulton and Catherine Street ferries, jangled up on the old horsecar routes to Hoyt Street, and aroused the interest of the neighbors with their black bombazines and broadcloths, their quaint bonnets and heavy beaver hats, now come no more to taste her tea and sherry wine and listen to her poets. She is now a part of the great literary worlds of Rome, Paris, and London; the great Adelaide Ristori takes her for a friend; she is intimate with George Sand and Alexander Dumas, *fils;* the exquisite Lamartine declares that her "Sonnets to Adhemar" — "the lawyer" — entitle her to the appellation of "The Female Petrarch".

Today we stand outside her old home in Dean Street and gaze in meditation on the steps worn down by so many famous callers; we stare up at the window and our curiosity arouses the interest of the people in the house who watch our strange behavior. Down the block is a riot of trolley cars and trucks and the street boys pitch ball around our heads. Brooklyn flourishes here, now that Poe is gone and Stella has retired among the great.

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THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY

By Johan J. Smertenko

THE panderers to popular taste having promulgated the dictum that the short story is distinctly our literary form of expression, every honest patriot was bound to feel that this American product could not be improved at home nor excelled abroad. The feeling became a conviction when Richard Harding Davis, O. Henry, and Jack London introduced large scale production of twenty-cents-a-word literature. No foreign writer received more; obviously, then, none was better. The reader who measured by any other than this invariable standard was a pariah, and his occasional and discordant cries of dissent were not recognized in the noise of mass applause.

It is gratifying, therefore, to see the general awakening of our literary critics to the mechanical vapidity and banality that is the American short story today. Mr. Mencken and his fellow propounders of the damned ultimate, Mr. Canby and other conservative students of the short story, have entered a protest that must be heeded. But the American penchant for "constructive criticism" is as exacting in literature as in politics. In place of condemnation our public demands an analysis and a particular goal as guarantees of good faith and intelligence on the part of the critic. In so far as these two demands may be fulfilled in the literary field, they are met by a study of the influences which have shaped, or rather carved, the short story into its present jumping jack form. For in seeing what has debased our literature, we find one of the means to improve it.

This investigation discloses the striking coincidence that the American short story has deteriorated proportionately as the American magazines have developed. There was a time when the world admitted our claim to this literary form for a number of reasons, complimentary and unflattering. The salient characteristics of the short story, its brevity, conciseness, and forceful action, were conceded to be in striking harmony with the American temperament. On the other hand, since the qualities of introspection, meditation, and reserve were not attributed to "the wild westerners", it seemed natural that the *short* story should be long enough to express our manners and thoughts, ambitions and ideals, struggles and achievements. And finally, Americans were the pioneers in this medium: Hawthorne and Irving chose it instinctively; Poe was undoubtedly the first to formulate its principles; and Bret Harte popularized it and made it inherent in American art.

But we have failed signally to live up to the promise of our early authors and have gradually ceased to achieve æsthetic expression through the short story. Now that every popular periodical counts its circulation in hundreds of thousands and millions, we have reached probably the lowest stage in narrative writing. For the enormous circulations of our magazines have en-

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abled the masses to exert an influence which would not be tolerated by the periodicals of Europe. We need but glance at the contents of a popular magazine to see the concessions it has made. The masses demand only what they have the power to grasp—that is the limit of profundity in the stories the magazine publishes; they want concrete expression for their compensatory ideals — that is the limit of tragedy, or rather, that eliminates tragedy; they seek heroes among their own kind — that is an end to truth.

Now, the subservience of the popular magazines to these demands is explained by the one word, advertising. Advertising has taken the fiction magazine out of the realm of art and into the field of industry, and in modern industry the end in view is not a perfect product but the greatest possible income derived from the sale. Thus editors, whose success is measured by the sum of receipts from advertising, are forced to buy fiction which will gain or hold the millions of subscribers that make high advertising rates possible. The result of this policy on our literature is, broadly speaking, threefold. In the first place, those of our successful authors who have capitulated to the editors are consciously manufacturing stories that will *sell*. Obviously, these stories satisfy the masses by fulfilling their demands and, just as obviously, they are, at best, interesting reading matter. The other two effects are less direct and thereby more serious. For the writer, especially the young writer, makes his concessions, voluntarily or unwillingly, in the belief that he is heeding the representatives of higher criticism, whereas he is obeying those who, in their subservience to advertising, are preventing the production of stories that will *live*.

The simplest means of effecting this is, of course, rejection. Every day editors return manuscripts with the comment: "This is a remarkable story, but it is *not in our line*." Yet the shopkeeper attitude toward literature has its most vicious expression in the positive phase of selection. For when an editor has determined what is "in his line", he searches the field of American authors for the writer who has published that type of story. To him the request comes pure and simple: "Send us a dog (or detective or circus or small town or domestic relations) story." But a time must come when the author can no longer write on that particular theme out of his experience. He will then either manufacture the requested story, moved by no other impulse than the financial gain involved, or he will offer another manuscript, only to be informed that the editor wants nothing from him but the story he requested.

An author of my acquaintance has had a story, which competent critics have judged his best work, rejected a half dozen times with the statement that the editor would be happy to publish something "in his (the author's) line". But my friend is no longer interested in canines, or whatever his "line" happens to be, and he is very much interested in the story which deals with the development of a Negro in the turbulent south of today; he is offering a vital, absorbing piece of fiction, written in his hitherto acceptable style. Why are there no bidders? Simply because the "line" of any one of the popular magazines is, if not identical with, at least parallel to the "line" of every popular magazine in America. And they all meet at the too finite point, discussed above: the realization of Harry's and Jenny's compensatory ideals. Thus are our

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authors forced into specialization and, necessarily, into the production of stereotyped, barren, and made to order stories.

It is by means of the blue pencil, however, that the most debasing effect on our fiction is achieved. For in the interest of advertising, the blue pencil well nigh eliminates the modern short story as a medium of self-expression. Today it is a commonplace of the "trade" to have an author deny responsibility for the action and character development in his story because one-quarter or one-third (recently more than half) of it has been cut off by some literary Procrustes. This is done without notifying the writer or seeking his permission, and there is no redress, since the fact that the story has been mangled is known only after it has appeared in its final form. The excuses given are various, but the main reasons for lopping are the last minute increases and the unexpected cancellations in orders for advertising space. Both cases necessitate a reduction in the amount of literary material; in the first, to make room for the ads, in the second, to cut the expense of publication. In either case the need could be met by reducing the number of stories in a given issue; but our popular magazines insist on an undiminished table of contents as proof positive that the readers are getting "their money's worth", though each story is made worthless in the proving.

One contemplates with a shudder what the blue pencil, put to it to find place for a column ad on Self-Supporting Suspenders, might have done to "Rip Van Winkle" or to "The Fall of the House of Usher". And who will vouch that no legend of Carolina or Kentucky hills has been wrecked in the stream of publication while the editor had eyes only for the golden sheen of our modern Lorelei?

Three questions will naturally occur to the reader:

1. *What of our better magazines?* Surely they are more concerned with artistic standards and less with advertising than the popular periodicals; yet they are almost as barren of results. Almost! Occasionally American genius finds expression in their pages. If we seek to know why these occasions are few and far between, we must look beyond the magazines and their editors and into our national psychology where the cause is deeply rooted.

In matters of the spirit America is obviously suffering from the inferiority complex. Unable to judge artistic expression except by standards extrinsic to the work before her and abnormally afraid of being mistaken, she insists that her art be guaranteed. To this conception we owe the overdeveloped star system of our theatres; to it we must attribute the pilgrimages of our talented youth that goes east to seek the approval of European masters, and the unflattering visits of European artists, who are summoned to our shores as soon as they are recognized at home. Our literary magazines give ample evidence of this inferiority complex by the exaggerated emphasis which they lay upon contributions from proven and approved writers. This is a costly concession to a diseased state of mind by both authors and editors, because the former find it physically impossible to meet the demands for their writings and maintain their standards of excellence, and the latter are obliged to accept second-rate work from the famous at the expense of masterpieces from less noted workmen.

2. *What of Europe?* England,

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France, Russia, and Germany also have their Jennys and Harrys. How do they maintain their artistic standards and æsthetic integrity? The answer may be partly inferred from the preceding paragraph. Contrasted with the situation in America, there the educated public and certainly the critics are thoroughly conscious of their artistic tradition. These minds "reflecting ages past" are rarely deceived by a cheaply won popularity or a momentary appeal, and they seldom fail or fear to applaud great work, whatever its source. There is also a catholicity of opinion, which assures the recognition of the worthy, and an independence in critical judgment which makes appreciation a powerful incentive for creative effort. Again, a sharp line is drawn between self-respecting publications and popular magazines. In the latter acknowledged third-raters produce the reading matter for the masses and receive their reward in a tawdry popularity and high wages. The former offer to the gifted novice an opportunity, modified only by the extent of his powers, to publish his work with that of the masters. It goes without saying that few literary neophytes are tempted to prostitute their higher talents and desert the temple of the muses for that of the moneychangers. And it must be equally obvious that Europe owes her literature as much to an intelligent reading public as to inspired and uncompromising authors.

3. *What can be done?* Envisaged broadly this is a national problem on which depends the future of American letters. For what is true of the short story is true in a lesser degree of every phase of our literature. In briefest terms: we need magazines which shall ignore advertising and yet be able to compete in the literary market with the popular periodicals; we need editors imbued with the heritage of the past, cognizant of the currents and impulses of the present, and sensible of the duty of literature to the future; we need to disabuse contemporary writers of the fallacy that in exploiting dogs, or domestic relations, or circuses, they are producing literature.

What must be done, then, is to endow a number of magazines — no one periodical, however nobly conceived, can do all of this work — which will publish the best work of our masters and at the same time furnish an opportunity for full expression to our unknown writers; to call forth editors of unquestioned integrity and literary judgment, who will recognize the artistic values in every medium and in every "school"; and to reiterate until it becomes an axiom of our art that not in "situations" *per se*, nor in "characters" as such, nor in purposeless "local color" lies *literature*, but in that combination of these elements which presents an individual's adjustment or his failure to adjust himself to the inhibitions, customs, and ideas that constitute his environment. When this is done, we can rest assured that the American short story will carry on its early tradition and will faithfully and immortally interpret American life.

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THE BOOKSELLER SPEAKS OUT

THE DECAY OF THE CUSTOMER

By Katherine Sproehnle

THERE fluctuates, these days, in the pictured and unpictured monthly journals, much goodly discussion of books, their habitat and their dispensers. Gracious, if grieved, gentlemen of letters have contributed to that which bulks almost into a symposium on the rise and fall of the bookshop, on the ripening and decay of the book buyer, on the incapacities of the book salesman. Some even grow irate at the relation of the book store and the customer—meaning by the book store the book clerk, to them a tool of the Gods of Ignorance, used to keep the rightful book from its lawful reader. It is to such latter that I, that child of iniquity, a book salesman, burn to make the bookseller's neglected defense. No, not defense. As the nice old man said, "I'm not arguin' with ye, I'm tellin' ye."

Which brings me to my entry in the symposium: the decay of the book buyer.

Traffic in books has a savor that any other transaction lacks. There is a thrill in picking your book from shelves or table, seeing its name inscribed on a sales slip as a deed of ownership, receiving it in your left hand as you thrust out a few dusty bills with your right, shifting its compact body in your hand as you walk out, perhaps even letting its sharp corners nip gently at your palm. (I take for granted that you carry your books home—no true book fan buys a book only to relinquish it to a delivery system.) This thrill neither chiffon frock from Paris nor custom shoes from England can approach. And the only thing that is more delightful than buying books is selling them. In most cases, that is.

According to the general, expressed opinion the customer is a firm eyed person who approaches the salesman with title, author, and publisher on his lips; the clerk an elusive mortal whose sense of spelling is deficient and whose knowledge of literature paralyzed. And I, fresh from days with customers, protest. It isn't true.

Modesty forbids me to elaborate a brief on the real accomplishments of book clerks who — undernourished, pale, overearnest lot that we are — still manage to distinguish Dreiser from Drinkwater and Mencken from Maeterlinck. Proceed rather to the customer, supposed to be so definite in his wants, so straightforward in his expressing of them. We will omit the lady who knows only that the book she is vainly trying to name is a story about New York and that "he and she make it up in the last chapter"; pass gently over the man who wanted something called "Unfinished Stories", he thought—new book—and who exclaimed triumphantly after two more or less trained minds and a supernatural ray of divination had produced Edna Ferber's "Half Portions" from the top shelf, "That's it, I knew I almost had the title." Let us dwell for a contemplative moment on the girl of today who wanted "Beowulf" by Balzac. Clerk suggested tactfully that Balzac had not, in any way, written "Beowulf". "Yes", said the girl, "he did. It's the last novel

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he ever wrote." She turned to go, then relented. "Perhaps you just haven't got it yet. It's quite new."

The only really definite book buyer is the man who wants Robert Chambers's latest. Chambers is the only author he knows, or will know. He has read all of his earlier books. Q.E.D., he must have the latest or go elsewhere for his nourishment. Almost anyone else can be diverted from the "Note-books of Samuel Butler" to "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma". It's an open trade secret that to change customers' desires for them is a necessity in a small bookshop where shelf room cannot compete with publication. And there is an unbelievably large number of merely trusting souls who turn themselves over to the salesman for mental prescriptions.

"I want", said the well nourished gentleman who came in the other morning, "three books that you have read yourself and like, on the order of E. Phillips Oppenheim's 'The Evil Shepherd'." It was an unnerving moment in my clerkly career. I was alone in the shop, as the shop's owner, who is literarily omniscient, had not arrived. I had only a little luck on my side. A few weeks before we had decided that one of us ought, for the commercial welfare of the establishment, read that book. We tossed pennies. I lost. So I had read "The Evil Shepherd", but none of its kin. However I managed to find three brethren, which I confessed only to have heard of as hair lifters, and my customer left to enjoy bloodshed in his overstuffed armchair.

"I would like", announced a tall young man, "to gain knowledge of best American philosophers. I am foreigner and I go home to Sweden next month." After all, you will admit that there is a difference in being asked to find Santayana in the stacks, realizing at the same time that he is not a Japanese print, and in being responsible for an earnest young stranger's groundwork in American philosophy. Demand what you will of the smudgy book clerk, you cannot ask him to supply what the curriculum can't.

Mercenary as it does seem, there is a charm in customers who actually purchase. There is a charm, too, in visitors who sit on our ladder and read the books which we really want to keep for ourselves, chuckle at the right places, and would like to buy so much that we pretend not to notice when they walk out emptyhanded. There is no charm, though, in the ladies and gentlemen who come in and give the most unexpected and unsolicited monologues on the literary tendencies of themselves; in the first edition hounds who come into the shop and catalogue their own library before your ears, say they realize that you don't have rare books, that they never buy anything else, and sniff at Max Beerbohm because he isn't Marlowe; in those souls whose literary enjoyment hangs on the presence or absence of an English imprint. (We have some sympathy with these last ourselves, but we conceal it and as a rule are very stern to customers who indulge in the snobbery of imprint over matter.)

It is the sins of the first of these last three varieties of customers that fall most heavily on the book salesman's head. Not that the salesman dislikes passing the time o' books with buyers — it's a rich occupation that lets you discuss the things you are most interested in. But even discussion of books should be bounded on the east by discrimination, on the

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west by consideration, on the south by restraint, and on the north by the sun's time. The first fifteen minutes during which the customer pours unprinted reviews of books he has read into your ears, pulling them the while from the so painfully and alphabetically arranged shelves, the salesman listens, glassy within but pliant without. At the end of a half hour the eyes dull, shelves are furtively rearranged, thoughts of lunch, then liquor, and finally weapons come fast on each other; only when you feel that years are bowing your shoulders and lines ravaging your serene brow does the customer leave — not of course, having bought so much as a Modern Library volume. And the bookseller's reward may be the judgment of a contemporary customer who writes, "I take pains to say that I have found some who are more than polite, who are cordial and friendly."

THE MIRRORS OF BOOKSELLING

By William Francis Hobson

IN a book store we may trace the origin of Blue Monday to that well known book for the tourists and those that possess Fords—to the Blue Book. Whether it is true or mere theory is a question, but it seems that Monday for the book clerk is a day filled with terrors. There are many reasons for this. Let us take one at random. The salesman who commutes arrives just before the doors are opened. He is either busy reliving a well enjoyed Sunday, or is trying to figure what the customer wants who impatiently pulls out his watch, glances through the window at the clock in the shop, and wonders why the store isn't opened. It is 8:59 by the clock in the store and 9:00 by his Elgin. Store opens, customer rushes in. Then follows (C. being customer, S. W. C., salesman who commutes):

C.: "I want this book that I saw reviewed in the ——— yesterday."

S. W. C.: "Yes sir, what is the name of it please? . . . Oh, that book! I am sorry to say it hasn't been published in this country yet. That is an English copy the paper had and we haven't received any copies from the other side. Shall I import a copy for you or take your order for one as soon as it arrives?"

C. (greatly irritated): "But it stated here that the book is published, it doesn't say anything about it's being an English copy. How long will it take you to procure a copy? What will it cost, what will it look like, what color will the binding be, etc.?"

S. W. C.: "I am sorry sir that I cannot answer your questions. Yesterday was the first time I heard of the book; we can however find out for you if you give us sufficient time."

C.: "Time nothing, I want the book today. Guess I'll have to go to (names a well known book store); they no doubt will have copies of it. I never seem to be able to get the books I want at this store. No wonder there's no money in the book business. You never have what a customer wants." Exits muttering.

Thus starts the beginning of a perfect Blue Monday for our book salesman. At this point all thoughts of the happy Sunday have been swept aside. "Lightnin'", the floor boy, approaches and informs the S. W. C. that Mr. Knoital, the manager of Readem and Weaps Book Store, desires to see him at once. The scene now changes to the centre of the store where the manager (who also waits upon — or rather, "serves" is the better word —

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his personal clientele) has part of a counter that serves as his desk.

"Well, Mr. Inbad, why haven't you fixed up the bins this morning? You know the rule is for you to have the bins in shape by 9:30; here it is that time and nothing done yet. If this keeps on perhaps you will find it easier to do them after 5:30."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Knoital, but I've been busy with a customer this morning so could not get to it before. I'll start right in." Walks away dejectedly to his unpleasant task.

Customer enters and approaches Mr. Knoital: "A friend of mine recommended a volume of poetry, but I've forgotten . . . "

Mr. Knoital calls, "Miss Gusher, will you kindly show this lady the poetry?" Resumes business of writing. Customer follows Miss Gusher to the poetry alcoves and inquires, "Who is that impudent man?"

"Oh, that's OUR manager Mr. Knoital, one of the greatest bookmen in the country, no doubt in the world. He has been in the book business over thirty years. He really doesn't look his age but he told me (confidentially of course) that he has just passed his fiftieth birthday. Rather young looking, isn't he? Married too," she adds with perhaps a trace of a sigh.

"Well, whoever he is and whatever he knows, he doesn't seem very interested in what I want. I'm looking for a book, etc. . . . No, I don't know the author's name; all I know is that she wrote another book something about Eve or maybe it was Adam or perhaps Adam and Eve. It had something to do with fig leaves at any rate."

"Oh, you mean 'A Few Figs from Thistles' by Edna St. Vincent Millay don't you?" inquires Miss Gusher beamingly.

"Yes, that's the author. I want her other book."

"Which one, 'Renascence'?"

"That's the book. What, two dollars for that small book! I'm sure my friend never paid that. Well, never mind; now that I've seen it, I don't think that I care for it at all. I'll take a copy of 'The Sheik' instead. Please wrap it up."

However, it isn't always thus in the book store. Only the other day Mr. Fulofpep, Readem and Weaps's youngest salesman, perhaps one of the youngest in the "trade" as it is affectionately called, told me the following:

Two Englishmen lately landed (odor of ocean still retained in clothing) asked Mr. Fulofpep for a guide book of the United States. Informed that the Baedeker is still the best on the subject although 1909 is the latest issue, they hesitated about purchasing it, owing no doubt to its antiquity. (I'm sure no thoughts of Baedeker being a German entered their minds.) Our youngest salesman then tried to discover what particular part of the country they were most interested in, thinking to recommend some particular book, when they seriously replied:

"What we are really after, you know, is a guide to your New York subways. It's most confusing to know whether to follow the yellow line or to take the course of the blue one. However, as we shall in time try to see all of your country, we shall purchase this book."

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in the bookshop are about the same. Pretty good days for all. Amusing incidents take place between salesman and customer. The very best informed book clerks, even though they be disciples of Freud,

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Orison Swett Marden, or Dr. Frank Crane, can't be expected to solve all of the riddles that present themselves in the form of customers asking for a book, name unknown, author unknown, to say nothing of the publisher. As for example the case where the clerk asked the inquiring lady if it might be a Little, Brown book and received the indignant retort, "It's a green covered book; that's all I know about it."

Saturday! Ah, that's a day on which I would like to see A. Edward Newton, the author of two delightful books, "The Amenities of Book-Collecting" and "A Magnificent Farce", employed as a book clerk in one of New York's big book stores. I'll wager he could write another book about bookselling, but if he prefixes it with "Amenities" it will have to be sold to book stores as an O. S. item (on sale).

Saturday is a day I always looked forward to as a schoolboy, little realizing that when I grew up and worked as a bookman my boyhood abhorrence would follow me to the book store; but it has, to the extent of our dear school teachers. Nowadays in the book world each week denotes something. We have Children's Book Week, Travel Week, Fiction Week, etc., but the school teachers have fifty-two weeks, each one of which falls on Saturday. Don't think for a moment that I speak with malice toward the educators of the world. If I did, I could not point with pride and say, "Had it not been for your wonderful patience and instruction I should never have ascended to that pinnacle of KNOWLEDGE, a BOOKMAN." My grievance is this: As I remember, if our lessons were not perfect we received a demerit, or if we repeated the offense we were kept in after school writing two or three hundred lines. Is it not fair then, now that we are on an equal footing (if the teachers will so consider the bookseller), to ask that in making purchases on Saturdays — as they invariably do — they be specific in their demands. Let them try and reconcile themselves to the fact that a great many of the cheaper school books which "Ask Dad He Knows" used, are out of print or made in more expensive editions due to increased cost of manufacturing and the increase in the bookman's wages. And can't they be persuaded to give their pupils in writing the names of books needed for special work, instead of just saying, "Oh go to Readem and Weaps and get a geography" or whatever the book may be?

Try and help the bookseller as much as possible, book lovers of every description, and he in turn will give you in most cases the BOOK YOU WANT.

THE BOOK SALESMAN

By Matthew Baird, Jr.

"WHAT a romantic spot a bookshop is; how I would love to work in one and just browse around among the delectable editions when not too busy." That's what we hear. Ah yes, there is romance, but often it is not 100% pure, as is love or a sure tip on the ponies. There is alloy mixed with the pure base: the alloy of dust; the alloy of one hundred copies of a fast waning favorite and the bill in the drawer; the alloy of trying to please the customer; and the alloy of discussing juveniles with a doting mamma when your thoughts are with Mencken and his Prejudices.

You stand in the aisle, during a leisure spell, and look out on the crowded thoroughfare, thoughts thousands of

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miles away, and thousands of books crying to be sold. The door opens and in wafts some cold air—and a lady. She's hunting for a book. They all are and we're the beaters. No, she doesn't know what she would rather have, and you attempt to check your thoughts at the right book as you mentally go galloping between Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ", and Théophile Gautier's "Mlle. de Maupin". She must notice from a look on your face the breathless steeplechase you are having, for she quietly removes a fence from the course by saying, "It's for someone who is sick." You quickly note the age and the bare third finger of the left hand and eliminate husband and child, at the same instant that Gautier goes into a convent and à Kempis to a ball game. "An elderly person?" you nonchalantly ask, as you look straight ahead and toy with your watch chain. "No." It is breathed out as you say "Ah" for the doctor whose vandyke is roaming on your back. "It's for a young man, a cousin of my mother's." A karma of embarrassment envelops the statement and brands the cousin lie. To be a good salesman you must then give a dry sob and quickly clench the hand that is resting on a book within her gaze. "Yes, he has had his left leg amputated." Your heart pours out to her in her misery, and you see visions of a crutchy wedding, crutchy home and children. In your innermost self you wish it had been his head. All you do is murmur, "Left leg?" As though had it been the right leg you could have given her the choice of hundreds of books, you grope about looking for a literary substitute for a left leg amputation. You cannot suggest "The Stretcher Bearer"—that's too much of a probe in the wound; neither would you offer "Westward Ho". She wouldn't see the application any more than you would. Desperation clutches you as you wander ever onward to the children's book department, when as manna from heaven a thought strikes you. You grab the first book, which happens to be one of a hundred sheep dog stories, quickly wrap it up and hand it to her, as you beg her not to question your decision but simply accept it. You tell her in a jerky way that you remember a similar case last August—or was it July?—when you were commissioned to supply a book for a left leg amputation and this book so admirably filled the bill that the patient is going to have his other leg taken off if the author writes another story. You take the two dollars and in your nervousness put it into your pocket, instead of the cash drawer, and the transaction is closed.

You pick up a half morocco Swinburne, take a good drink of "Dolores", and again face a problem. A young man is standing with a she's-caught-me look and you ask him tenderly as to his book yearning. Yes—you already knew it—a gift book for a lady. You are immediately irritated by his brazen confession of intimacy with the fair one; what right has he to suppose in his callow self-importance that he can make her happy? You recite a few lines of "The Lady of Lyons". You remember, "Mother I did send her flowers and she did wear them." You get that far and he takes the book; his seventy-five is nestling with the amputation two dollars.

You quickly recognize the wan expression of the next seeker and pick up Crozer Griffith's "Care of the Baby" and the "Century Cook Book". She takes her choice and no word is spoken. If she has a lustreless look in her eyes she takes both.

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Then you are confronted with a vision in silks, satins, furs, frankincense and myrrh. Through her lip stick results she lisps that she desires "A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband"; you give it to her, all the while wondering why she wants a thousand when you feel positive she has never tried one. Where is she now? Probably on her way to buy a new gown and antidote at least five hundred of the thousand ways. Dear delightful little human parasite, but we love her and she doesn't need the vote to be happy. *We* will make her so. Another Eve, a sister of the last species, is poring over a three dollar book when you rubber heel to her proximity. By the way, it takes a very nice distinction to know just when to put on the emergency in approaching irresistible femininity. You lay your hand softly on an adjacent tome as though you were about to say "Nice bookie". As you feel her osprey feathers or birds of paradise or whatever you call two hundred dollars' worth of South American caudal appendage sweep your wan emaciated hand, she begins "How well I remember . . . " You hope she is going to say how well she remembers Sweet Alice Ben Bolt; but no, it's that old story about remembering when books were a dollar eight. Yes, and you remember when eggs were thirty cents a dozen and shoes seven per. I have some regard for the man who invented a dollar and a quarter, and a kindly feeling for the lesser light who discovered a dollar, but that miscreant who foisted a dollar eight on this already overburdened world should share the fate of the one who invented poison ivy and nettle rash.

You go callously through the next hour with class A B and C customers until you meet your triweekly problem. She doesn't know the name of the book and gives you a withering look if you attempt to go into research by asking the author's name. She knows you must have it; all book stores have it. There is a girl in it who is in love with a man, and another woman is in love with him. At this point you call the sales specialist in the eternal triangle department, and even she is stumped. Out the fair one goes, her manner indicating that she would fain arrange for you a night course in literature. If only she had remembered that one of the women had blond hair, we could by elimination have brought the choice down to one of 267. We inwardly say "Pshaw" or some synonym and thank Soulé and Crabb for their aid in relieving pent up feeling.

A breezy individual appears in the offing, her topsails shot with fire, and wants to know if a book will reach her very dear friend Mrs. Spoof who is sailing first cabin on the S. S. "Heaveto" on Saturday. You warble a completè yes and then she goes to picking. The backs of four books are broken in her haste not to delay the shipment, when she bethinks herself of "White Shadows in the South Seas". Feeling absolutely certain that Mrs. Spoof is a bad sailor and shouldn't have sea stories, you timidly suggest "Roaming Through Changing Germany", but it doesn't work and poor Mrs. Spoof will a-seaing go.

All these different problems are interspersed with isolated questions. Do Ethel Dell's books come in the Nelson Library edition? Will Harold Bell Wright bring out another book this week? Yes, I know he had one last week. Is it in "Pickwick" or "Vanity Fair" that some woman says, "Speak for yourself, John", and myriad other queries that tax the soul.

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The shadows lengthen; closing time is approaching and the salesman at eve has sold his fill. Five-thirty will soon be here. No customers for the past hour; but now at 5:27 not the flotsam and jetsam but rather the ivory, peacocks, and golden moidores of the purchasing public flock in as at a rummage sale. You are tired and irritable and want to go home, or to someone else's home, and still they come. You stand on one foot and then on the other, while a purchaser is perusing Balden's "Heartease", you the while wishing you had a copy of the more soothing Allen's Footease.

Books are being put back in their places, you hear the whirl of the safe's combination as the bookkeeper ends her day, and just as your thoughts are beginning to take a soup, fish, and best girl channel, in blow the last three rows of the cast of a musical comedy. By paying attention to the squeakiest one you gather that Tottie Coughdrops is leaving the show on Saturday and "we girls want to give her a swell book". You head the procession to the glass-cased de luxes. In a paternal way you pat a crushed levant "Vicar of Wakefield", at the same time reaching for a tree calf "Marcus Aurelius". One of the dears says they can't take both as they have only ten dollars. She thought it two volumes of the same story, the second volume being the one in which Marcus marries the vicar's daughter. But, after all, what do we know of stagecraft?

All have gone, the lights are dim, the front door locked. You take your hat, bow obsequiously to the Empress Eugénie, reverently salute Chief Justice Marshall, throw a kiss to Manon Lescaut, and go into the night, making a mental resolve to abstain from all reading, yea even a time table.

THE PINES ARE THINKING

(Indian Interpretation)

By Hartley Alexander

THE cottonwood trees,
growing in clumps, —
They are very loquacious,
conversing with one another.

But the tall pines
are like men in meditation,
They seldom have anything to say.

In winter the leaves of the cottonwoods
are fallen,
Their branches are shelterless;
But the pine trees are always green.

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JAMES STEPHENS

By Arthur Moss

With a Drawing from Life by Ivan Opffer

THE Café Lilas on the very crest of Montparnasse is James Stephens's favorite haunt in Paris. He says he chose it because it was the one spot in the Latin Quarter quiet enough for work and conversation. Opffer and I found him there one June evening on the *terrasse* ensconced behind a tall mug of beer.

"Sure and it's a large drink for a small man, but the gods have given me a large capacity, praise be. And so you wish to draw my picture. Well see that you don't flatter me. 'Tis a homely man that I am and I know it. And another thing: I refuse to pose: I'll sit here and be my natural self and talk as much as I please."

This last pronunciamento pleased us mightily, for the whimsical Irishman is a brilliant talker. His soft voice, slight brogue, and witty conversation always keep before me the picture of the Philosopher in his delightful "Crock of Gold".

James Stephens is about forty-five, short in stature and with a rather large head: the head of a drolly wise gnome. Amazingly brilliant eyes peer out from under unkempt brows; a high domelike forehead rises to a fringe of sparse hair; the mouth has a humorous curl, and the chin is very strong.

The author of "Here Are Ladies", "Mary, Mary", "The Crock of Gold", and "The Demi-Gods" was born in Dublin and has spent most of his life either in that city or in Paris. He went to work very early in a lawyer's office, his parents fondly hoping that he would be admitted to the bar.

"But it was not much work that I did. I thought in those days that maybe I'd be a poet. All day I used to sit and think about big words. By big I mean fine high sounding words like 'honor' and 'noble' and 'courage', and I spent most of my time scribbling them down. Yes, I think that is how I started to write."

Stephens is an ardent Nationalist and has worked hard for the establishment of the Irish Free State. He believes that the most impressive thing about the leaders in Dublin is that they are all very young.

"Youth is always very serious, and acts: old age sits about cautiously and thinks too much. But I'm glad to be away from Dublin for a time now, so that I can write. You can't do much creative work when they're having revolutions."

James Stephens is a great authority on Gaelic art and spends considerable time at the Dublin National Gallery of which he is assistant curator. He is hard at work now on a cycle of five books which he expects to have ready for publication late in 1923. "Tain Bo", Gaelic for "Cattle Drive", is to be the title. AE, the dean of modern Irish letters, has seen the first two volumes and said that he has never read finer English prose.

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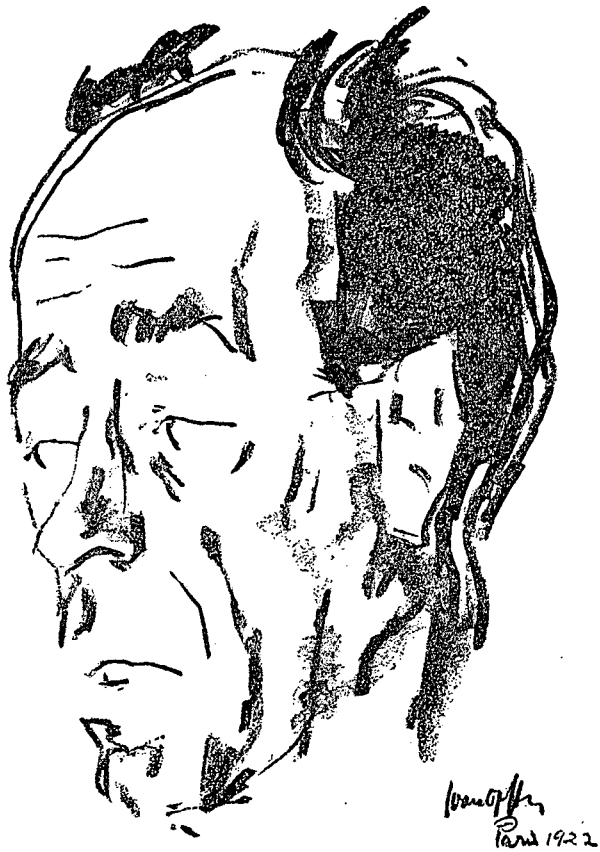

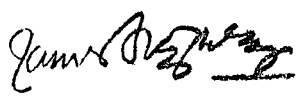

Drawn from life for THE BOOKMAN *by Ivan Opffer and autographed by Mr. Stephens.*

James Stephens

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THIS COMMUNICATIVE WORLD

By Robert Cortes Holliday

LLOYD GEORGE not long ago, addressing the Nonconformists of England in Whitefield's Tabernacle, spoke of two eminent English divines, John Wesley and George Whitefield. The latter of these two founders of Methodism who kindled the hearts of our ancestors, it was recalled by a New York newspaper at the time of the wide publication of the address, lies buried in the graveyard of Old South Church in Newburyport, Massachusetts. Probably very few people, however, recalled the fact that this eighteenth century preacher was an autobiographer with a remarkable flair for his title. Nothing in his case could have been happier than this: "A Short Account of God's Dealings with George Whitefield".

And that title leads one, with at the moment nothing better to do, into a little byway of reflection upon the subject of the autobiography — now (to paraphrase Mr. Whistler) upon the town. You wouldn't be likely to see today a volume entitled, let us say, "A Short Account of God's Dealings with John Farrar". Our present slant on human existence is somewhat reversed; piquantly reflected in Harry Kemp's title, "Tramping on Life".

There was a time when you didn't write your autobiography unless you were somebody; your motive, indeed, was pride; probably, in the days when to be one "born" was a matter of prime account, pride of birth. Witness the title of the autobiography of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle: "A True Relation of My Birth, Breeding and Life". Those (of aristocratic tendency) who have sought to poke fun at the memoir writing craze have often said that the last word would be reached when the autobiography of an English butler was written. Their forebodings as to the ultimate descent of the autobiography have been justified; a little while ago an announcement came from London of the publication of the record of "A Lady's Maid in Downing Street". But as to that — some time ago, away back indeed in the infant nineteen hundreds, there were published in Rome the memoirs of an old waiter, who scrupulously set down the relative liberality of prominent persons whom he served.

When his eye fell upon this bit of news, a gentleman (wearing spats) in a club put down his newspaper and, with a dreadful sneer, exclaimed: "What are we coming to? Next thing, I suppose, will be the confessions of a garbage collector!" And probable enough. Why not? One of our leading American magazines the other day bought the memoirs of a bootlegger, a work which in conversation the editor spoke of very highly.

Rich man . . . poor man . . . beggar man . . . thief; doctor . . . lawyer . . . merchant . . . chief — that's a bibliography, a bibliography in effect of the heterogeneous literature of confession. It is not infrequent spirits, impelled by the torture of genius to self-utterance, that cry alone in the

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wilderness. The literature of confession is like a mammoth, motley fair. The great are there, and the prophets preaching amid the din of countless hawkers. And the acrobats are turning, there is love making and drinking, and soldiers are marching. All the world is there in the grand autobiographical Comédie Humaine, in nobody knows how many volumes.

Let us stroll a little way through this Fair and read the signs. Here are the gates we go through, the "United States Catalogue" and the "Periodical Index" — two of the most entertaining and instructive literary works in the world. Here, in our list, is the Confession's Pleasance. We may, if we take enough time, note the Confessions of:

American citizen
apostate
barbarian
beachcomber
best seller
Browning lover
caricaturist
child
chorus girl
clarinet player
clergyman
frivolous girl
grass widow
heathen idol
husband
little man during great days
hyphenated American
Macedonian bandit
M. D.
monopolist
neurasthenic
nun
obscure teacher
old maid
palmist
parasite
priest
physician
princess
publisher
clubwoman
commercial senator
con man
Czarina
detective
daddy
drone
drunkard
engaged couple
English opium eater
fool
quill driver
railroad man
railroad signalman
rebellious wife
schoolmaster
seafaring blackmailer
sinner
social secretary
sometime kindergartner
spectator
thug
two brothers
undertaker
violinist
wife
wife forced to make her own living
young mother
young man
young wife
older wife
war correspondent

If you do not find the show that you are particularly interested in let us turn over to the Memoir's Midway. Here are the personal Memoirs of:

cow pony
Huguenot family
royal chaplain
Arabian princess
charming woman
baby
doll
guardian angel
Russian governor
Senate page
little girl
man of the world
Protestant condemned to the gallows
physician
revolutionist
seraph
cavalier
failure
white elephant
American lady

This phenomenon, the autobiography, rises under a variety of titles. There are the Recollections of:

California pioneer
Confederate staff officer
admiral's wife
alienist
gold cure graduate
Lucknow veteran
Irish patriot
fire insurance man
49er
happy life
royal governess
Scottish novelist
spinster aunt
old mountaineer
New England educator
diplomatist
missionary in the Great West
player
Royal Academician
runaway boy
townboy at Westminster
drummer boy
naval officer
mid-and late Victorian
nonagenarian
New York surgeon
private soldier
rebel reefer
Russian diplomat
superannuate
newspaper man
old musician

Those who have contributed Reminiscences are:

musical amateur
missionary bishop
Mosby Guerilla
soldier's wife
sportsman
ex-Confederate soldier
invalid
K. C.
pioneer in the Rock River country
ranchman
revolutionist
prisoner of war
boy in blue
dramatic critic
astronomer
nurse
bachelor
Franco-American
Mississippian
Pullman conductor
portrait painter
teacher
radical parson
wartime statesman and diplomat

Autobiographies have been given us, among others, of a farm boy, a navvy, an androgyne, and a supertramp. Almost anyone by a moment's thought can recall a little list of racy

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authors of autobiographies. Then there is an affair, sometimes highly interesting, which you might call the oblique autobiography, such a volume, for instance, as a book published a number of years ago called "The Autobiography of a Race Horse". The "Memoirs of a London Doll", a very quaint little contraption, first brought out in England in 1857, was recently issued in a new edition in the same size as the original. There is, too, the type of "autobiography" which reprehensibly pretends to be what it is not, the memoir of the patently spurious class, its most typical specimens of scandalous character. The literature of roguery is full of the spurious confession. Innumerable were the literary forgeries of the ingenious Courtilz de Sandras, sieur de Verger, to whom also the world owes the immortal d'Artagnan. Among the more weird curiosities in the realm of the perverted memoir is the work of that ingenious lunatic who, in 1857, published the "Autobiography of Jesus Christ".

Then there are curiously interesting and altogether authentic autobiographies which superficially appear to be something not autobiography at all. Of the books of this class a distinguished recent example is Joseph Hergesheimer's volume "San Cristóbal de la Habana", commonly listed in libraries and catalogues under "travel". Of course, you cannot say that it is not travel at all; but it is much more interesting and important as the other thing. I have now and then had occasion to look up certain facts about Mr. Hergesheimer, such, for instance, as the religious belief in which he was bred and his position at present in this matter, and I have gone straight to this volume to find what I wanted; but "San Cristóbal de la Habana" would be far from the first book I should seek out in gathering material on Havana.

The intimate essay is, of course, the quintessence of autobiographical writing. Among those who have practised that most debonair of all the arts, "the ingenious way of miscellaneous writing" (in the ingenious phrase of Lord Shaftsbury), is a line of autobiographers of the gods anointed: Montaigne, Elia, Hazlitt — to name (for the sake of the thrill) these three alone.

William McFee (whose "Harbours of Memory" is a title of perfection for a book of autobiographical flavor by a veteran of the sea) prints on a fly leaf of his novel "Command", recently published, this "Prefatory Note":

> This tale is an original invention. It is not founded upon fact, nor are the characters herein described portraits of actual persons. The incidents and topography are imaginary.

Probably very few readers of the book noticed this note. It is, however, a pointed commentary (or may be taken as such) on the fiction of the period. Very few of our novelists of today could truthfully make such a statement concerning their work. Indeed, most of our contemporary novels are not, strictly speaking, novels at all; they are, in the main, autobiographical narratives carried along into something like a story by a more or less slender infusion of invention. One need reflect but for an instant to recall that this has been the receipt for some of the noblest monuments in the field of fiction; it is sufficient to remember "Tom Jones" and "David Copperfield", although there is a wealth of authentic literature in this genre. One of the most notable modern novels patently of this field is Somerset Maugham's book "Of Hu-

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man Bondage". At the moment, one of the most interesting performances of the kind is the soul's record of a famous sports writer who became a litterateur, Heywood Broun's story "The Boy Grew Older".

Under the head of biography pure and simple marches another little army; humorous, racy, startling; tinkers, tailors, ambassadors, Rajahs, candlestick makers — and today in the sun's hot eye, erstwhile war lords and ex-Kaisers. Then there is the large body of the literature of confession of multifarious designation: "Up From Slavery", "Astir", "Marie-Claire", "My Mamie Rose", "L'Education Sentimentale", "Thus Spake Zarathustra", "The Record of Nicholas Freydon", "John Barleycorn", "The Education of Henry Adams", "Steeplejack", "Ocean Echoes", "The Americanization of Edward Bok", and (to name no more) Theodore Dreiser's recently published volume, "A Book About Myself" — as a specimen list.

"There are few more delightful books in the world than Casanova's 'Mémoires'," remarks Havelock Ellis at the outset of one of his studies in the volume "Affirmations"; and he immediately adds: "That is a statement I have long vainly sought to see in print." Though we know that various eminent literary personages have cherished a high regard for this autobiography, "a confession", as the author declared, "if ever there was one". The unrivaled memoirist, the self-ennobled Jacques Casanova Chevalier de Seingalt, lived in an age with a genius for spontaneous revelation of human nature in literature. It was the period in which the novel reached full development, and an age of diaries and autobiographies. Though Pepys had finished his work some time before, during Casanova's lifetime Boswell was writing that biography which, as Mr. Ellis observes, "is so wonderful largely because it is so nearly an autobiography", Rousseau's "Confessions" preceded Casanova's only by a few years, and a little later Madame Roland wrote her "Mémoires Particulières". What is probably the first real edition in English of Casanova has recently been privately published.

It has for some time been the fashion to speak of another illustrious autobiographer as one of the world's greatest liars, Benvenuto Cellini. The book, however, which the great Goethe thought worthy of translating into German with the pen of "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister", remains, as its most distinguished English translator, John Addington Symonds, remarks, "an imperishable document for the student of human nature". It is an indispensable picture of the Italian Renaissance. In addition to its solid merits, Horace Walpole found it "more amusing than any novel".

Both Casanova and Cellini wrote out of the fulness of garnered years; they were men who in their prime had packed more than the heightened living of many a lifetime into a single day, and had drunk yet deeper of life on the morrow; they knew all that the world had to show. In the year 1873 a girl of twelve wrote on a page the word "January", and began the self-revelation of a unique individuality, a record which Gladstone called "a book without a parallel". Marie Bashkirtseff's journal, an amazing compound of the cynicism of a Machiavelli and the naïveté of an intensely ardent girl, was stopped by death when the author was twenty-four.

There are (to number the types) the immortal confession, the "Vita Nuova"; the spiritual confession,

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Newman's "Apologia"; the religious confession, St. Augustine; the confession of elaborate art, "Memoirs of My Dead Life"; the confession of sheer, vibrant egotism, Mary MacLane; the burlesque confession, "The Cruise of the Kawa" (a book, by the way, ridiculously successful beyond the cheapness of its merits); the fabricated confession (to name an amusing instance now largely forgotten), Dr. Cook's, and, related to this type, the imaginative confession, "Robinson Crusoe", though here perhaps we stray into the realm of purely creative literature.

The "Book Review" of the New York "Times" last summer published an admirable article of some length on Amiel. Dr. Joseph Collins, eminent American neurologist (and charming man of letters), promises us a study of the nervous mechanism of the inspiration to literary confession, which should be highly illuminating, and with which he has been tinkering for some time. He ranks high among the works of self-revelation the volumes of W. N. P. Barbellion, whose "Journal of a Disappointed Man" (the diary of an intensely egotistical young naturalist tragically caught by the creeping approach of death) H. G. Wells regards as "one of the most moving records of the youthful aspects of our universal struggle". May Lamberton Becker has included in the "Lamberton Lectures" which she has prepared a talk (which I wish I might hear) on "The Literature of Confession".

But the literature of confession has not attracted anything like the amount of orderly analysis which the subject deserves. In 1909 the author of an excellent book, "The Autobiography: A Critical and Comparative Study", Anna Robeson Burr, was able to speak of the "unmapped field of autobiography". At about the time of the publication of this native essay into the subject the voluminous work of Professor Georg Misch, "Geschichte der Autobiographien", was issued in its first volume — an edifice of immense erudition, doubtless, for those who have the key to it.

"No man", declared Dr. Johnson, "can be written down except by himself." The exact truth of that dictum is, perhaps, a bit problematical. It is difficult, however, to gainsay Mrs. Burr's remark that "there is no friend like your autobiographer". In one of the appendices of her volume she has a most interesting list of "reasons for writing": Self-Study and Science . . . Request of Friends . . . No One Else Likely To Do It or Do It So Well . . . Money . . . Pride of Birth . . . Study of Insanity . . . "To Emblazon the Power of Opium" . . . To Revive His Latin . . . Use of Children or Descendants . . . Religious Witness . . . Purely Apologetic . . . For Amusement, or to Recall the Past . . . No Reason Given. The memories of some (few) autobiographers go back to the age of one year. Others (Bunyan, Darwin, Rosseau, and Ruskin among them) confess to, or give evidence of, weak memories.

The autobiographical instinct apparently is particularly awakened by any convulsion in the social order, when, naturally, strong is the call in the land to the "event memoirs"; and in times of searching political disturbance come forth floods of the "apologetic memoir". Since the development of the autobiography it has flourished most lavishly in the wake of great wars. Witness the vast Napoleonic literature, the entire libraries begot of the French Revolution, the streams of volumes flowing from our Civil War—and the avalanche of today.

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THE LONDONER

General Election in England---Elections and the Book Reading Public---A Musical Critic's Dilemma---A Problem for the Literary Detective---Housman's "Last Poems"---The Thousand and One Nights of "The Beggar's Opera"---Drastic Revision---Aldous Huxley---"When Winter Comes to Main Street"---"Babbitt"---"Stavrogin's Confession"---De Maupassant in English---The Year 1923.

LONDON, *November* 1, 1922.

WHEN I wrote last month I had no idea that my next letter would be written amid the excitements of a General Election; but so it is. Wiseacres had told me that the election would occur on or about November 18, but they had been giving dates on so many previous occasions that, like the boy who shouted "Wolf!", they had ceased to command credence. Nevertheless, we are engaged upon the desperate battle, and we are already tired of the noise and bustle involved in making a change which would have been achieved as well, and more simply, by the mere act of sitting upon the head of Mr. Lloyd George. However, nobody seems to have had the strength of mind to sit on his head, and we are listening to his personal attacks upon his quondam friends and their milder personal attacks upon Mr. Lloyd George. The ex-Prime Minister has a great gift of invective. But I see that Lady Bonham Carter, Mr. Asquith's eldest daughter by his first marriage, has described Mr. Lloyd George as suffering from St. Vitus's dance, and his successor, Mr. Bonar Law, as suffering from sleeping sickness. She evidently prefers her father's leadership to that of either of his rivals.

Several literary men are standing as candidates, but none among them is so prominent as H. G. Wells. By the time these notes are in print the results of the election will have been known for some weeks in America, and so I shall not speculate. But while I see that Wells might be of great use to the cause of education in this country, in the event of his election, I should regret very much the loss of his gifts to literature. I do not think the life of Parliament would suit his temperament, and the wear and tear of it would be bound to bore him. So I should hear with equanimity of his defeat.

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The coming of the election has begun a slump in the theatres and the booksellers' shops. In any case I do not think that the season would have been particularly striking, but there is no doubt that for some peculiar psychological reason which I cannot fathom, elections do interfere with the normal relaxations of men and women. Whether they go to political meetings instead of to the theatre, or whether it is that they are simply too agitated over political problems to read new books, it remains to some social historian and analyst to make clear to us. Possibly if one knows the latest news about the candidate and the Cabinet and the situation generally it is not necessary to know what is the latest book. It may even be bad form at

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this time to have read anything but the best and oldest in our literature. I see that books are still appearing each week, and that pre- and post-election dates are being fixed for the publication of those books which are not yet out, and so perhaps the consequences will not be so serious as one hears. Certain books are selling, certain theatres are full. I observe that Hugh Walpole's new book, "The Cathedral", has already exceeded in sale any previous book of his in this country. And I was present last night at the thousandth performance of "The Beggar's Opera", which drew a crowded house of enthusiasts such as—I am informed—can be seen at Hammersmith any night of the week. Conrad's play, an adaptation of "The Secret Agent", is produced, and is a pretty gloomy sort of entertainment, as far as one can gather from the criticisms which have appeared. I shall see the play myself next week, but it is just produced, and I find it still impossible to be in two places at the same time, like a musical critic.

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Speaking of musical critics reminds me that one of them recently wrote here an adverse criticism of a new piece scheduled for performance at a Promenade Concert. Owing to difficulties of rehearsal, the piece was not played, and this fact made the appearance of the adverse opinion the next morning a matter of some interest. The critic admitted that owing to the pressure of other concerts he had been unable to attend the Prom; and his reply, ingenious enough, to an objection to his adverse criticism of a piece of music which he had not heard, was that he knew the work of the composer very well, and *nothing of his could possibly be any good.*

This is an idea which in some form must occur about other "creative artists" to the minds of their critics. When one has read, for example, two horrible books by a man who needs a course in literary contraceptives, one may well decide not to open the covers or the pages of a third work by the same author. But the critic has to overcome his repugnance. He has to read the book — or, if not to read it, at least to find out the names of the characters and their more obvious fortunes. Can one therefore wonder at the occasional acerbity of reviews? Except that I am such an inoffensive person as to have few enemies, I should be disposed to believe from the accounts of my own books which occasionally appear in the English press that reviewers felt dislike of their task in my own case. A reviewer is less easily discomfited than the critic of a performance, however, for at any time a singer or an instrumentalist may fail to appear, and the critic's presence, if not his attention, is always required for safety's sake.

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Strange things happen in the book world, even in this respect. I remember once seeing a reviewer point out that by accident a copy of the third edition of a novel, with an elaborate bibliographical note upon the back of the title page, had come into his hands. It was a small matter, but the bibliographical note was prophetic in its dates of the successive editions. It was just a little piece of byplay on the publisher's part, and injured nobody. Least of all the reviewer, who was enabled to write his review about the bibliographical note, without reference to the book itself. Something still more strange has been shown me by a friend who must be a literary Holmes of the first quality. He had given to him recently a copy of an

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exceedingly pleasant book of erotic verse chosen from among the works of the Restoration poets. The book is called "Musa Proterva", and bears the assurance that it was privately printed and published in 1889 under the editorship of the late A. H. Bullen. My friend, having savored the beauties of the book, which are considerable, turned idly to the printers' imprint. This imprint reads, "Printed by Lowe & Brydone (Printers), Ltd. Camden Town, London, N. W. I." Now the whole point of the mystery is that the numbering of postal districts was introduced into this country only in March, 1917 — five and a half years ago. How then does the district number come to appear in a book dated 1889? Surely it must be prophetic. Or else there is a catch somewhere. Bibliographers in London and elsewhere may find the point provocative.

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A book of the greatest interest has just been published here, and unlike many books of the greatest interest it has stirred up the greatest interest. I refer to A. E. Housman's "Last Poems". Mr. Housman's first poems, "A Shropshire Lad", were published about a quarter of a century ago. They did not at first make much of a stir in the public mind; but gradually they have become a part of English literature. They are among the best loved modern poems in the language. "Last Poems" — the book — was published a fortnight ago. At the present moment no fewer than twenty-two thousand copies have actually been printed of the book, and those numbers will be considerably increased by the end of the year, for it is pretty certain that no other book will compete with this one for popularity as a Christmas gift. Those who remember the peculiar note of "A Shropshire Lad" will be glad to know that in the new volume what a friend of mine calls "the old authentic mortuary preoccupation" is maintained. It has led to at least one grave note in a solemn adverse review. "Mr. Housman", says this reviewer, "seems to have lost his faith in God." It is as though one were to say the same thing of Thomas Hardy. I suppose that a good part of one's relish in "Last Poems" is due to old memory of "A Shropshire Lad"; but one cannot be sure. There is a sweet charm about these melancholy songs, so unlike anything else in the language, so strange and bitter. One reads and moves from poem to poem, but the impression of the book is forming all the while, a very permanent and unchanging thing, a memory very much of England as a loved and sorrowful landscape, of young hearts and "lads" that now lie deep in the grave, and memory as a poignant companion. Those who love "A Shropshire Lad" will desire this new book, will not be happy until they own it, and then will be sent back to the old love, only half satisfied, but moved and athirst for beauty as a consequence of touching afresh this unique talent.

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I said just now that I had been present at the thousandth performance of "The Beggar's Opera", and it was clear as one looked at the audience that many of those who filled the theatre were present as devotees. They knew all the songs, all the cynical witty things which make up the text, and they were sometimes so bent upon the inevitable "encores" that they listened to the first renderings as if saturated with the knowledge that they were going to demand repetitions. One wretched man who applauded by slapping the wooden framework of the gallery was fanati-

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cal. Hushings made all mute during the opening bars of each favorite song, but the ferment of enthusiasm was evidenced by the very tenseness of the silence. It was a singular scene, not easily to be forgotten. But what beauties there are in the turns of expression in these cynical gibes at morality. What delicacies in the ballads. In the small theatre at Hammersmith, where the tiny orchestra is exactly fitted to the music and the room, where the singing is admirable and most of the acting very clean cut (some of it high comedy), the entertainment is fascinating. I do not wonder at the popularity of "The Beggar's Opera"; all I wonder at is the continued freshness of the actors, who must by this time be overfamiliar with their parts. Considering that the Lyric Theatre was established as a "short run" or experimental theatre, it is most ironic that two out of its four or five productions should have been the long lived "Abraham Lincoln" and "The Beggar's Opera".

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I see that Collinses are bringing out, among other books, a "drastically revised" edition of F. Brett Young's first novel, "The Dark Tower". This is in addition to a new long novel, about which I wrote some time ago. Brett Young, after a visit to London, is no longer here, although I am not sure whether he has yet returned to Capri or not. But what interests me in the announcement about "The Dark Tower" is the news that it has been "drastically revised", for revision of an old book is a rare thing, and I wonder what the general attitude toward it is. George Moore, we know, is never satisfied, so that each edition of one of his books differs from all others. He should be the joy of bibliophiles a hundred years hence. George Meredith revised his whole works before his death, and the revisions gave little pleasure to his admirers. Henry James did much the same, with similar results. When advised by Mr. Gosse to leave "Roderick Hudson" as it was, James spent a sleepless night as the result of advice so desperately insulting. And now one of our younger (or, as the "Daily Mail" courageously insists, "middle aged") writers takes an early book and subjects it to "drastic revision". It is clearly a temptation to an author if he grows in the course of his career to take an old book and lay hands upon it and tear out the slovenly phrases and develop the situations in the light of his later experience. Only of course, in Mr. Brett Young's case, since he writes better than most of us, I cannot imagine any slovenly phrases at all. Would it not have been better to write another book? I ask, because the subject admits of differing views.

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A number of our young writers have been traveling in Germany — as, indeed, lured by the extremely favorable exchange, have many other English people. When prices are so high here, it is something of an adventure to get bed and breakfast in a first-class hotel for something like a shilling a night. But I do not suppose it is for economical reasons that the poets have been to Germany. They have been making holiday, and they have been working. Among them, Siegfried Sassoon, who is still there, may be mentioned; but Aldous Huxley is back again in London. It is good news that Huxley is full of literary plans. Very interesting plans they are, too. He, it seems, is writing a play (just as Joseph Conrad has done, and as Lytton Strachey is said to be

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doing). It is good indeed that so many of our really original writers should be turning to the theatre. They will do more to reform it than any number of Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel of the Drama. Huxley's play, if it be as original and as fantastic as his writings in prose and verse, will give genuine freshness to the theatre, which is badly in need of it. But while the play's the thing at present, I learn that there is a possibility of Huxley's next book being a volume of poems. He is writing another novel, and has a fine scheme for a book of shorter pieces of an unusual character. Meanwhile he is doing a good deal of distinguished journalism, and is contemplating the world from his prodigious tallness. I wonder if it is Huxley's height which leads him to take such a detached view of poor humans.

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I have lately seen a book of a kind to which we have no parallel in England. I refer to "When Winter Comes to Main Street", the "publicity extraordinary" of George H. Doran Company. We have, as I have said, nothing quite like it in England, and I expect the notion will be copied here before long. At least one publisher has been so attracted by the scheme of this book that he has actively discussed something along similar lines with a possible compiler. I use that word "compiler", but without any offensive meaning, for the reason that it would have been impossible for one man, unaided, to give so much and so many absorbing details regarding authors and their work as Grant Overton has gathered in the pages of "When Winter Comes to Main Street". But looked upon in whatever way one may choose, this piece of publicity is one of the feats of our day, and should be recognized as such. Not only is the idea of it exceedingly ingenious, but the way in which one is made to learn things — accurate things — about so many writers is remarkable. Here we have a publisher's whole list treated with sympathy but without obvious puffery. The books are not extolled in a fulsome manner. What is done is to tickle the reader's attention. He can skip from one book, from one author, to another, and he can learn something about the character of the books and the lives of the authors, all as if he were reading that most delightful of things, literary gossip. Personally, I take pleasure in the merest lists of books. I like to see titles, to learn what the books are about. But when it is also possible to learn something of the authors of the books, I could read forever. It is a new method of giving publicity to books — publicity both individual and general. As such, and not because it is a scheme adopted by any particular house, it is worthy of attention. I think it may well be found a better method of bringing books to the notice of readers — particularly in the United States — than anything yet devised. While English publishers are still debating plans for a general campaign in favor of the buying of books, "When Winter Comes to Main Street" will do more. It is not merely a house advertisement. It is a way to bring books *as* books into the homes and hearts of men.

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Speaking of "Main Street", it is worth while to remark that Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt" is getting much more attention here than "Main Street". Those who did not care for "Main Street", who found it impossible to understand the social life of which it was a picture, are gobbling

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"Babbitt" as fast as they can. I heard a man the other day give a very good, but at the same time very singular reason for an enjoyment of "Babbitt", which he was spinning out from day to day. It was that he had never before had such a feast of authentic and convincing American slang. He was getting hold of America for the first time. So perhaps Lewis will start a new Pan-American movement in England. That should please him, for his love of this little old island and its inhabitants was made quite clear by his interview earlier in the year.

* * * *

"Stavrogin's Confession" has been published here as a little book. This is the missing chapter — the suppressed chapter — from Dostoyevsky's "The Possessed" which has already appeared in French in the "Nouvelle Revue Française", where I read it in the early summer. The English version has been made direct from the original Russian, of course, by S. S. Koteliansky and Virginia Woolf. The method followed by the translators is one which should insure the greatest accuracy in translating the Russian meaning, for while Mr. Koteliansky understands and speaks English very well, he is extremely scrupulous, and always obtains the collaboration of an English writer of exceptional quality. His collaborators have thus included Mrs. Woolf, Katherine Mansfield, D. H. Lawrence, Gilbert Cannan, and Middleton Murry. The collaborators — Koteliansky and whichever of those whose names I have just given happens to be working with him at the time — sit with the Russian text before them. The literal meaning of the text is first made explicit. Alternatives are discussed — the literary sense and the taste of the English writer are brought to bear upon the reading, and the linguistic knowledge, coupled as it is with similarly great taste, of Mr. Koteliansky works eagerly upon the problem. It sounds very exciting, but on the whole I fancy it produces considerable accuracy and a definite literary quality to the work. Short of the ideal, which is a perfectly bilingual translator, it seems to me to be a very good method. It is very much better than the old method, which enabled a person who understood neither language to run amuck with a classic work and ruin it forever. And, in the case of Russian books, to get hold of abridged French or laborious German versions, and palm them off as translations from the Russian. I do not know how the existing translation of Gogol's "Dead Souls" was made, but I know that I am very grateful for Mrs. Garnett's new reading — which is by way of being a lifeline for the book, and which is to be published in America by the enterprising house of Mr. Knopf.

Mr. Knopf, I believe, is publishing an English translation of de Maupassant. If the translation is good, this should be very welcome. It is, however, difficult to secure any sort of general sale in this country for translations from the French. Most educated English people can at any rate *read* French, if they cannot speak it; and for the others French literature seems to have little attractiveness. Another point is, that most translations from the French are notoriously bad. Joseph Conrad has just emphasized this fact in an interview, in the course of which he said, "They have treated me much better in France than they treated my poor friend M. Anatole France in England. The English translations of his books are terrible — terrible." I did, some time ago, think of trying to translate some

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stories by de Maupassant myself; but I mercifully forebore. The thought came to me that my version would be of the "there or thereabouts" variety, and we have quite enough of these. I do not know if the Knopf version will be issued by an English house, and I have not seen it, but there is a distinct opening for such a set. For one thing, it would enable people whose French is shaky to decide whether the palm for short stories should go to de Maupassant or to Chekhov. I have no doubt myself, but I have seen startling things upon this point, and it would carry the debate into open country, at least. That it will ever be settled, I do not for one minute suppose. Such things are not to be settled, except for the individual. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that I think Chekhov incomparably the greater man, there is not a doubt in my mind that there were some things in which de Maupassant could give Chekhov points. I will go no further than that, for I consider Chekhov one of the greatest men who have ever sought to represent human nature in the form of prose fiction.

These notes will appear, I suppose, in the January number of THE BOOKMAN. I wonder what the New Year holds for us. Has it a great novel? Another book by Lytton Strachey? A supreme poem? A fine piece of nonsense? I would give a good deal for a fine bit of nonsense. The Strachey book I do not suppose possible, and in fact the rumors as to the subject of Strachey's next work have died away into a sort of vague murmur. And what of novels, poems, plays? Who can tell? These are times when all three might suddenly appear. I do not know any young person who might be capable of starting a surprise; but there may well be such. And I may say that I have just been reading a book called "The Undertaker's Garland", published in the United States by two young men who appear to be under thirty years of age; and if this sort of thing — for the book contains exceptional work — is possible I am quite content to believe that the necessary books for our dreams will come sooner or later from America.

SIMON PURE

FOR WE HAVE TOYED WITH BITTERNESS

By Joseph Auslander

FOR we have toyed with bitterness:
The jeweled hilt, the flaming edge;
And we have made a daggered pledge,
And we have kept it pitiless.

How tame, how frantic this pretense,
How infantile this give and take,
When, by a whisper, we might wake
The starved lips and the cheated sense!

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

A PERSON who sees nothing in Mr. Galsworthy's "Loyalties" but an exciting melodrama well told, who is unable to accept with proper reverence the awesome allegory of "R. U. R.", who despite the huzzahs of his betters finds nothing in "The World We Live In" but a nursery fable putting on insufferably pretentious airs, may eventually come to the point where he must search his soul and ask himself each night, after doing his Coué, if he is unable to appreciate the finer things.

Then comes a play like "Rain" to revive in him the assurance and bigotry which are essential in a critic. This play reminds one that art, on the stage or anywhere else, vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up. It reminds one that if a play is created with sincerity and faithfulness to life it cannot fail to make some more or less worth while comment on human nature, and that the broader aspects of any drama must be implied and not megaphoned from the footlights. In short it refreshes one's conviction that the truest art is unself-conscious. If a person insists on going to the theatre to be improved, rather than to be entertained, it is the play which, within the limits of sound dramaturgy, truly reflects life that will serve him.

When you compare "Rain" with "The World We Live In", for instance, you realize indeed that illusion is the soul of drama. A play, no matter how profound its purpose, must create belief before it can stir the emotions; and until it does this it must fail in its purpose. In "The World We Live In" we are told repeatedly that we are in the presence of colossal allegory. The meaning of life and death, so announces a loquacious character, will be explained by the incidents on the stage. But we don't believe him. We believe only what we see, and we see some actors in fantastic costumes enacting the most obvious sort of bedtime story. There is little, really, to stir the imagination despite the floridly imaginative theme of the playwright. The very scheme of the drama enforces detachment on the spectator; he may be impressed but he is not stirred. His emotions are cold because nothing on the stage occurs to rouse his sympathy or hatred. The play is as impersonal as a commencement dance by the senior girls of a fresh water college. Only as spectacle has it theatrical value, and with "The Music Box" and "The Follies" in town, New York has expensive tastes in spectacle.

The episode of the ants is designed, and doubtless accepted by many, as a terrific indictment of war. But what does this indictment of war consist of? What is it that actually comes over the footlights? We see twenty or thirty supers in uniforms vaguely suggesting those worn by the recent enemies of civilization. These young men march across the stage, around behind the backdrop, and across the stage again — and again and again.

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Then, after quite a realistic suggestion of booming guns, and after the marchers have been heaped up in the centre of the stage, we are told that the war has taken place between two blades of grass. It is of course a delightfully sardonic and bitter conception, and it is impressive, but it does not excite in the theatre. The episode does not dramatize that conception, it merely states it. The very stylization of those marching armies tends to shatter illusion. If New York wants an indictment of war it is not necessary to go to Czecho-Slovakia for it. Let someone revive Gilbert Emery's play, "The Hero", which eked out a short and uneventful life last season.

In "Rain", the play which John Colton and Clemence Randolph fashioned from a short story by Somerset Maugham, we have, first of all, excellent theatre. It is a play which reads fairly well, but gains enormous force when it is projected in the playhouse. The same exigencies of production which tend to blur a conception like "The World We Live In" here are made to serve instead of hamper. The play is built with the moment-by-moment stage effect in mind. To establish a sense of reality, to arouse heated partizanship is the intention of the dramatists. They succeed splendidly. Seeing their play is an unforgetably vivid emotional experience. There is perhaps no special purpose behind it, no resounding thesis; but after seeing it one despises the professional uplifter a little more bitterly and also, it may be, has a little fairer understanding of him. "Rain" is, without much doubt, the most thoroughly excellent play which New York has seen, or is likely to see, this season. It stands as an almost cruel rebuke to those fevered ones who seek by distortion and sterilization to make of the theatre something it can never be. "Rain" is modern in every sense. There is nothing old-fashioned about it, but it sums up in itself much of the wisdom which modern drama has inherited naturally and logically from the past. It is not in opposition to but in harmony with that slow evolution toward a better art form which began when the first play was written.

The authors, quite shamelessly, take advantage of modern mechanical ingenuity to create with paint and canvas and light a literal, credible spot on the island of Pago Pago. They even allow real water to fall, and after a time even the simple minded cease to wonder how they do it. Even those who have never endured a rainy season in the tropics sense, after a time, something of what that incessant patter does to human nerves. The fetid miasma of that tropical outpost seeps through the theatre. The fretful, perverse emotions which lead Sadie Thompson to her dark hour are comprehensible. Even the frenzy which causes the Reverend Alfred Davidson to persecute her so mercilessly is understood. The mystery, the passion, the cruelty and melancholy of the tropics are woven into the fibre of the story.

That atmosphere is a necessary element of the play. Without it the story might seem oversensationalized and even incoherent. But the production, as it stands, is a rare fusion of ingenious staging, intelligent direction and acting. It gains the sharp poignancy it has because the illusion is so faithfully created and sustained. It is indeed an answer to the faddists.

The story itself is rooted deeply in truth. This Dr. Davidson, we are sure, is not overdrawn. At any rate his mental processes are made clear

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with an almost Freudian precision. He is a sex starved ascetic. The hounding of sinners, for him, partakes of a sensual orgy. It is his escape. With relish he tells of his success in driving a trader to ruin — a trader whose crime was that he drank and amused himself with native women. His torture of Sadie Thompson is carried out with savage eagerness. By the subtlest means the dramatists imply that the exaltation which he believes is religious is not unrelated to sex. That is tragically true to life, as anyone knows who has had much contact with belligerent evangels. Thus when Davidson stands quivering at midnight outside the door of the woman he has redeemed, and when he finally goes inside, there is no stretch of plausibility. A moment of magnificent drama has developed faultlessly out of the very heart of the theme.

The end of the play, also, seems a masterly piece of work. It is brought about by the same deft balancing of the inevitabilities. We know, when the final curtain falls, that Davidson at least was not a hypocrite. Cruel he may have been, but at least he paid in full when he failed to live up to his harsh convictions. We almost forgive him. And his act of expiation is turned to splendid account by the dramatists. It saves Sadie Thompson from destruction. In the night, after the shock and disillusionment of Davidson's act, her world had crashed. Defiantly, hysterically she had put on her tawdry finery and become again the public woman she had been at the beginning. But when she learns that the missionary lies out on the sand, a suicide, something enters into her. It is pity, and that is a new emotion for her. You can believe, in the end, that for once an evangelist really did succeed in saving a soul.

Grace George's production of Paul Géraldy's "Aimer" makes a curious impression. During the first act and for most of the second you think you are being rather unnecessarily bored. Then Helene, quite unexpectedly, confesses to Henri that after all she loves him more than she does her husband. This sudden crumbling of the defenses which she has so loyally and confidently built up is strangely startling. It is like a shaft of warm sunlight in a darkened room. From that point on the play is engrossing. More than that, when the second act ends, you realize that you have not been bored at all, but have been growing intimately acquainted with three people whose destiny has suddenly become a matter of supreme interest. And the play itself, more curiously still, grows finer as perspective on it lengthens. One enjoys it three days after seeing it better than he does in the theatre. This is because, in a sense, it is not a play at all, but a penetrating study of three souls. What they do is not important, and for that matter they do practically nothing but talk. But through their talk the playwright contrives to reveal what lies very deep in their hearts. He manages to externalize what is really of the spirit. It is a drama of thought, not of deed.

Which is to say that it is an achievement almost without parallel in contemporary drama. It may not be fantastic to hazard that it is some such type of drama as this which will eventually develop from the present experiments in expressionism. "Aimer", from one point of view, is expressionism. But it is not a distortion of life, it conforms to the demands of effective drama, it is coherent, persuasive, and has an honesty that is almost naïve. But one may not entirely agree with the author. He takes the posi-

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THE DRAMA SHELF

"East of Suez" by W. Somerset Maugham (Doran). Proving that East is East and West is West. The book is more enjoyable than the current production of the play, because it is the play Maugham wrote.

"Loyalties" by John Galsworthy (Scribner). In the long list of his plays "Loyalties" is second only to "Justice".

"From Morn to Midnight" by Georg Kaiser (Brentano). An exhilarating drama. Perhaps the best example of the expressionistic form that is available in English.

"The National Anthem" by J. Hartley Manners (Doran). Dr. Manners's sermon on the evils of jazz.

"The Waltz of the Dogs" by Leonid Andreyev (Macmillan). This author's posthumous play of unrequited love. It is a bitter, powerful drama, to be read when you find yourself getting too cheerful.

"Florence Nightingale" by Edith Gittings Reid (Macmillan). Not a particularly successful attempt; it is more biography than drama.

"Goat Alley" by Ernest Howard Culbertson (Stewart Kidd). A tremendous tragedy of negro life, a truly important play.

"Krindlesyke" by Wilfrid Gibson (Macmillan). A sombre and moving play about simple people, but touched with the bleak beauty which marks this poet's work.

"Hassan" by James Elroy Flecker (Knopf). A colorful and richly imaginative story of Bagdad and vicinity.

"Michal" by Alice Carter Cook (Four Seas). Rather a sonorous drama of Biblical times.

"Six Short Plays" by Wilbur S. Tupper (Four Seas). Within the range of amateurs, worth the attention of the entertainment committee.

"Do's and Don't's for the Playwright" by Fanny Cannon (Denison). For the use of the writers of plays for amateurs, if there are any who admit it.

tion that the bonds of habit and intimacy and long association are stronger than those of love, or rather that they comprise true love. So when Helene comes to the point of leaving her husband for his rival she is unable to do it. Henri cannot share her memories. The two of them are therefore strangers and must always remain so. One might argue that that is an arbitrary and false emphasis on the story. Do those million little chains of intimacy have anything to do with love? Probably not. In Helene's case it may have been the finality of her step which she shrank from. This marriage of hers, like a few thousand others, may have been kept intact, not by love, but by the dread of change. Her refusal to leave is logical enough, but Géraldy is writing a play about love; and one questions whether she loved either Henri or her husband.

Unfortunately "Aimer" convinced us that inertia is a stronger force than love or almost anything else. We were reminded of the case of Jesse Pomeroy, the unfortunate who at the age of thirteen was sentenced to solitary confinement for life. He is now an old man of seventy. After forty or fifty years of exertion on the part of the Salvation Army the law makers of Massachusetts were persuaded that the sentence was rather a severe one, so Pomeroy was granted the boon of working with the other prisoners. He refused this clemency saying that he wanted his freedom or nothing. He said that since he had been forbidden to work during his lifetime he could not begin at the age of seventy. It seemed a plausible stand, but it may

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be that, when it came to the point, he had an overpowering dread of leaving the little room where, all his life, he had eaten and slept and suffered.

"Aimer", you see, is thought provoking. Anyone who is thinking of getting married should see it.

"Merton of the Movies" from the joint typewriter of the Messrs. Connelly and Kaufman is a sheer delight. The tale in stage form is infinitely more amusing than it was when Harry Leon Wilson first thought of it and set it down in a book. "The Last Warning" is the last word in mystery plays. Mayor Hylan, after seeing it, issued a ukase forbidding persons with high blood pressure to see it. "The 49ers", despite what its authors have said about it, is excellent burlesque and provides an extremely pleasurable evening. John Barrymore's magnificent "Hamlet" was of course the outstanding event of the month. The production is a thing of rich beauty, too rich perhaps, since the gorgeous colors and stage pictures tend to make the production more a pageant than a tragedy. Any actor but Barrymore would have been quite swamped, but nothing could entirely swamp his superb performance.

"The Music Box Revue" is undoubtedly the most sumptuous show in town, but Irving Berlin's score is a sort of musical delicatessen — it reminds you simultaneously of practically all the pungent tunes which have been popular during the last fifteen years. "The Romantic Age" is quite a charming little fantasy by A. A. Milne. Helen Menken's performance in "Seventh Heaven" makes the play worth seeing. "Six Characters in Search of an Author" is about two acts too long. "Springtime of Youth" is built along rather old-fashioned lines but has a pleasant flavor. "The Fool" is a version of the Christ's return to earth written in the manner of a Sunday supplement sob writer.

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Floyd Dell

THE October magazines do not bring home so rich a harvest of poetry as one might hope. But that is, I take it, the fault of the editors, and not of the poets. The poems exist; you might say they are rotting in the fields for want of editorial garnering — and here are we, starving for poetic vitamines! "Scribner's", for example, prints no poems at all in its October issue. And more than one issue of our various weeklies has passed, this month, without a poem. Even "Poetry" allows its prose criticism to encroach somewhat upon its poetry space — or so it seems. The truth is, I have my favorites among the poets — and my favorites among the kinds of poetry they write — and my preferences are not so well nourished this month as I could wish.

Thus, Edwin Arlington Robinson is represented, not by one of his transcendently lovely and poignant lyrics,

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but by "Avenel Gray" (in "Poetry"), a story in blank verse. And Edgar Lee Masters, in "Worlds" (the same magazine), is in one of his sibylline moods. Edna St. Vincent Millay is mysteriously absent from "Vanity Fair", and quite as mysteriously present in "The Liberator" — with a poem, "To the Liberty Bell", which is chiefly notable as showing the presence of sociological passions in a mind hitherto supposed by her admirers to be concerned with other matters exclusively. In the same magazine is a poem by Max Eastman, "On the Battlefields". I am not sure but that this is the most notable poem of the month; but, being myself an editor of that magazine, I may well be prejudiced. Besides, it is too long to quote.

But here is a poem from "The Smart Set" that seems to me to deserve our applause. It is by Abigail Cresson:

THE END

I twisted a ribbon
In my hair —
You looked but did not know
It was there.

I baked you a loaf that was
Brown and sweet —
You never praised what
You had to eat.

I scrubbed all your floors
As white as snow —
You walked upon them
And did not know.

And now I am through —
You're a good man, yes,
But my heart is a thing
You cannot guess.

You praise me now when
It is too late —
Why did you think you could
Make me wait?

The words that I longed for,
Now I am free,
Seem foolish and empty
And sad to me.

And here is another, by Gwendolen Haste, from "The Nation", that has, it seems to me, a terrible and true beauty:

DELIVERANCE

The screaming kingbirds in the poplars woke her,
And since lately there had been no joy in waking,
She thought it well to end such things, together
With floors to scrub, and baking.

So instead of lifting up the pails, she turned
Down to the river rushing brown in flood
And watched a moment the June sunlight sifting
Through a lone cottonwood.

An easy way it was to end all wakings,
To hear no more the flooded river's strife,
Nor noisy birds at dawn, nor cows at milk-time,
Nor any voice of life.

Amy Lowell's "Three Poems" in "The Dial" are, as always, interesting. Arthur Davison Ficke is ironic over the "Tomb of a Ming Poet", in "The Double-Dealer". Hazel Hall has written even more beautiful things than this in "The New Republic", but that is no reason for not quoting it:

SONG TO BE SAID WHILE WALKING

We may wander and wander far,
Wander far as the blue hills are;
Yet never so far as the blue hills seem —
Oh, the blue of a hill is a mist, a gleam,
Lighting a face, cooling the mind.
And though the roadways wind and wind,
And though we follow and wander on
Always the blue grows green as a lawn,
And always though roads run green, run high,
Blows a blue mist across the eye.

Leslie Nelson Jennings is, I feel, one poet against whom an occasional obscurity should never be held as a reproach. I should hate to have to "explain" the following sonnet from "The New Republic" to a class in Eng-

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lish literature; the fact is that to me its obscurity (at the end) is a matter of small consequence after the perfection of what has gone before. I should as soon think of quarreling with the obscurities of William Blake.

SOPHISTRY

The triviality of Death, he said,
  Confronts us in the dropping of a leaf.
  He would not ever give himself to grief,
Or keep the silence with uncovered head.
There was no consummation in the grim
  Wedding of earth to earth, in which we bear
  Unwilling witness; tears and the despair
Of leave-taking were mockery to him.

Once to a house bereaved he came and said:
  Let in the sunlight, pinch these candles out!
How should a man be sorry, brought to bed
  By such a well-carned weariness! . . . No doubt
He rests in God. But for our faith he might,
Dying, have made not quite so good a fight.

There may seem to be a certain obscurity in this poem by Witter Bynner in "The New Republic", but it seems to be a reply to the question, "Why must love suffer change?" At least, it is a very beautiful reply to that question:

TO AN INQUIRER

It is better sometimes that there be no fruit,
Only a mist of blossom blown away:
If never flower had ripened from the root
Long since, it would be Eden still, they say.

Yet if the tempering and seasoning
May come to you as they have come to me,
I wish for you the broken breath of spring
And the salt of wintry cypress by the sea.

Watch how a petal drifts upon your hand
And dims and withers. Watch a thistle passing,
Light in the air. Watch how the waters stand
And fall along the shore, ebbing and massing.

Let other fools fathom the more or less
Of melancholy and of happiness.

THE BOOKMAN, I suppose, is out of bounds in this inquiry, otherwise I should certainly quote "Son of Adam" by Lee Wilson Dodd, beginning:

So, having lived less wisely than I meant,
Having made songs less lovely than I dreamed,
Having done much evil with a pure intent. . .

Other poems that I like are "Running Water", by Miriam Allen de Ford, in "The Liberator":

The night wind is not more lovely
Than water that runs to the sea.
A river that sings through my sleep
Is more beautiful than a tree.
I will choose for my heaven running water,
To hear it eternally.

— And "A Sailor Sings" by Milton Raison, in "Vanity Fair". His sailor sings an old song, ending:

For what is life when youth is over,
And what is love to a faithless lover,
And death to a careless rover?

— And this, by Ann Hamilton, in "The Nation":

NYMPH

I am in a lost land
  Across a lost sea
Where only the wind's hand
  Can come and touch me.

I am in a charmed place
  Where I may lie
And watch the young moon's face
  Lift to the sky,

And dance where the tide flings
  Sea-shell and froth,
Free as the white wings
  Of a wild moth.

Why try discover
  Where I am going?
I am the lover
  Of every wind blowing.

Where I have danced or lain
  My only mark
Is the cool breath of rain
  Blown through the dark.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", McClurg's "Monthly Bulletin of New Books", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

ALIEN SOULS—Achmed Abdullah—*McCann.* Glamourous tales of the Far East, told by one who knows how to write for the West.

FROM A BENCH IN OUR SQUARE—Samuel Hopkins Adams—*Houghton Mifflin.* More stories of Cyrus the Gaunt, The Bonnie Lassie, and others who live or linger for a space in "Our Square".

THE RED LOCK—David Anderson—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Probably an authentic portrayal of pioneer days in Indiana, with action that fails to arouse enthusiasm and with a mystery poorly veiled.

SUPPORT—Margaret Ashmun—*Macmillan.* Is a woman without encumbrances justified in accepting alimony? The story presents both sides very fairly.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD—Irving Bacheller—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Benjamin Franklin is not the hero; but he is the most vivid character in a historical story of charm.

OVERLOOKED—Maurice Baring—*Houghton Mifflin.* Not a novel in the usual sense of the word, but a character study of exceptional merit.

THE QUEST—Pío Baroja—*Knopf.* Just enough of a story to hold together a startling picture of Madrid's slums, written with an enviable ease.

FLOWING GOLD—Rex Beach—*Harper.* Oil wells and their habitat—with villains, heroes, and heroines in the usual fictional positions.

THE KEY OF DREAMS—L. Adams Beck—*Dodd, Mead.* A romance in which the doctrine of Karma is exquisitely retold.

*LILIAN—Arnold Bennett—*Doran.* The unfinished symphony of a beautiful typist with a delicate orchestration by an expert on women.

BALLOONS — Elizabeth Bibesco — *Doran.* Short stories giving further proof of a genuine creative skill and a mischievous insight into certain mental activities all humans try to hide.

THE HOUSE THAT DIED — Henry Bordeaux — *Duffield.* This morbid tale of a peasant family of Savoy has some remarkably beautiful descriptions of mountain scenery and of chamois hunting.

ROBIN—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* Those who like "The Head of the House of Coombe" will probably not like this romantic continuation quite so well.

JURGEN—James Branch Cabell—*McBride.* After its cloud of suppression this brightly colored fantasy is with us again, as vivid as ever.

*ROUGH-HEWN—Dorothy Canfield—*Harcourt, Brace.* How Marise and Neale of "The Brimming Cup" fell in love. A fine healthy story of young problems and normal romance.

ALEXANDER'S BRIDGE — Willa Cather — *Houghton Mifflin.* A first novel, since excelled in style and content, yet still deserving of this republication for its tale of love's unconventional demands.

*ONE OF OURS—Willa Cather—*Knopf.* A young man of the plains finds his soul in the Great War.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* This might be called "Beyond Life". Wouldn't it be fine if life really were like this—strong women, strong men, strong meat for the lovers of the strong?

CHRISTMAS OUTSIDE OF EDEN—Coningsby Dawson—*Dodd, Mead.* A Christmas effusion for children of about nine.

THE OPTIMIST—E. M. Delafield—*Macmillan.* An English family's mild revolt against a Victorian father's rule is related at great length.

CHARLES REX—Ethel M. Dell—*Putnam.* A lady masquerades in boy's clothes, and upsets the equilibrium of the blasé and thoroughly worldly hero.

PEREGRINE'S PROGRESS—Jeffery Farnol—*Little, Brown.* Peregrine, the young poet adrift on the broad highway, makes an appealing figure.

GIGOLO—Edna Ferber—*Doubleday, Page.* A group of Miss Ferber's good short stories and three of her very best.

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*VALIANT DUST—Katharine Fullerton Gerould—*Scribner.* Admirable if morbid psychological stories by an always interesting story teller. *(See page 624.)*

TO THE DARK TOWER—Mark S. Gross, S. J.—*Kenedy.* This hunt for buried treasure will be enjoyed even outside the parochial schools for which it was written.

*THE BRIGHT SHAWL — Joseph Hergesheimer—*Knopf.* A psychological adventure story of an American in the Cuban revolution.

THE SHADOW OF THE EAST—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard.* A thriller; but not so heavily sexed as "The Sheik".

QUEST—Helen Hull—*Macmillan.* Had it but the saving grace of humor, "Quest" might well rank with "Alice Adams".

*IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* This story of Mark Sabre's trials and tribulations continues to appeal to the tenderhearted American public.

*THIS FREEDOM—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* "To be free or not to be free" — that is the question which Mr. Hutchinson propounds with more provocation than skill.

AGAINST THE GRAIN—J. K. Huysmans—*Lieber, Lewis.* A superlative æsthete surrounded by his sensuous delights shown to the minutest detail until, to less sensitive souls, the story cloys.

THE FIVE JARS—M. R. James—*Longmans, Green.* A charming fairy story for the not too young.

SKIPPY BEDELLE—Owen Johnson—*Little, Brown.* Skippy is entertaining; but we doubt if this type of schoolboy is a thing of truth today.

1492—Mary Johnston—*Little, Brown.* The life and voyages of Columbus, told by one of his fellow voyagers.

THE TRAMPING METHODIST—Sheila Kaye-Smith—*Moffat, Yard.* It is inconceivable that the author of "Joanna Godden" wrote this, and it seems unfair to a good reputation to republish so unsatisfactory a first novel.

THE MOTHER OF ALL LIVING—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* A thrilling quadrangle which, having been mentioned in connection with a recent murder mystery, might almost be called a book notorious as well as popular.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* The story of a rearrangement in sex morals on the part of an army chaplain whose eyes are opened to passion and war.

THE DUST FLOWER—Basil King—*Harper.* "The Beggar-Maid" up to date—a book all sentimental people will adore whether they admit it or not.

CAPPY RICKS RETIRES—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* The old man is as ingenious and as humorous as ever; perhaps a little more so.

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND — D. H. Lawrence—*Seltzer.* True to the Lawrencian method, these short stories show narrative strength and a repetitive concern for the idosyncrasies of the procreative instinct.

THE MYSTERIOUS OFFICE—Jennette Lee—*Scribner.* Another one of those detective stories that keep you guessing to the very end.

*BABBITT — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* George Babbitt is the middle class business man incarnate: foolish, blustering, and, in the end, lovable.

FAIR HARBOR—Joseph C. Lincoln—*Appleton.* Ripe humor on a somewhat sentimental adventure among the ladies of old seamen.

JACK AND I IN LOTUS LAND — Frances Little—*Harper.* The Lady of the Decoration revisits Japan and finds romance in postwar Nippon, with the glamour a bit tarnished.

THE TALE OF TRIONA—William J. Locke—*Dodd, Mead.* All about a writer who wasn't so romantic as he should have been, and his more fortunate love affairs.

PIPPIN—Archibald Marshall—*Dodd, Mead.* Pippin fares forth on the highroad to seek a year's adventuring in Merrie England. Entertaining but not exciting.

*COMMAND—William McFee—*Doubleday, Page.* A powerful and carefully written study of patriotism and heroism at sea.

KARI, THE ELEPHANT—Dhan Gopal Mukerji—*Dutton.* A woof of Hindu philosophy and a warp of jungle life make a pattern strangely interesting.

"BRING ME HIS EARS" — Clarence E. Mulford—*McClurg.* The creator of Hopalong Cassidy pictures the adventurous life of an earlier generation of cowboys.

DITTE: TOWARDS THE STARS—Martin Andersen Nexö—*Holt.* This completes the Ditte trilogy with the tragic figure in the same severe milieu of unvarnished realism.

SAM BLICK'S DIARY—Stephen C. Noland—*Harper.* The ordinary diary of an ordinary man, that might prove mildly interesting to his immediate friends.

*CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* Anyone with a family of his own will find every member here depicted in long and skilful detail. Introducing the San Francisco Crabtrees through their several lives and deaths.

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THE BOND BOY—George W. Ogden—*McClurg.* The murder trial of this latter day slave makes exciting reading.

THE EVIL SHEPHERD—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown.* Super-criminals, one or two murders, lavish settings for unconventional works of detection.

IF WINTER DON'T—Barry Pain—*Stokes.* A parody to check incipient worship of a best seller and to win a smile or two even from the confirmed Hutchinson idolator.

CARNAC'S FOLLY—Gilbert Parker—*Lippincott.* A young man's ideals contrasted with an old man's experience, all happening in romantic Canada.

No. 13, TORONI—Julius Regis—*Holt.* A pale Swedish shadow of Sherlock Holmes solves an intricate plot full of surprising problems.

FOURSQUARE—Grace S. Richmond—*Doubleday, Page.* Ideals and their application to the professions of writing and teaching. Both romantic and moral.

*THE BREAKING POINT—Mary Roberts Rinehart—*Doran.* Fulfils vicariously the "escape" wish of all men and a number of women while luring them on with an exciting mystery.

A MORE HONORABLE MAN—Arthur Somers Roche—*Macmillan.* About a successful man who finds it's all dust and ashes and an honorable one who doesn't even find success.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS COURTSHIP—Berta Ruck—*Dodd, Mead.* A marriage of convenience that terminates as these so called "charming romances" always do—at least in books.

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin.* Scarlet cloaks, fights, and loves on romantic ships afloat upon the Caribbean.

THE POISONED PARADISE—Robert W. Service—*Dodd, Mead.* A novel with Monte Carlo for a background. Service devotees won't be disappointed—not compulsory for others.

THE ROOM—G. B. Stern—*Knopf.* In an astonishingly accurate family life setting, self-sacrifice fails to bring what children are taught is its reward.

THE KINGMAKERS—Burton E. Stevenson—*Dodd, Mead.* Plot and counterplot in the Balkans, with an American in the thick of it. Well written.

VALLEY WATERS—Charles D. Stewart—*Dutton.* The convincing story of how with but the word "Penang" as a clue, an American soldier establishes his identity.

THE GOOSE MAN—Jacob Wassermann—*Harcourt, Brace.* Inflexible tragedies accumulate until the musician—a minor Jean-Christophe—leaves his spiritual isolation to find tranquillity in an antagonistic world.

ROLAND WHATELY—Alec Waugh—*Macmillan.* The story carries a very selfish English boy from public school through adolescence and drops him, helpless, in the very jaws of marriage.

*JOSEPH GREER AND HIS DAUGHTER—Henry Kitchell Webster—*Bobbs-Merrill.* A Chicago caveman attempts to bully a business, dominate a daughter, and win another man's wife. Neither he nor his creator quite succeeds in accomplishing his task but their effort is interesting. *(See page 622.)*

*THE JUDGE—Rebecca West—*Doran.* A novel that splits in half from the sheer weight of its rich material. Of a literary distinction not excelled by any fiction for the past few years.

OVINGTON'S BANK—Stanley Weyman—*Longmans, Green.* The bank weathers one of England's worst panics, thanks to the diligent apprentice. The pride of a county family is shown in sharp contrast to that of a country banker.

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON—Edith Wharton—*Appleton.* Not many Shakespearian glimpses in this well but lightly written story of inconsequential happenings in the inconsequential social whirl.

LILY—Hugh Wiley—*Knopf.* The aromatic goat which represents Lady Luck to the irrepressible Wildcat continues to spread some of America's most contagious broad humor.

SWALLOWED UP—Mrs. Wilson Woodrow—*Brentano.* A story of a criminal master mind with some modern variations.

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CARTOONS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By Stirling Bowen

VOLTAIRE

WHEN on that evening, last of all your days,
You roused and saw the priest beside your bed,
You only pushed him with your hand and said,
"Please go that I may die in peace.". . . The ways
Of life are many but a man who prays
Knows only one good way of being dead.
And you, that scorned the cloth and turned your head,
Your flesh would blister and your soul would blaze.

Your own seemed more the quick avenging hand.
Yourself dissolved; but what in life you gave
To France was not thus written in the sand.
Your laugh a gleaming sickle to the brave,
You were the new moon grinning on the land.
A harvest moon shone full upon your grave.

MARAT

A FACE of beauty, Marat, would have brought
You longer life. But such a dire, unclean
And scrawny look as yours could only mean
That you must struggle for the things you sought.
And struggle made you suffer as you wrought.
Your suffering made your leadership more keen,
More dread, and hastened thus that bath tub scene,
When Charlotte stabbed you with the knife she bought.

Your being handsome would have made you more
Philosopher than rebel, one whose day
Was longer and less deep. And yet the score
Is even. Those Girondins lived to pay
Their dues to guillotines and swell the gore;
To you death came a dazzling, fair Corday.

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CARTOONS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By Stirling Bowen

DANTON

YOUR death confirms the guess that man's affairs
Are too precarious. The fury-rings
Of revolutions rise from crowns of kings;
Divine Right halos, that some rebel cares
To hurl a brick at, spin with cosmic flares,
Loop round the world and cause disastrous things.
Repression gave to gas a comet's wings
And makes a rocket of a man who dares.

We see you like a rocket shot among
The stars, with France your wake of golden flame.
You paused a moment in the heights and hung
There, hovering. Too soon the darkness came,
Your darkening, fiery, death; your blood, far flung,
Last lightning writing in the night your name.

NAPOLEON

THEY called this Titan vain, whose shadow sits
Far seaward on the storm, a banished ghost
Of old rebellion. . . . Vain, perhaps, to boast;
But all his boasts were sharpened with his wits.
He boasted as a leader who commits
His life to battling for the uttermost,
Aud Bourbons quailed when high above the host
His tattered eagles screamed on Austerlitz.

Those were mere toys, those titles and gold braid, —
Old Corsican repressions come to view.
And when the last dawn stilled the cannonade
A dream stood saved, though the Old Guard withdrew.
And kings that followed were to fail, dismayed;
Not he but kings had met their Waterloo.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Chicago and Business

THERE is some brilliant characterization in "Joseph Greer and His Daughter" (Bobbs-Merrill). Joe, himself, is a figure of decision, vividness, and power. His battle against the conventions of society and business, and against the complexities of his own thoroughly bull-like emotions, is a story as intricate and as readable as that of the vagaries of his amazing daughter. Henry Kitchell Webster has never constructed his social fabric with such skill as he does in this latest novel. The numbers of his characters, the countless incidents through which he marshals them, the hundreds of little climaxes and the larger moments: all of these he handles with deftness. Perhaps he has not yet quite learned how to keep the swing of a larger idea, and perhaps, too, he forgets sometimes that a melodious style is considered by some persons as important as finesse of character portrayal. The spectacle of an electric and typically American business personality drawing various social forces to itself and changing them, is one we have all seen, one which is always a temptation to the novelist. I'm not sure that Mr. Webster hasn't touched the secret of power in his disclosure of the warmth which is the undercurrent of Greer's personality. Greer, however, is essentially *nouveau* and Webster makes him sympathetic as placed over against pseudo-social Chicago bankers and other somewhat picturesque snobs. How true a picture all this makes I have no way of knowing; but it has the elements of verisimilitude and it is vastly entertaining. I don't want to appear to patronize but I do want to say that with a little more care for detail and vision a trifle deepened, Mr. Webster, it seems to me, might easily develop into one of our most important novelists.

Prophets of Stagedom

"CONTINENTAL STAGECRAFT" (Harcourt, Brace) is a sumptuous performance in book making. Fortunately, it is neither so heavy nor so holy as the purple on the cover would seem to indicate. Kenneth Macgowan is always readable, and in this case he is more than that. He manages to tell the story of a play in Germany, or a theatre in Vienna, with such insistence on its importance to him, to the theatre, and to the reader, that his narrative carries with it something of the movement and flair of fiction. These pages contain chiefly an account of a trip through Europe which Mr. Macgowan and Robert Edmond Jones made last summer, together with their deductions from an intimate study of things theatrical on the continent. Macgowan is a clever critic, or rather, perhaps, he is cleverer at pointing the way than at tackling the problem of a specific play. His rich store of information cannot but have its effect on the work of such intimates of his as Eugene O'Neill. The result of this trip is already visible in Arthur Hopkins's production of "Hamlet" for John Barrymore. In that rich and varied spectacle is the very mood of

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this rich and varied volume. There are many fine chapters in the book. "Light as Setting" is particularly suggestive. I don't know that I have ever seen a clearer discussion of acting than chapters seven and eight. If you would understand what is happening to our theatre, here is a book which should be read. The present season has already brought us some of those productions discussed here, "R. U. R.", "The World We Live In", and soon we are to have the Moscow Art Theatre and "Masse Mensch". Jones, with the same unfailing and unflagging genius that animates his stage sets, has illustrated this volume and the publishers have given him adequate reproductions. This is a book of youth and enthusiasm — but there is growing wisdom in the work of these men.

The Psychology of Exploration

"INCA LAND" (Houghton Mifflin) is a long book. It is a detailed account of the Peruvian expeditions of Yale University by Hiram Bingham, the director of those expeditions. Like his earlier volumes it is colorful, and he does not neglect the dramatic moment. The thrill of discovery is given us here, as well as that of exploration. We climb snowcapped mountains never before dared by man. We discover the ruined temples of Machu Picchu which have eluded the treasure seeker. The glory of the Inca and his civilization, the charm of forgotten villages, the trials of the explorer; all these are here. Mr. Bingham would be the last person in the world to make a bid for the popularity of a Frederick O'Brien. His romances are those of achievement rather than accident. He is, perhaps, more the geographer and historian than the sociologist. At any rate, "Inca Land" is an absorbing book to me. The illustrations tax the imagination, with their sweep of rock and their spread of lava formations. Perhaps I am a natural born antiquarian. I don't know; but at the moment I can think of no greater joy than this. In a manuscript you find the following concerning Manco Ccapac, the powerful Inca chief:

> Afterward he ordered works to be executed at the place of his birth, consisting of a masonry wall with three windows, which were emblems of the house of his fathers whence he descended. The first window was called Tampu-tocco.

Then, almost by accident you find the masonry wall — the three windows. The discovery of a new bug may have been a great event; but think of stepping in, all of a sudden, on age-old Tampu-tocco. Book reviewing is an inferior kind of life, isn't it! I make a motion that all critics or pseudo-critics take to mountain climbing. Let in the air.

The Common Denominator

THERE is something Homeric in the simplicity of Charles Rumford Walker's "Steel, The Diary of a Furnace Worker" (Atlantic). It is a story of hot metal, of burned hands, of ham and eggs, of simple talk, simple people, simple emotions, told without regard for climax and without recourse to sentimentality. Head and shoulders, it stands above other books of its sort. Walker went into the steel mills, not as an investigator primarily but as a worker. In this lies the peculiar power, almost poetry, of his account. It was as a worker that he was accepted by the men. It is with

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the mind of a worker but with the background of college training and poetic faith that he tells his story. Surely not a popular narrative; but one packed with human emotion, clear in its vision and purpose. I like the following paragraph — how extraordinary Walker's understanding of the companionship of men in the mass:

> I became a part of an exclusive group of seven men, who had worked together for about two years. There is a cohesiveness and a structure of tradition about a semi-permanent mill-group of this sort that marks it off from the casual-labor gang. The physical surroundings remain unaltered, and methods and ways of thought grow up upon them. I was struck by the amount of character a man laid bare in twelve hours of common labor. There are habits of temper, of cunning and strength, of generosity and comradeship, of indifference, that it is capable of throwing into relief beyond any a priori reasoning. It begins by being extensively intimate in personal and physical ways; you know every man's idiosyncrasies in handling a sledge or a bar or a shovel, and the expression of his face under all phases of a week's work; you know naturally the various garments he wears on all parts of his body. You proceed to acquaint yourself, as the work throws up opportunity, with the mannerisms and qualities of his spirit. It is astonishing, with the barrier of a different language, only partly broken down by a dialect-American, how little is ultimately concealed or kept out of the common understanding.

Insanity Plus

EDNA FERBER'S "Gigolo" I have not yet read; but I imagine that her stories will give you hours of delight and refreshment. For Mrs. Gerould's "Valiant Dust" (Scribner) I can imagine no such thing. They are fine stories; one or two of them as fine in development and performance as anything that she has done. Nevertheless at the end I can only cry, "Heaven forbid, Mrs. Gerould, that the younger generation ever indulge in such unrelieved morbidity as do you!" Through these pages strut insanity, degeneracy, and disease. The psychological terrorisms are more grotesque to me than those of Poe. And how skilful Mrs. Gerould is. She develops her most macabre conceptions with all the suavity of tea table mannerisms. "The Knight's Move" seems to me the best story in the book. I can remember when it appeared, and the discussion it set in motion in college courses in ethics. "The Toad and the Jewel", for sheer physical horror, is hard to equal. "Blue Bonnet" has the insistency of actual madness. I had a feeling as I read that I was the husband, that something must be done to stop the conclusion — which, in the end, is all too inconclusive. Nor does Mrs. Gerould resort to the impossible for her effects. She knows that her abnormal types exist, and she knows that we know; but she does not spare us the pain of seeing them writhe on the point of her spear. Occasionally I do not understand her; but that, doubtless, as in "Belshazzar's Letter", is part of her method. Her method? She is curiously reminiscent, yet daringly original. There are echoes of Henry James in style, of Stockton in method, of Edith Wharton, and of Mrs. Gerould herself in an earlier mood. A fine performance; but not a pleasant one. How much Freud has helped her — though she does not call him by his name with the same brutality that we find in Sherwood Anderson, for example!

—*J. F.*

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

HUGH WALPOLE'S "CATHEDRAL"

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Mr. Hergesheimer's review is the first of a series of longer book reviews to be published each month in THE BOOKMAN. *The books discussed will not necessarily be new nor will they be books which have never before been reviewed in the magazine. The aim of the editors is to present, in the selection of volumes and reviewers, articles which shall constitute solid pieces of criticism.*

IN an age which invariably takes seriously the wrong thing none has been so misapprehended as the novel. It is persistently spoken of as a new form, an affair without antecedents or tradition or symmetry, less elevated than the lyric and not so profound as an essay. What is profound in this is the nonsense! The novel is as old as the first pictorial scratches on stone, it is as old as desire and imagination, longing and failure; it is one, in fine, with the beginnings of humanity. The novel is a story, nothing more, an arrangement of motives and acts — in such a manner as to be intelligible — for the purpose of entertainment. Nothing in the world more! All the solemn and pretentious and hypocritical phrases and terms uttered about it, all the surveys and comparisons, are ridiculously beside the novel's first and only necessity — it must be entertaining and the rest, whatever it is, may follow.

An incredible amount of absurdity has gathered about the arts — painting and music and sculpture and literature and architecture and the others, which have slipped from my mind. Things that are necessary, of course, such as houses, are first made practicable and then, with time, beautiful, and the quality of beauty in addition to use is a quality of art. Life itself is an amazing spectacle; and, usually at the ends of epochs, there are men who can give permanence, in stone or words or paint, to a fluid humanity, who can make it clear for all the future generations, and they are artists. But it must be carefully understood that their purpose is not one of record, they have no gaze of responsibility upon the future — that is responsible for itself — no, their concern is with the immediate present. They are putting their own time, or their reactions to other times, into a medium no more, in essence, than a common carrier.

This is particularly true of the novel, which is a relation of events for the benefit of an audience, and it is a detail whether that relation is by mouth, by music, or in written words. The form is unimportant. The business of the story teller is to tell a story, not the same story to all people, but one appropriate to the teller and his audience. The story was first and the whole body of critical dissertation and discovery came after; and, very much like the lianas of tropical jungles, they hid and choked their parent or supporting stem. The vocabulary of the arts is

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a stupid game that a number of solemn people have, for their own good, agreed to play; it means nothing — that is, nothing outside itself — subjected to any simplicity of query. Even such a simple and fundamental distinction as the difference between a romantic and a realistic art has never been established. It has been guessed at, disagreed about, but no more.

For these reasons I approach critical declarations with suspicion; I find myself, against every intention, using words that have no meaning to me, falling into pretentious and lying sentences, losing every trace of that simplicity which it is my secret and vain ambition to accomplish. I shouldn't, for example, have written this paper but for my fondness for Hugh Walpole; I should not have approached it at all but for the violent prejudice I have in his favor. Unlike the critic, I do not have to be noble, I can associate, in fact and in print, with the men and women I prefer; and, wherever people will listen, I can shamelessly proclaim their virtues.

It is a fortunate thing, here, that Mr. Walpole is a novelist, for a novelist and his novel are one, nothing can disentangle or separate them, one cannot be measured or praised aside from the other. I mean, of course, that the essential in the novelist is like his essential novel; and that, in Mr. Walpole, could hardly be better — he has humor and the qualities of the heart and, unlike me, he has no prejudices, nothing that is life is condemned by him. He is big and fine on the surface and beautifully dressed, he is at once big and sensitive, a combination beyond improvement. And, because of all this, even when I don't like a novel he has written I like it far better than a great many novels which I like. Nothing, certainly, could be clearer than that. It is, however, relatively unimportant; happily in a pursuit where only the good has any actuality, at his best he is authentic and undeniable.

That tenderness for singular characters, so obviously part of an older manner of story writing, Mr. Walpole is getting more and more to be without; the feeling that, while the mass moves on, human particles drop, unimportantly, is stronger in "The Cathedral" than in any of his previous books. He may, perhaps, deny this to me, for he is a link in a chain reaching back from the present; but exactly that is happening to him.

"The Cathedral", then, is not a character novel; the story does not depend on the sentimental or bitter projection of an individual, but has to do generally with people lost together on a whirling atom of fiery substance. It is about the church but it is not religious; the English clergy, clergymen at all failed to interest me until I read "The Cathedral"; but throughout its pages I was fascinated by the affairs of the church, I could scarcely wait to discover who would get the appointment to Pybus St. Anthony. Against that paramount decision both Brandon and Ronder were lost sight of; and my feeling in this was as it should be, for that appointment, finally, was bigger than either or both of the men, it absorbed and owned and infinitely harmed them. The Archdeacon it killed but the hurt to Canon Ronder was more secret and — though it didn't destroy his physical rotundity — perhaps even more fatal.

Archdeacon Brandon's defeat, the last bravery of his creed flung without effect against the obduracy of a new and unsympathetic dispensation,

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his heart's failure and death, has a breath of courage forever denied to Ronder's perversity of motives and power. But, in Mr. Walpole, there is no discrimination against Ronder, actually the Canon lives and the Archdeacon dies . . . it would not have fallen like that in the novel of yesterday.

"The Cathedral", then, is his best; it is Hugh Walpole, big, with a fine surface, and beautifully clothed; it is that rare thing today — rare in the comparatively young — a splendid Anglo-Saxon novel. Whatever may lie ahead of that race and that tradition it is still strong in Mr. Walpole; he is a part of England exactly as John Masefield is utterly English; and both come at the end of an epoch. The easy thing, of course, is to say that "The Cathedral" follows the spirit of Anthony Trollope; that is more obvious, more superficial, than true; but it would be correct to say that they belong to the same spirit. "The Cathedral" is disarming — on the surface it has small trace of absolute modernity, it seems to be bound into its tradition, more retrospective in form than advanced; but examine it carefully:

Follow the love story of Falk Brandon and Annie Hogg — nothing could be more traditional than the meeting of a gentleman and the daughter of the inn keeper by a romantic stream. There is the elopement to London . . . but an immediate marriage and then silence. At no moment does Falk understand Annie's attraction for him, and Annie is skeptical and deliberate and cool. The truth is — since an art can never at bottom resemble life — that Falk and Annie, seen at last with a relative clarity, exist as part of the history of Falk's father, Archdeacon Brandon. A page in the Archdeacon's life, Mr. Walpole understands, is more significant to his audience and day than a volume of romantic and fateful elopements.

On the surface "The Cathedral" is, again, a record of the perpetual dying of the past, the destruction of the past by the present; it would be possible, on that plane, to write a very profound study of the thematic structure of the novel. I might follow, with immense discernment, the symbolical importance of the Cathedral, now a vast interior of shuddering gloom and then a dominating fateful bulk against a burning sky; I could show it taking life into the coldness of its stone; but that would be — I have the strongest conviction — superficial; it would multiply vanity and be concerned with personal show.

The inner, the fundamental, fact about "The Cathedral" is that it is an admirable story; in spite of its apparent diversity of ends it is a simple story; anyone capable of reading may follow it to its beautiful end — a man in the pomp of high public circumstance and power is ruined by a seemingly modest individual. In the beginning the Archdeacon is up and Canon Ronder down and at the end the Canon is up and Brandon destroyed.

I had said that the Archdeacon was the principal in "The Cathedral", but there are times when the interest, the anxiety, of the reader is wholly delivered to Frederick Ronder; and in that the skill, the purpose, of the story teller is revealed. The moment the Canon appears in Polchester he is significant, and this in spite of the fact that he is almost casually described as a man of a quite genial roundness, round of body and of spectacles. He is, apparently, eager to be no more than comfortable, to propiti-

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ate life and men; but at once his innocence is enveloped in darkness, at once the reader fears him . . . because of an art which shows the aunt who is his companion fearing him. At once Archdeacon Brandon is brought into the story on the very pinnacle of his glory, a pinnacle, seemingly, as high and fixed as the utmost high thrust of the Cathedral, and beside him Ronder, with all his unpredictable qualities and hidden power, is thrust modestly into the scene.

All else that happens, settings and avocations and beliefs and philosophies, are subservient to a struggle which is the mirror of a larger and, at bottom, impersonal affair; I mean that in Brandon and Ronder other men, a measure of universality, are present; but that is there because the individuals are seen in relation to their purpose in "The Cathedral", a novel. Mr. Walpole is not a sentimentalist about the individual, he understands that an individual is not of very great importance in his or herself — this is clear in his treatment of Annie Hogg — and, I believe, he realizes that one man is not very different from another, one women's being from another's.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

OPEN DIPLOMACY

By Maurice Francis Egan

THE revelations of Mr. Page and Mr. Lane, taken together, are as interesting and as shocking as "The Memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon" would have been had they been printed during the life of Louis XIV. They both reveal attractive personalities; they are full of charm. Mr. Lane is generally very serious, introspective, and, although he shows an occasional flash of ambition, he seems to have taken the Good Samaritan very seriously as his model. Mr. Page has wit and humor; when he is most serious, he is often most delicately humorous. In fact, foreign students of American literature will find in his pages that delicate chastity of thought indicating a state of mind of many cultivated Americans, for which foreigners seldom give credit.

But Mr. Page's naïveté would seem almost incredible, as made evident in cold type, if we did not know that his letters were not written to be printed. No student of the psychology of the modern American can afford to neglect these three volumes; and it is doubtful whether in Germany and in France especially they will ever cease to be a handbook of the American attitude of our best educated statesmen during the late war.

The reticence of Dr. Woodrow Wilson in not permitting himself to print his impressions of that terrible time is the more admirable, since he must have much to say that would soften the picture that both these gentlemen, one his appointee as a Cabinet officer, the other his appointee as Ambassador, have given of him. It is evident that he regarded Mr. Page as too greatly affected by the English point of view. In fact, Mr. Page did suffer from that hereditary tendency of some modern Americans who have been

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brought up to be tremendously proud of their English ancestors, who never forget that their country is a branch — broken off, it is true — of the great English stem. Not for a moment in these "Letters" does Mr. Page show a touch of snobbishness; but nevertheless the English are so intensely interesting to him that he cannot cast off what may be called an obsession — that they have the greatest superiority over other nations. This not only intrigues him, but at times makes him too nationally introspective.

His "Life" is very well expressed by Mr. Hendrick. If the perfection of style is that it is the man, Mr. Page has in these graphic, expressive, and appallingly frank "Letters" shown himself to be a master of literature.

"The Letters of Franklin K. Lane", taken with "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page", are looked on by many Americans as premature publications; but this same criticism was made of the books of Mr. Lansing and Mr. Tumulty. In truth, if Dr. Wilson really believed in "open diplomacy" — even to an immoderate degree — he has lived to see it at its worst or at its best, in the writings of these two gentlemen! In these volumes there seem to be no concealments. It must be said that both Mr. Page and Mr. Lane were never hypocritical, and as a corollary it may be added that Dr. Wilson would stand a great deal of talk from his friends without its at all affecting his amiable intention to do as he pleased!

When one has become accustomed, after the first shiver, to the revelations of these volumes, one enjoys them thoroughly. If we have any enemies as a nation, these delightful books leave us perfectly naked to them. They have torn away from modern American diplomacy and statesmanship even the vestige of a fig leaf; but it will be a long time before any national enemy of ours can profit by them. If we leave this suggestion out of the question, there are no two books printed in the last twenty-five years more enlightening than these — entirely apart from the personal attractiveness of the authors. As the villager once said, after his first assistance at the play of "Hamlet", these volumes are "full of quotations" — quotations which will become household words to the students and readers of history in the United States. They are full of quotations for the future!

The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page. By Burton J. Hendrick. Two volumes. Doubleday, Page and Co.

The Letters of Franklin K. Lane, Personal and Political. Edited by Anne Wintermute Lane and Louise Herrick Wall. Houghton Mifflin Co.

HE OF THE IVORY, APES, AND PEACOCKS

By Robert Cortes Holliday

THE new one volume edition of "Steeplejack" contains an excellent frontispiece portrait in photogravure. The very deftly reproduced signature directly beneath gives it the effect of having been autographed by "James Gibbons Huneker". The portly volume is admirably made, and includes a number of good half tone illustrations, one of Mr. Huneker in 1890. In the frontispiece portrait that nobly sculptured, handsome, distinguished mask is presented full face. We behold the commanding countenance of a Roman emperor, surmounting an afternoon coat, a batwing collar and a polka dot tie. And an em-

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peror, indeed — in letters; one born to the purple, in literature.

The volume, "Letters of James Gibbons Huneker", collected and edited by Josephine Huneker, the critic's widow, recently issued, also contains a frontispiece portrait in photogravure; reproduced beneath it, in the fine, distinctive hand of Mr. Huneker, a brief excerpt from one of his letters, followed by his signature, this time less formal in the omission of the "Gibbons". The volume is uniform in format with the autobiography. It is, now that we have it, indispensable to the story of Steeplejack. The frontispiece portrait here gives the familiar Hunekerian countenance between a three-quarter view and a profile. We see obviously a distinguished gentleman impeccably turned out, a figure as polished in effect and implication as Mr. James.

Mr. Huneker was, happily, with us a fairly generous span of years. He rendered a unique and an inestimable service to his country. He appeared at a time when an influence such as that he came to wield was sorely needed. We had no one at all like him in American life. He brought us wondrous cargoes — of unicorns, of ivory, apes, and peacocks. There never will be anyone quite like him. The golden mold was made by the gods for him, and by them broken. And, too, the job that he filled with such dazzling zeal no longer exists in the same way. He can have no successor. On a day in 1921, in the Town Hall, his mantle was folded and laid away.

His information in his particular field was practically exhaustless. The whole of "the seven arts" was his parish. "Some few interests in life", observed his friend Royal Cortissoz in an introduction to a sheaf of his letters in the September, 1922, "Scribner's", "perhaps escaped this indefatigable amateur of sensations." There was no room in his cosmos for either politics or sport. As Mr. Cortissoz remarks, "One has to get off somewhere." And continues: "I never knew so well read a man who was so little bookish." He loved Pilsner and the Donnybrook Fair of life as he loved literature.

His scope as a critic he himself deftly defined in one of his long line of happy titles, "Promenades of an Impressionist". His eye was altogether for the gem itself; he had no instinct for the slow evolution which produced it. In one of his letters he puts with precision his artistic credo: "There are no 'schools' in art or literature, only good writers and artists; there are no types, only individuals." Which reminds one of Whistler's cavalier dictum in his "Ten O'Clock": "Listen! There never was an artistic period. There never was an Art-loving nation."

Mr. Huneker sketched in very lightly what may be taken to be a little portrait of himself in one of the very best (and one of the least read) of his books, "Old Fogy", published in Philadelphia in 1913. He completed the deliberate picture with the publication of his most ambitious undertaking, "Steeplejack", 1920, a brilliant kaleidoscope of the world of the arts for over four decades. Behind the long line of his books we saw the figure of this incomparable amateur of the arts, apparently indefatigable, apparently insatiable, apparently of zest inexhaustible. Directly following upon Mr. Huneker's death came, of course, an array of commentary further bodying forth the man. The most interesting of the obituary articles was the one by H. L. Mencken which appeared in "The Century",

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now, under the title "Huneker: A Memory", gathered into Mr. Mencken's "Prejudices: Third Series". Dwelt upon at length was Mr. Mencken's assertion that Mr. Huneker had seldom, or never, got his real self into his books — he had not been able to escape the feeling that in writing he should appear in a "black coat". There was, indeed, his friends well knew, a Huneker more racy and jovial and gorgeous than could be found in the whole of his books.

What was the "true" Huneker? I had in mind writing here a little review of the "Letters", with bits of quotation from divers places. I wanted to exhibit the man's almost inconceivable industry, the touching modesty of this "pal" of the illustrious of the intellectual world — to himself always only "Jim, the penman"; to revel in the play of wit of "Jim, the Huneker"; to disclose the constant struggle for a little "boodle"; and to comment sapiently upon the strange world in which we at length take leave of the "poor old critic of Flatbush". Instead I give in full one typical letter; it tells the story. It was written to Maxwell E. Perkins, of the editorial department of Charles Scribner's Sons:

Westminster Court: *Sept.* 11/20

DEAR MR. PERKINS:

I'm obliged to you for your speedy response and for your letters. I hope I didn't sound exigent in my letter! As for the advts. magazine and otherwise, pray don't bother sending them. I'm not in the least skeptical, only bored and irritated, and for that condition you are not to blame. Fancy going 3,000 miles for a vacation and then writing 25,000 words in 5 weeks: for the World most of which has appeared. Worse, dodging around London for fresh material! I returned played out for I'm past 60 and not too damned young! I'm about the best specimen of an "awful example" for too ambitious young authors, my dear Perkins, that you can find anywhere. After 40 years of penwork I'm still bound to the Ixion wheel of Journalism. (There is a bully story in the situation only I don't care to write it *coram publico!)* I understand, of course, the "Bedouins" matter and its charging to the next royalty account. I only hope "Steeplejack" will pay expenses. Anything more I dare not expect for fear of shell-shock and heart failure! I shall give myself the pleasure of calling upon you when my hay-fever has vanished and thanking you personally for your kindness — above all for your angelic patience with

Yours sincerely,
JAMES HUNEKER

It's a sad book, these "Letters". It should be prescribed reading in all college "writing" courses. And it's a beautiful one.

Steeplejack. By James Gibbons Huneker. Two volumes in one. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Letters of James Gibbons Huneker. Collected and edited by Josephine Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE NEW YORK PRESS

By James Melvin Lee

THE substitution of impersonal for personal journalism is nowhere better illustrated than in the books relating to the press. Fifty years ago such literature as existed consisted chiefly of biography and autobiography of distinguished editors. In those days the individual editor was frequently greater than his paper, but today the press represents team work rather than star plays by individuals. Histories, therefore, are of papers rather than of editors. Four histories of New York newspapers have appeared within the past few years. Of these, the "History of the New York Times — 1851-1921" and "The Evening Post, A Century of Journalism", being recent publications, deserve special mention.

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These two books differ radically both in subject matter and in mode of treatment. The emphasis in the former is upon men related to management and in the latter upon men related to materials.

The reader will find in the history of the "Times" how news is gathered, printed, and marketed under the trademark, "All the news that's fit to print" — the story of this slogan is told in detail. He learns how the "Times" has been financed not only in the early days of its founder, Henry Jarvis Raymond, but also in its "bankrupt" days when its present publisher, Adolph S. Ochs, took hold in an attempt to put the enterprise on a sound financial basis (today the paper is possibly the most prosperous of all American newspapers). And figures are given to satisfy the curiosity. The reader is told who is making the paper today, with fairness both to Mr. Ochs and to his associates — the present roster is printed in full. He sees through illustrations the story of material success of the "Times" in the shape of buildings, presses, etc. In the chapter "Some Aspects of Business Policy", he finds satisfactory answers to recent criticism, such as control by advertisers, political support for "party pap", and prostitution of literary and dramatic criticism.

Such personal — one must say confidential — chats as those which Mr. Davis puts in his book about the "Times" are practically lacking in the history of the "Evening Post" by Mr. Nevins. The latter has let the bound files tell the story. Such an assertion does not infer that Mr. Nevins has not gone elsewhere for material. All through his volume there is unquestionable evidence of research at original sources, but the research, for the most part, was to supplement the history of the news and the editorial pages. Consequently, his book sheds significant light upon national history in general and New York history in particular.

William Coleman, the first editor, made the "Evening Post" the recognized leader of the Federalist press. Partly because of this heritage and partly because many of his successors were leaders of national thought, the "Post" has been considered a paper of views rather than a paper of news. Mr. Nevins has strengthened, if anything, this impression. In speaking of the days of E. L. Godkin whom he calls "the fighting editor", he says, "The stone wall that was kept standing between editorial rooms and news rooms was good for neither." His criticism of Godkin applies to other editors as well: "The newspaper was made too much for Godkin, and too little for outside readers."

Mr. Nevins makes, however, one distinct contribution to the history of journalism. I refer to those chapters on the mode of treatment of literature and drama in the press. The "Post" has held and still holds an enviable position in this field. To its columns men of letters have contributed more than to any other American newspaper. Fenimore Cooper, for example, fought many of his newspaper battles with editors in its columns. It is hoped that "The Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper" recently announced for publication contains some of Cooper's letters published in the "Post".

Mr. Davis is connected with the "Times" and Mr. Nevins with the "Post". Both books throughout have the faults as well as the merits of such intimate associations. Each, though in a different way, helps to give a better understanding of the

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press — an institution sadly needing interpretation to the American people.

History of the New York Times — 1851-1921. By Elmer Davis. The New York Times Co.

The Evening Post, A Century of Journalism. By Allan Nevins. Boni and Liveright.

BITS OF VICTORIAN HUMANITY

By Gamaliel Bradford

THE traditions and memories of a great publishing house are here set down. Miss Ticknor has gathered from family documents and recollections and from her own observation a pleasant assemblage of letters and anecdotes, which well illustrate the interesting and varied group of distinguished persons associated with the name of Ticknor and Fields. But the material drawn upon in this case is not to be compared with the rich resources available to Mr. Howe in the papers bequeathed to him by Mrs. James T. Fields, and Mr. Howe's judicious and effective handling of that material makes a book of singular charm and value.

It may safely be said that no writer is a hero to his publisher. However dignified, remote, and austere an author may seem to worshiping readers, whatever airs of distinction and detachment he may assume through the rosily refracting atmosphere of publicity, when he enters the publisher's office or drawing room he becomes thoroughly human. His humanity may be sad or glad, may be sportive or wheedling or greedy or exasperated; but he well knows that the publisher strips off outside, superfluous reverence and sees him as home sees him, as wife and children see him, sees him as he is. Mrs. Fields, who, with a trifling excess of harmless vanity, was a shrewd and clever woman, reflects this human aspect of her authors with sincerity and depicts it with precision, as in the touch she quotes from Longfellow about Hawthorne: "I wish we could have a little dinner for him, of two sad authors and two jolly publishers."

Both Miss Ticknor's and Mr. Howe's pages are rich in these bits of humanization, so excellent for the memory of figures who are getting a little stiff and formal and forgotten on their lofty pedestals. Mr. Howe quotes Lowell's advice to Fields — "Be sure and don't leave anything out because it seems trifling, for it is out of these trifles only that it is possible to reconstruct character sometimes, if not always" — and profits by it. How just is Mrs. Fields's remark about Lowell: "He is a man deeply pervaded with fine discontents." How characteristically whimsical is the saying of Hawthorne: "Why has the good old custom of coming together to get drunk gone out? Think of the delight of drinking in pleasant company and then lying down to sleep a deep strong sleep." Or again, there is Hawthorne's brief phrase, so illustrative of Lowell's advice quoted above, "No, no, I never brush my coat, it wears it out." Equally characteristic is Miss Ticknor's response of Mark Twain to his publisher's laconic message, "God be with you, for I cannot": "Dear Ticknor: — He didn't come. It has been a great disappointment to the whole family. Hereafter, appoint a party we can depend on."

It is the fashion nowadays to abuse the Victorian period, whether American or English (by the way, Mr. Strachey would have prized the remark of Dolby to Mrs. Fields, "You

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know in England we call her 'Her Ungracious Majesty'"). Those poor Victorian people are said to be stiff, superficial, artificial, to have no breath of life in them. Well, any age is like that, if you take it so. Perhaps a day may come when the pretty, nude radicalisms of our own sprightly time may seem to have their artificiality. But stick a pin into a man and his response is pretty much the same in all ages. Publishers are always sticking pins into their authors, and the author's squeal thereat is amazingly human and universal. Books like these, which strip off formality and show bare flesh under it, keenly sensitive to pin pricks, help to bring all ages together.

Glimpses of Authors. By Caroline Ticknor. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Memories of a Hostess, A Chronicle of Eminent Friendships. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

ECONOMIC CHAOS

By Charles Seymour

HOWEVER much wearied by the flood of postwar literature dealing with the economic chaos of Europe and the world, one seizes on the next book in the hope that here finally may be found the guide to the definite opinion which it is easy to acquire after reading one book, but which is so elusive after you have read more than one. In this case the names of the authors offered some prospect of satisfaction. Mr. Mills was so close to Lloyd George as to make his description and interpretation of the Genoa Conference almost as authoritative as that of the Prime Minister himself; and the Genoa Conference was the supreme effort of the foremost politician of the world. The ideas of Signor Nitti were bound to be significant. Apart from the fact of his influence in Italian politics and the special position he held toward the close of the Paris Peace Conference, he has been regarded as something of a real statesman, touched perhaps by a "sacred egoism" rather too personal in character, whose financial capacity, however, was beyond question and whose economic principles were essentially sound. I confess that I began these books with anticipation that was almost eager.

Disappointment followed. Mr. Mills has produced a readable account in narrative style of the conference, based largely upon the speeches of Lloyd George, the official reports, and the personal impressions of the journalist. With an elaborated index it would prove a useful book of reference. It was impossible perhaps to expect that a book written so soon after the events described should display qualities of real historical perspective, but it is fair to demand that the author provide more of synthesis in his account of the proceedings. For without this the reader has no method of adjudging the worth of the encomiums passed on the accomplishments of the conference by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Mills. The chapters are too episodic (perhaps the conditions of the conference compelled such treatment) to allow the historical or political critic to catch the sequence of events and the relation of the conference to the economic and political circumstances of the moment. The author evidently perceived the necessity of attempting to make such relationship plain, but his introductory chapter is composed so largely of quotations from Lloyd George that it has to be regarded as an *ex parte* state-

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ment. Mr. Mills's characterization of the British Premier is flattering but unconvincing. I find it hard to believe that Mr. Lloyd George really possesses the "imaginative insight which distinguishes the statesman from the electioneer", and I am quite certain that the "future historian" will find it equally hard to "do justice to the British Prime Minister's championship of liberal principles from the Armistice onwards".

Signor Nitti's book provides an introduction to the conditions which the Genoa Conference was to settle, and if his purpose was to make our flesh creep at the economic condition of Europe, his success is eminent. His thesis is essentially that of Keynes, that Europe cannot be saved without a thorough revision of the Versailles Treaty, and he gladly accepts the erroneous creed that conditions which, in reality, resulted from four years of devastating war should be ascribed to certain specific clauses in the treaties. Nitti's treatment is frequently loose, and his presentation far less effective than that of Keynes. Doubtless much is lost in the translation. It is amusing, for example, to find (page 34) the statement that in view of the common misunderstanding of Wilson's principles it is advisable "to reproduce the original text in full", followed by a version of the Fourteen Points which Colonel House himself would find it difficult to identify; thus, "Open covenants of peace openly arrived at" becomes "Honest peace treaties, following loyal and honest negotiations". The remainder of the text of the speech of January 8, 1918, is equally far afield. So much of Signor Nitti's argument rests upon his analysis of the work of the Paris Conference, that the careful reader will be appalled to discover the extent of his ignorance. Suspicion is aroused by his citation of Keynes and Lansing as final authorities. It is enforced by such errors of fact as the statement that Wilson had "not even prepared in outline, a scheme of what the League of Nations was to be", and such disingenuous implications as that contained in the sentence, "No hearing was even [ever?] granted to the German delegates", who as a matter of fact were allowed to present lengthy arguments against the clauses of the original treaty — arguments which were discussed at Paris with the utmost care.

Signor Nitti declares that he has for a long time "looked upon the Germans with the profoundest hatred"; but he cannot conceal his admiration for them. He speaks of the inhabitants of the occupied areas as "the most cultured, progressive, and technically advanced populations in the world". He believes that Germany is "generally understood to be the most cultured nation in the world". He insists that the German colonies had "reached an admirable degree of development and were managed with the greatest skill and ability". Such admiration for German qualities, combined with his suspicion of the French, colors his discussion of treaty revision. His insistence upon alleviation of the burdens imposed upon Germany is doubtless sound from the economic point of view; but his failure to take into account the sentimental factors aroused by the war, and his distortion of political factors during the making of the treaties, are so flagrant as to weaken materially an argument which is intrinsically strong.

The Genoa Conference. By J. Saxon Mills. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Wreck of Europe (L'Europa Senza Pace). By Francesco Nitti, Former Prime Minister of Italy. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

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THE SCARSDALE ARISTOTLE*

By Edmund Wilson, Jr.

WITH what a live awareness he confronts us, this cicerone of mean streets! He seems to beckon us on like an Ariel to venture deeper and deeper into the city, to turn corner after corner in the hope of some indefinable thing, some precious pot of miry gold buried somewhere at the foot of an arc light. All the richness and wildness and abundance, all the mirth and quickening despair, all the slightness and terror and faith and compassion of that noontide world of Tintoretto seems to hang about his lifted shoulders and shadow the fine candor of his brow. His bosom has borne heavy medallions and his eyelids are a little weary.

Yet with the soundness or the unsoundness of the views set forth in Mr. Benchley's book it is not my purpose here to deal: for one thing, space forbids it and, for another, even if it did not, I should probably not deal with it anyway. His thesis may be briefly stated. On the 15th of November, 1917, the Crown Prince came down to Spa with Ludendorff and Lord Alfred Douglas; credentials were demanded and waived; there was no protest from the Polish delegates. On the 30th it was rumored in the Embassy that the coup had failed again. At a meeting *in camera* it was decided that Andorra should be given to the Turks, with the great snail fisheries on the south coast remaining within the sphere of influence of Egypt. It was now 1892; the guns had opened over Sedan and among the shouts of a grateful people the February Government fell. Mr. Benchley reports that next morning on the streets of Budapest and Berlin street hawkers were hawking postcards of Frederick the Great.

It is in the treatment of these rudimentary types that Mr. Benchley is seen at his best — extracting always the rich earthiness and humor which underlies the middle western peasantry. There is a Falstaffian broadness and hilarity about his picture of the drunken old gin keeper and his brief sketch of Abigail Hunt breathes a warm blast from the cow country. It is only in his focus and his values — so much better handled by Flaubert — that we find lapses almost unaccountable in the work of so scrupulous an artist. — If Mr. Benchley were only a little better we might describe them as "lapses lazuli". We confess that we enjoyed the book but there is one thing that puzzles us about Mr. Benchley. Has he ever heard the long cherished story about the old city editor of the "Telegram"? A young cub reporter had just rushed in from the morgue with the story of a sensational drowning. Old Al Ringling remained stonily calm while the boy hammered excitedly at the typewriter. When the third machine had collapsed under him the old man came casually over and put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Never mind, my lad," he said drily. "Remember there's no paper published on Christmas Day."

*This synthetic review was composed by Mr. Wilson in an earnest attempt to treat Mr. Benchley's book in the style most appropriate to it. As Mr. Benchley's mind has been reduced to incoherence by financial articles, opera librettos, and speeches appealing for funds, so Mr. Wilson's has been partially impaired by his prolonged bondage to literary journalism. Excessive consumption of "The New Republic", the morning "World", "The Smart Set", THE BOOKMAN, and the literary sections of the "Tribune", "Post", "Times", and Brooklyn "Eagle" has at last turned him giddy, and this example of his noble delirium has been thought suitable to the occasion.

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In brief, a fiction of the first rank, a clout for the dunderheads and slumgullions — a soft soughing of adjectives and adverbs, of pronouns and prepositions. A book to read and to reread. A book to care strongly for. A book to take to bed every night — a devastating book. It will put Mr. Benchley at once in the forefront of American writers. There has been nothing since "A Child's Garden of Verses" which has the delicacy of these little poems. I don't know when a mere written thing has moved me so. It is a superb bit of work. I say that Benchley is a genius and head and shoulders above the mass of his contemporaries. He is, with Mr. Nock and Mr. Rascoe, the chief hope of American letters and upon Mr. Benchley's ample shoulders the chief hope of American letters rests. Like good wine, he needs no bush.

Love Conquers All. By Robert C. Benchley. Henry Holt and Co.

ECHOES OF OPERA

By Orville Harrold

TO me as to all other operatic tenors of his time, Enrico Caruso was a god, but to me he was also something more — he was a friend. Often when I think of him I cannot believe that he is dead, his personality was so vibrant and so vital; and it was with a feeling of extraordinary poignancy that I took up the great tenor's life and realized that an irrevocable finis was written at the end. Enrico Caruso was as an artist fortunate in his life; his death has left him fortunate in his biographers. Pierre Key knew him well and Bruno Zirato was his devoted friend and companion: their book has proved them an ideal combination.

This volume will be the standard authority on the greatest singer of his time and perhaps the greatest voice of all times. Its emphasis is on the facts of Caruso's life, facts which are exhaustive yet splendidly selected and marshaled. From these facts, supplemented by passages of shrewd psychological comment, the reader will be able to deduce his own estimate of the man, the man whom all his fellow artists loved.

Mr. Key has presented his material with admirable clarity, and has gone for it to the persons most capable of reporting events truthfully. A special word of praise should be given for the way the biographer has treated the more delicate passages in the great tenor's life. The very simplicity of their treatment has placed Caruso in a light which robs them of all offense. Here is a biographer who has realized that whitewash destroys the very effect it aims at. By telling the plain facts, he has given us a veritable picture of the world's greatest tenor, who was at once a superb artist and a lovable man.

Of special interest is Mr. Key's analysis of Caruso as a singer, an analysis which shows unusual insight into the voice and its meaning. This particular chapter I should advise all young singers to read. It is worth many lessons in itself. In short, Mr. Key and Signor Zirato have given to operatic literature a volume of sterling worth and one which will long be read both for its content and its style.

Mme. Emma Calvé's "My Life" is a very different sort of book. It makes no pretense of being a definitive life, but is evidently compiled from a series of magazine articles. Its writing lacks the restraint of the Caruso book, and

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it is frankly a little too much in the Pollyanna vein. From reading it one would believe that Mme. Calvé had always lived in the best of all possible worlds and that sorrow or suffering never left their marks upon her. I feel that by giving this impression she has been unjust to herself. Mme. Calvé was a great, a moving, and a sincere artist, and her art was not expressed by the sentimental exclamations of a schoolgirl; yet unfortunately, this is the impression given by her book. It simply proves again that those who choose one medium of expression as their life work are too often lost when they attempt another medium.

But this does not mean that there is not much interesting matter in the volume. Many of the anecdotes are most engaging. For instance, Mme. Calvé's story of meeting Oscar Wilde in London at the height of his glory and having him bring in Paul Verlaine attired like a vagabond, with its sequel a few years later in Paris when she saw Wilde again, this time almost in the same condition as had been Verlaine, is related in a poignant manner. Her tributes, too, to her fellow artists are generous and enthusiastic. Particularly eloquent is her apostrophe to Victor Maurel, whom she calls her teacher and master in the art of lyric declaration. In speaking of the artists with whom she sang during her first season at the Metropolitan Opera House, she writes: "Foremost among them was Victor Maurel, the great tragedian, a man of genius." She speaks of his Falstaff, his Iago, and his Don Giovanni as standing alone. This in a company which included Jean de Reszke, Edouard de Reszke, Paul Plançon, Sembrich, Eames, and Nordica. There were giants in those days!

Enrico Caruso, A Biography. By Pierre V. R. Key in collaboration with Bruno Zirato. Little, Brown and Co.

My Life. By Emma Calvé, translated by Rosamond Gilder. D. Appleton and Co.

LINES

By Michael Strange

BACK from wandering — to my family's centre —
To the shy soft kisses of my son —
So proud of his growing strength —
So pleased — with my squeal quite involuntary of pain —
At his pressure —
And after supper — we two sitting embraced —
And exchanging whatever happens to occur —
About games — about life —
About life — life gradually moving that placid-deep surface —
The dark cool innocence of his eyes —
Somehow like soil cracking from the upward push of buds
Buds — firm — intact with flowers and ere night is fully passed.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

SINCE the draft revelations, dozens of writers have explained just what is the matter with us, and why Americans are so rapidly turning moron. It is very depressing. Charles W. Gould, in "America: A Family Matter" (Scribner), blames the immigrant and begs us to slam the door in his face: Egypt, Greece, and Rome are horrible examples of what happens to nations that put "Welcome" on the mat. Mr. Gould would be more convincing if he did not interpret history quite so freely, as witness: "In the period of a hundred years after the Persian wars Athens alone produced more great men than the whole of Europe has since brought forth." And again, the only Romans "worthy to rank with the great intellects of Greece" were Cæsar and — Sulla!

One wonders why on earth Frederick O'Brien ever came back to civilization, when he could remain in the scene of "Atolls of the Sun" (Century). The Paumotus, in which the incidents of this volume take place, are called desolate once or twice and are thereafter made so romantic that the description is forgotten. Mr. O'Brien's acquaintances spin yarns of such lonely places as Easter Island, whose inhabitants live among the ruins of a lost civilization, and Pitcairn Island, to which the mutineers of the "Bounty" fled with their Tahitian wives to found a colony beyond the reach of the British Admiralty. There are a few dusky maidens, of course, and two unfortunate white ones. Missionaries are there, mostly Mormon and Seventh Day Adventist, and pearl divers, and memories of Gauguin, Rupert Brooke, and Stevenson. What more can one ask of a South Sea book?

Richard Le Gallienne has been compared to a minstrel of the middle ages who has strayed into this century, bringing with him the love songs and ballads of the past. He used this idea as the title of his new book, "A Jongleur Strayed, Verses on Love and Other Matters Sacred and Profane" (Doubleday, Page), and lives up to it delightfully. Especially in the love songs he shows his technical skill and his great lyric charm. As Oliver Herford says in the preface, "Before this Master Coach of Poesy the rattle-jointed Tin Lizzie of Free Verse and the painted jazz wagon of Futurism . . . must turn aside, they have no right of way, these literary road-lice on the garlanded Via Laurea."

"George Washington" by William Roscoe Thayer (Houghton Mifflin) is a clear, concise biography. Although the author's avowed object is to "humanize" Washington, the book is not one of personality, but of facts. By letting Washington's actions and letters speak for themselves Mr. Thayer has given us an untouched photograph of him. It is an uninspired book, but thoroughly efficient and readable.

Georges Polti's well known study, "The Thirty-six Dramatic Situations", need no longer stand alone upon the shelves of those who read only English, for a companion volume, "The Art of Inventing Characters", has

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just been translated from the French by Lucile Ray and published by James Knapp Reeve of Franklin, Ohio. M. Polti, who came to us in the earlier work as a disciple of Gozzi, Goethe, and Schiller, reappears as an apostle of the patent adding machine. By a classification of human (and inhuman) traits somewhat too complicated to describe in detail, he has discovered 369 previously unpublished characters and constructed out of them exactly 154,980 varieties. If this cannot be regarded as a great boon to those writers who prefer to invent their own personages, it can at least be called, among other things, one of those curiosities that one encounters between book covers.

To transform China into a modern country is a difficult task. Chinese civilization, though very ancient, is in many respects far superior to our own. Professor Bertrand Russell, in "The Problem of China" (Century), discusses *con amore* both sides of the Chinese question and throws much helpful light upon Chinese character. His Chinaman is not the callous, cowardly, avaricious Oriental of the drama. Rather is he a calm, tolerant individual, who prides himself on his self-control and believes that disputes should be settled on grounds of justice rather than by force. He is a lover of beauty and wisdom who delights in the simpler pleasures of life. It is to be hoped that the West will allow him to keep his even disposition and not drive him, like Japan, into a frantic militarism, making of him an adept at skilful homicide.

There is something to be said for almost any book which gives evidence of the fact that the author thoroughly enjoyed the writing of it. Such is the case with "Alone" (McBride) by Norman Douglas. It is in a consistent mood of exuberance — the spirit much resembling that of any of our daily columnists — that Mr. Douglas records his reactions to the recent war, to humanity, and finally, to Italian towns. Despite his many protestations of an international spirit, one feels that blue Italian skies and warily described vistas are scarcely as inspiring to Mr. Douglas as crumpets and tea beneath an English heaven.

Dr. Albert Warren Ferris, as managing editor, and a number of other specialists, have produced something of real value in the compilation of "The Family Physician" (Sully) which, while carefully avoiding any recommendation that home treatment be substituted for that of the physician, gives useful hints for first aid emergency care pending the doctor's arrival. Rules for healthful living, chapters on popular misconceptions and how they can be corrected, and a mass of information that everyone should have, all prepared by men whose names carry weight, make the book one of distinct worth.

Ignoring the time honored custom of handling one country at a time, Eduard Fueter, professor at the University of Zurich, in "World History, 1815-1920" (Harcourt, Brace) assumes that his readers have a background of history and presents the historical events from the Napoleonic Era almost to the present day from the universal standpoint. It is a refreshing method of presentation. One receives an impression of being borne along on a wave of effect and viewing, clear eyed, the causes which, taken separately, often are perplexing to the point of befuddlement. Great events

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are dissected as with a surgeon's knife and laid bare in the revealing light.

"The Real Tsaritsa" by Lili Dehn (Little, Brown) differs from some other recent books of memoirs in that its purpose is to defend, not defame, prominent persons. Mme. Dehn amply shows her friend the Empress to have been a moral, pious woman, a loyal friend, a devoted wife and mother — and, incidentally, a pigmy empress. This round, unvarnished tale is so commonplace that one feels instinctively that it must be true. We must believe the imperial family to have been good, innocent, harmless, meaningless folk, undeserving of the terrible punishment that ended their lives, equally unfit for the tremendous privileges that preceded the end. The book elaborately whitewashes the autocrats and unintentionally gives a black eye to autocracy.

No one has labored with more gusto or more success to make the light essay "go" in the United States than Oliver Herford. These are mournful days for the polite arts, as Mr. Herford himself remarks in his new book, "Neither Here Nor There" (Doran), but there is nothing melancholy about Mr. Herford's book. His whimsicality retains its freshness amazingly; his informality never seems studied; his urbanity never oversophisticated. It is a deft little book, and a cheerful one!

Dallas Lore Sharp, who has been an eloquent defender, on the Chautauqua platform and in the pages of "The Atlantic Monthly", of the efficacy of our democracy, attacks with spirit in his "Education in a Democracy" (Houghton Mifflin) the parochial school, the private school, the college "prep" academy, and the vocational and technical high school. It is Dr. Sharp's point that these institutions are inconsistent with our traditions and ideals, anomalous and positively injurious in the present constitution of American society. This is, of course, meddling with strong, vested interests and a red flag to the educational theorists. Dr. Sharp builds a strong case, with the vigor and persuasiveness of earnest conviction. Here will surely be a provoking book.

"Clio and The Chateau de Vaux-le-Vicomte" is the latest title to be issued in the John Lane edition of the works of Anatole France. The name of the muse of history, Clio, is given to five romantic vignettes, ranging from an imaginative improvisation upon a legendary incident in the life of Homer to Napoleon's voyage on "La Muiron", all designed, doubtless, to exhibit five periods of history in their essence, and perhaps M. France's philosophy of history. What that may be, is better left to the disciples and interpreters of the great ironist. The rest of this volume is given over to a long historical and biographical essay on Nicholas Fouquet, the unfortunate Minister of Finance of Louis XIV and the patron of Molière, Racine, La Fontaine, Pellison, and Madame de Sévigné. Only rare, sly glimpses of the satirical manner of the later France are evidenced here. But the stylistic brilliance and finish is, as always, unique and unmistakable. Its limpidity, clarity, and finish are passed on excellently by the translation of Winifred Stephens, who has worshiped long and fruitfully at the shrine of Anatole France.

If the ailing world cared to be told what it ought to be, it might listen to

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the message of Dr. Rudolph Steiner, leader of a group of German spiritualists, an English translation of whose book, "The Threefold Commonwealth", is sponsored by Macmillan. By devious philosophical speculations, the author evolves an ideal community, a state operating through three independent "systems", economic, political, and spiritual. Capital, while not abolished, is to belong to private owners only so long as they use it for the public good. Education is to be supernational, even international. Labor, no longer a commodity but a thing of the spirit, will be free, and laborers will be happy. Highly technical, tasteless, unconvincing is this economic theory of a new Utopia; and the world, however sick, is not asking for advice.

C. Lewis Hind, who has chatted amiably in several previous books about art and letters and authors in juxtaposition to himself, has collected another volume of chats under the title "More Authors and I" (Dodd, Mead). The list of authors included is the last word in timeliness — Sinclair Lewis, A. S. M. Hutchinson, Stephen Leacock, W. H. Hudson, James Huneker, Anatole France, and John Burroughs being conspicuously among those present. Occasionally Mr. Hind reveals a flash of penetration. But for the most part his aim is to entertain rather than to instruct; to speak reminiscently of the literary adventures and encounters of a cultured, urbane personality — himself.

Ineffectual persons, who by fortuitous circumstances have moved dimly and ineptly on the fringes of great society, are now having their inning in literature with the rising popularity of the memoir. A most impressive compilation of distinguished nineteenth century names has been crowded by Sir James Denham into his "Memoirs of the Memorable" (Doran). Sir James, however, adds nothing to the lustre of the name of Denham in English literature. Historical significance and the illumination of character are both distressingly absent from these "intimate glimpses" of Disraeli, Swinburne, Mark Pattison, Lord Kitchener, and the rest. Sir James, who is the author of these depressing lines

> Heavy the weight of years I carry hence;
> The weightier for every passing year —

should carry a well nigh insupportable burden to the Judgment Seat when he is firmly saddled with his memoirs.

If for nothing else, "Real Property" (Macmillan) by Harold Munro is more than worth while because of its poem "Spring". This old, old theme is never left to rest, and it must take a poet of courage to try a new twisting of words when such an army has done the same before him. Trite as is the subject, Mr. Munro has made his poem leave images of beauty — memories of pasteled touches of a delicate brush. Addressing Spring he asks:

> Or will you lower
> Your voice,
> And join the honey-laden undertone,
> Murmuring a moment in a flower,
> Then zumming to another and another?

But the book holds much that is good besides this one clear song: "Real Property" is worth cherishing.

In his "Tales of Lonely Trails" (Harper), Zane Grey revisits with the reader some of the wild settings of his picturesque western novels, giving if not a more vivid at least a more detailed description of desert and can-

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yon scenes of almost indescribable grandeur and beauty. Those who love truth above fiction may find a greater thrill in Mr. Grey's own experiences in facing death in myriad forms than in the perils some of his characters encountered on the same ground. But in any event lovers of the outdoors and the limitless wilderness will like his latest book.

Jean Carrère discharges no engulfing stream of love for the French writers whose names have been written in capital letters as among the greatest that artistically prolific country has mothered. He sees as the sole cause for the decadent school of today the inviting figures of Rousseau, Châteaubriand, Balzac, Stendhal, Sand, Musset, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Verlaine, and Zola. While crying out for more "manliness" in literature, he pours out his condemnation of the influence of these persons. "Degeneration in the Great French Masters" (Brentano), which takes up each of these writers in turn, is extraordinarily well written. While the reviewer was objecting almost constantly to the conclusions of the French critic, he could not but admire and loiter over the manner of composition. It is important comment and well built English. For this latter, Joseph McCabe, the translator, should be given much credit.

Failure to adapt themselves to the facts and conditions of life has produced most nervous invalids, says Dr. Austen Fox Riggs in "Just Nerves" (Houghton Mifflin). The sufferings of nervous patients, he adds, are real, not imaginary, but they can be conquered if the patient resolves within his own spirit to fight them, and knows how to go about it. To this end Dr. Riggs maps out, in a sane, straightforward way, a plan of campaign which begins in childhood. Dr. Henry van Dyke has added an interpretative introduction to the essay.

"The Sunny Side" (Dutton) might be a monograph on eggs by a retired headwaiter at Childs's, but as a matter of fact it isn't. A. A. Milne, best known for "The Dover Road" and "The Truth About Blayds" and "Mr. Pim Passes By", has collected under this title some of his earlier contributions to literature, first published in "Punch" while he was an associate editor. In reviewing a book of this sort it seems inescapable to note that some of the things in it are better than others. Any man writing a wheezy whimsy a week is bound to have his off weeks. It is high praise (and fair praise), therefore, to record that Milne maintains an unusually high level throughout his sketchy volume. It's the ideal "occasional book" to grace the table in the hall, where stray callers may dip into it at leisure.

It is not without disappointment that one reads "My Life and Work" by Henry Ford, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther (Doubleday, Page). Mr. Ford's ideas are frequently lacking in range and vision; they give evidence of a mechanical aptitude rather than of ability in solving social and economic problems; and the autobiography is concerned more with the evolution of the Ford car than with the evolution of the author's mental or spiritual life. In a word, industry is printed in large letters in the foreground, and the man Ford is seen but indistinctly and remotely behind a screen of automobiles and machinery. None the less, the book offers us valuable glimpses of prominent fig-

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ures such as Edison and Burroughs; and while it tells us little of Ford himself, it has the interest that necessarily attaches to the history of a great industrial achievement.

"Lo, the poor immigrant" — his problem has been tackled from all angles; he has been as unceremoniously jostled through our literature as through our ports of entrance. Now it is the Interchurch World Movement which has focused its orthodox pincenez upon him, and we have him in bird's eye view, card indexed, pigeonholed in neat little sections relating to his background, his economic, social, and religious conditions, etc. Undeniably these "Racial Studies — New Americans Series" (Doran) have done a valuable work in reducing the immigrant to his lowest terms for inspection. Six volumes have already appeared: "The Czecho-Slovaks in America" by Kenneth D. Miller, "The Poles in America" by Paul Fox, "The Russians and Ruthenians in America" by Jerome Davis, "The Italians in America" by Philip M. Rose, "The Greeks in America" by J. P. Xenides, and "The Magyars in America" by D. A. Souders. Perhaps it is too much to hope that the telescoping of such vast fields of material could steer wholly clear of snap generalizations and truisms. But for the purposes of the lay student these little handbooks represent a brief but zealous survey, with only a shade of condescension toward other Americanizing agencies outside the church.

Casual readers, staring aghast at the form in which the works of foreign artists are generally presented to Americans — yard-long sets — cannot be expected to know how to choose the best and should not be expected to buy and wallow through twenty volumes to learn through long weeks of study which books are most interesting. The avalanche of current literature rushes by and the casual reader must miss all of that or despair of reading the foreign books of a few years ago. Alfred A. Knopf has endeavored to give the reader some of the French books he believes the most important, without issuing authors' sets, and the latest in this collection is "Germinie Lacerteux" by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. It is prefaced with an article on these brothers and their work, written by Ernest Boyd. While this and other books are being selected by Mr. Knopf to guide the casual reader, it seems unfortunate that they should come out in limited editions, though this does tend to make their physical characteristics much more pleasing.

Laughing with George Ade seems never to get tiresome. Just when one imagines his stock of laughing medicine is getting low, in he walks with a new bottle and the patient willingly passes into another convulsion. "Single Blessedness and Other Observations" (Doubleday, Page) is such a container. Now and then his famous slang steals into the essays, but that is just one of many ingredients used in preparing the good-tasting tonic. Most of the group have been printed before, but others are "first exhibited in private and now put into print for the first time". The book is just George Ade, one of those next speakers "who needs no introduction".

Wars may come and wars may go, leaving behind them pitiful remnants of illusions, but throughout all time human nature remains more or less unchanged and if illusions are demol-

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ished — well, it more or less serves the loser right for cherishing them. C. E. Montague, in "Disenchantment" (Brentano), seeing the tremendous heap of garbaged hopes, undertakes an unimpassioned mission of salvage. His method is to enumerate through pages of serious thinking made assimilable by frequent bits of humor many of the things which brought about the sad disenchantment of war and post-war times. Coupled with this presentation is a realization of the frailties of man which explains for the disenchanted just how it was the mighty did not really fall, inasmuch as they were never on more than an imaginative pinnacle from which to tumble. Touches of bitterness may creep into the pages, for it is hard to excuse blunders, human though they may be, when they cost thousands of lives. For the most part, however, the book gives its facts as though the author had followed the old injunction, "Know thyself", and, in knowing, had forgiven.

The student or social worker who is looking for information on the naturalization and the political life of the immigrant need seek no further than John Palmer Gavit's "Americans by Choice" (Harper), one of a complete series on Americanization being prepared through funds furnished by the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Mr. Gavit has made a detailed investigation of the subject and presents his results with thoroughness and historical accuracy, enlivened by touches of humor and a sympathetic attitude toward the troubles of the alien.

When a foreign writer attains a popularity like that of Knut Hamsun in the United States, any information bearing on his career must aid in the forming of a correct estimate of his general character. Hanna Astrup Larsen's intimate acquaintance with the Norwegian language in which Hamsun's writings originally appeared foreshadowed a biography that would be authentic. That she has discharged her task with every regard for the readers of his books in their English translation is apparent at once. In "Knut Hamsun" (Knopf) we learn for the first time just what were the progressive steps upward of a writer who recorded early suffering in so unique a work as "Hunger". From then on to the "Women at the Pump" we are afforded glimpses of a literary activity that is almost unparalleled, considering the uniform excellence of Hamsun's books. Showing us the author as "The Wanderer", next as "The Poet", and finally as "The Citizen", Miss Larsen has divided her biography into three parts that give a concise picture of a rounded out career. The work furnishes a complete index for anyone wishing to go further and acquaint himself with the various books now available in English.

The only espionage in "The London Spy" (Doran) is the sort that O. Henry indulged in when he explored Manhattan. Thomas Burke, who takes a huge joy in his London, leads his reader in jaunts about town. More than usual he leaves the slums to visit the more select districts of London. To the American reader with visions of Hollywood scandals and motion picture gaiety fresh in mind, the account of the dismal dulness of an English movie lot will be at least startling. So will be the interview with Charlie Chaplin. But it is the slums that Burke really loves. Bars, opium dens, the room of a Jack the Clipper and less reputable places — these are the vivid spots in the spy's report.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

THE BOOKMAN *for this month presents the fourth instalment of its series of literary club programs. Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series will be as follows:*

I. Contemporary American Fiction
II. Contemporary American Poetry
III. Contemporary American Drama
IV. The Short Story

After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given, and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.

These BOOKMAN *programs will be formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, diplomat and literary critic; Dr. John Erskine, president of the Authors Club and professor of English at Columbia University; Mrs. L. A. Miller, president of the Colorado Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

Club members will find of value, in other magazines, the programs appearing in "The Ladies' Home Journal", Dr. Van Doren's new department in "The Century", and the new book review section of "The North American Review".

The editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

THE poetry committee has outlined its program, which begins in the February BOOKMAN. Serving on this committee are Amy Lowell, Grace Hazard Conkling, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, Sara Teasdale, and Louis Untermeyer.

This is the final instalment of "Contemporary American Fiction". The first quarter of the study outline was published in October — "Novels of Story Interest" — and dealt with Joseph Hergesheimer, Ellen Glasgow, Mary Johnston, Harry Leon Wilson, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Winston Churchill, and Emerson Hough. In November appeared the second quarter, including, under the heading of "Novels of Personal Reaction", Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Robert Herrick, Kathleen Norris, Henry B. Fuller, and Sinclair Lewis. The third quarter, in December, discussed, as exponents of "The Novel of Ideas", Theodore Dreiser, William Allen White, Mary Austin, Winston Churchill, Dorothy Canfield, Upton Sinclair. As a general bibliography we suggest:

Contemporary American Novelists. 1900-1920. Carl Van Doren. MACMILLAN.
Contemporary American Literature. Manly and Rickert. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Some Modern Novelists. Helen and Wilson Follett. HOLT.
The Men Who Make Our Novels. George Gordon. MOFFAT, YARD.
The Women Who Make Our Novels. Grant Overton. MOFFAT, YARD.

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CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN FICTION

Committee: Mary Austin, chairman; Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Sherwood Anderson, Mary Roberts Rinehart, William Allen White.

Fourth Quarter: The Younger Group

Within the past ten years there has come prominently into notice in America a group of fiction writers whose work is of high quality and the utmost seriousness. It does not, however, conform to any of the earlier groups, and as most of its exponents have not yet reached their full development, it would be unfair to attempt any descriptive term defining their work.

The following are outstanding figures in this field. The names of two or three works of each are given as meriting special study. The opening comments under each author's name are by the editor. Quotations marked C. V. D. are by Carl Van Doren and are taken from his book, "Contemporary American Novelists". Those marked M. F. E. are by Maurice Francis Egan. The viewpoints of these two members of the executive committee form a nice contrast.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

This Side of Paradise. 1920. SCRIBNER.
The Beautiful and Damned. 1922. SCRIBNER.

Brilliant, bitter, sometimes chaotic but always young with a peculiarly impudent youth, he is quite the most promising of our very young writers.

Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1896. He attended Princeton University; but left there to join the army in 1917. Partly at training camp and partly after he left the army, he wrote his first novel which was an immediate popular success. At the present time he is living near New York, and writing short stories and plays. He is married and has one child. Fitzgerald has not been spoiled by popularity. His determination to write to the best of his ability without regard for public consumption persists, and it bids fair to bring him into the front ranks of our novelists.

M. F. E. says of "This Side of Paradise": "Interesting and amusing; but hardly literature in the best sense."

"'This Side of Paradise' comes to no conclusion; it ends in weariness and smoke, though at last Amory believes he has found himself in the midst of a wilderness of uncertainties. Yet how vivid a document the book is upon a whirling time, and how beguiling an entertainment! The narrative flares up now into delightful verse and now into glittering comic dialogue. It shifts from passion to farce, from satire to lustrous beauty, from impudent knowingness to pathetic youthful humility. It is both alive and lively. Few things more significantly illustrate the moving tide of which the revolt from the village is a symptom than the presence of such unrest as this among these bright barbarians. The traditions which once might have governed them no longer hold. They break the patterns one by one and follow their wild desires. And as they play among the ruins of the old, they reason randomly about the new, laughing." — *C. V. D.*

REFERENCES:
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 172.
F. Scott Fitzgerald. Anonymous. THE BOOKMAN, vol. LV, p. 20.

ZONA GALE

Miss Lulu Bett. 1920. APPLETON.
Friendship Village. 1908. MACMILLAN.
Birth. 1918. MACMILLAN.

From a writer of sentimental stories of village life, she has turned to stark and penetrating realism with a touch of sardonic humor that is her own.

Zona Gale was born at Portage, Wisconsin, where she now lives. At an exceedingly early age she commenced to write poetry, novels, short stories. After much discouragement, her stories began to be accepted. Following graduation from Wisconsin Uni-

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versity, she spent some years in journalism, first in the west, finally in the east, where she worked on the New York "Evening World". Her novel "Birth" was the first step toward an artistic and rigorous achievement. This was followed by "Miss Lulu Bett", which both as short novel and play was widely recognized and praised. Since then, she has published a volume of poetry, "The Secret Way" (Macmillan, 1921). Interested to the point of passion in elements of new philosophy and social problems, she is yet one of the most gentle women in appearance. Primarily the poet, her sense of drama and irony have made her more important in other fields. A new play of hers is to be produced shortly.

M. F. E. says that "Miss Lulu Bett" "is distinctly as admirable a contribution to universal literature as 'Maria Chapdelaine' or 'Madame Bovary'."

"Here was an occasion to arraign Warbleton as Mr. Lewis was then arraigning Gopher Prairie; Miss Gale, instead of heaping up a multitude of indictments, categorized and docketed, followed the path of indirection which, by a paradoxical axiom of art, is a shorter cut than the highway of exposition or anathema. Her story is as spare as the virgin frame of Lulu Bett; her style is staccato in its lucid brevity, like Lulu's infrequent speeches; her eloquence is not that of a torrent of words and images but that of comic or ironic or tragic meaning packed in a syllable, a gesture, a dumb silence. Miss Gale riddles the tedious affectations of the Deacon household almost without a word of comment; none the less she exhibits them under a withering light." — *C. V. D.*

REFERENCES:
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 164.
The Women Who Make Our Novels, p. 377.

FLOYD DELL

Moon-Calf. 1920. KNOPF.
The Briary-Bush. 1921. KNOPF.

A careful workman, a close student of psychology, a sympathetic observer of the facts of life, a fearless realist, he is progressing with steady determination toward a firm place in the front ranks of American writing.

Born in Barry, Illinois, he left school at sixteen to become a factory worker. Later, after acting as a reporter in Davenport, Iowa, he drifted to newspaper work in Chicago, where he was literary editor of the Chicago "Evening Post". At various times he has been associated in an editorial capacity with "The Masses" and "The Liberator". He has now largely given up other interests and pursuits to work steadily on his novels. He lives with his wife and young son at Croton-on-Hudson near New York. Recently a volume of his short plays, "King Arthur's Socks" (Knopf), was published. Shy, with a keen sense of humor and a positive delight in helping young writers, he is as earnest and hard working a figure as one remembers in contemporary American writing.

"'The Briary-Bush', less varied than 'Moon-Calf', is decidedly profounder. It hovers over the dark waters of the unconscious on perhaps the surest wings an American novel has ever used. Though it has probed difficult natures and knows them thoroughly it does not flaunt its knowledge but brings it in only when it can throw some revealing light upon the outward perplexities of the lovers. Thus it gives depth and timbre to the story, and yet allows the characters to seem actual persons actually walking the world. At the same time, Mr. Dell does not possess a too vivid sense of externality. In both his novels all facts come through the mist of Felix's habitual confusion, and in that mist they lose dramatic emphasis; muted, they are not able to break up the agreeable monotone in which the narrative is delivered. But underneath these surfaces, seen so poetically, there is a substantial bulk of human life, immemorial folkways powerfully contending with the new rebellion of reason." — *C. V. D.*

REFERENCE:
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 166.

WILLA CATHER

The Song of the Lark. 1915. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
My Antonia. 1918. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
One of Ours. 1922. KNOPF.

Clear visioned and with a sparse clean style, she develops her pioneer types with skill and her plots with unusual emotional and technical balance.

Willa Sibert Cather was born in Virginia but when she was nine years old moved with her family to a ranch in Nebraska, where, riding about on her pony, she collected the material that has made her novels possible. At nineteen, she was graduated from the State University of Nebraska. For a time she was a journalist, then a teacher, then, after the publication of her first books (one of poems and one of short stories), managing editor of "McClure's Magazine". Now

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she gives her entire time to the writing of novels and short stories. Her friendship with Sarah Orne Jewett, to whom "O Pioneers!" (Houghton Mifflin, 1913) was dedicated, was a strong factor in her life, and a strong influence in her writing. She lives for most of the year in an apartment in Greenwich Village, where her Friday afternoon teas are both famous and entertaining.

M. F. E. calls "The Song of the Lark" "a work of genius".

"'My Antonia', following 'O Pioneers!' and 'The Song of the Lark', holds out a promise for future development that the work of but two or three other established American novelists holds out. Miss Cather's recent volume of short stories 'Youth and the Bright Medusa' [Knopf, 1920], striking though it is, represents, it may be hoped, but an interlude in her brilliant progress. Such passion as hers only rests itself in brief tales and satire; then it properly takes wing again to larger regions of the imagination. Vigorous as it is, its further course cannot easily be foreseen; it has not the kind of promise that can be discounted by confident expectations. Her art, however, to judge it by its past career, can be expected to move in the direction of firmer structure and clearer outline. After all she has written but three novels and it is not to be wondered at that they all have about them certain of the graceful angularities of an art not yet complete." — *C. V. D.*

REFERENCES:
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 113.
The Women Who Make Our Novels, p. 254.
Willa Sibert Cather. Latrobe Carroll. THE BOOKMAN, vol. LIII, p. 212.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Winesburg, Ohio. 1919. HUEBSCH.
Poor White. 1920. HUEBSCH.
The Triumph of the Egg. 1921. HUEBSCH.

At times wandering in the maze of psychological interpretation, at times showing a flash of genius in the interpretation of simple minded people, he has borrowed much in his method from the Russians and succeeded in giving it authentic accents of America.

Sherwood Anderson was born at Camden, Ohio. He was educated in the public schools, worked some years as a laborer, fought in the Spanish-American war, wrote advertising copy, and has now become, since his winning of "The Dial Prize", a fashionable literary figure in America. His new novel "Many Marriages" has been appearing recently in "The Dial". Anderson is, of course, definitely associated with Chicago, which has nourished him, cajoled him, and praised his work to the supreme point of laudation. There, or near there at Palos Park, he spends most of his time. A dark, slow moving, soft voiced person, Sherwood Anderson. Timid and gentle, perhaps it is this character of tentativeness in his work that has so far kept him from being the great writer of which he has always given promise.

"Perhaps he tried in 'Poor White' to manipulate a larger bulk than he is yet ready for. Perhaps because he was aware of that he has worked in his latest book, 'The Triumph of the Egg', with a variety of brief themes and has excelled even 'Winesburg' in both poetry and truth. At least it is certain that he keeps on advancing in his art. Although life has not hardened for him, and he sees it still flowing or whirling, he steadily sharpens his outlines and perfects the fierce intensity of his style. Will his wisdom ever catch up with his passion and his observation? In each successive book he has revealed himself as still hot with the fever of his day's experiences. He has yet to show that he can go through the confusion of new spiritual adventures and then set them down, remembering, in tranquillity." — *C. V. D.*

REFERENCES:
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 153.
The Promise of Sherwood Anderson. Robert Morss Lovett. THE DIAL, January, 1922.
Sherwood Anderson. Paul Rosenfeld. THE DIAL, January, 1922.
Sherwood Anderson. Anonymous. THE BOOKMAN, vol. LV, p. 157.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge in Cooperation with the American Library Association

Booth Tarkington and Mrs. Deland drop out of the ranks of the foremost ten in library popularity during November, but their places are taken by those equally reliable craftsmen in fiction, Willa Cather and Ethel M. Dell. The list still contains none but standard goods from well known manufacturers. The book borrowing public does most of its experimenting, after all, in the field of "serious" literature.

The latest manifestation of popular eagerness for new methods and theories of self-improvement is the sudden jump from nowhere right into the middle of the general list of Coué's book on autosuggestion. Since there is now before the public not only this direct translation of Coué's work but another volume which explains his system at second hand, the rank given to the Coué book alone does not fairly represent the interest in the subject. If the score of both these volumes were totaled the resulting place would be fourth instead of seventh, ahead of "The Outline of Science".

How this array of titles in the general list reflects the pathos of the human comedy! They are not persons of means, these library borrowers; they are rarely persons of leisure; in the main it can hardly be said that the majority of them are persons of culture. They are men and women who are, as Woodrow Wilson phrased it, "on the make" — conscious of their own cultural shortcomings, pathetically unconscious of their own limitations, determined to "succeed", and sincere in their belief that the talisman of success is hidden somewhere in a book, if they can only find the right book. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	This Freedom	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
2.	Babbitt	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
3.	The Breaking Point	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
4.	Robin	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	HARPER
5.	The Glimpses of the Moon	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
6.	If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
7.	Certain People of Importance	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	One of Ours	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
9.	Charles Rex	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
10.	The Country Beyond	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN

GENERAL

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI
3.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
4.	The Outline of Science	*J. Arthur Thomson*	PUTNAM
5.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	Self Mastery Through Autosuggestion	*Emile Coué*	AMER. LIB. SERVICE
7.	Outwitting our Nerves	*Jackson and Salisbury*	CENTURY
8.	The Conquest of Fear	*Basil King*	DOUBLEDAY
9.	The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
10.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

"443 m. s. by w. of Paris"

THERE are not enough people in the United States who read "La Dépêche", that superb "Journal de la Démocratie" published fifteen times a day at Toulouse. There are too many Americans who, feeling that Paris is France, are convinced that they know France if they read the organs of the sciolists, the Socialists, and the scientists of the French capital; too many who are satisfied with such Parisian dailies as "Le Figaro", "Le Temps", "L'Homme Libre", "L'Action Française", and others. League or no League, we have got to understand two countries of the Old World: France and Germany. Upon them and their policies depends momentarily the peace of this earth. To try to formulate sane and sound doctrines on the basis of a knowledge of either one of these nations to the exclusion of the other is like trying to study electricity as displayed in only one pole of the magnet. To try to know France without studying any more of her than Paris is like anything that is idle and ineffectual.

Let us go down, for a few columns, to Toulouse where "La Dépêche", with its million and a quarter circulation, is published. Let us see how France looks when viewed from rue Bayard in the main town of Languedoc with its 150,000 inhabitants, its wine, horse, tobacco, bicycle, and phosphate industries, and its journalistic culture. Let us see how France disports herself 443 miles south by west of Paris.

The first feature of "La Dépêche", with its eight big pages of six broad columns each, to impress the most hardened newspaper reader, is the informative variety of its advertisements and the *pêle-mêle* manner in which they are arranged. I take up a number quite at random and find sandwiched in among notices of the sale or purchase of every notion that concerns modern civilization — soap, prams, furs, pills, chocolate, shotguns, harrows, corsets, and refrigerators — an elaborate announcement of the University of Toulouse. Under the caption "Les Journaux de l'Etranger" I find quotations from the editorial pages of seventeen foreign papers, yet nothing particular is taking place on this particular day (October 22). Of the news items I can only remark that there are more of them than occur in any Paris daily of any date. Sports are given due and intelligent attention. Among the illustrations there is a splendid one representing Messrs. Chamberlain, Balfour, and Lloyd George in the meeting at Manchester where the latter sang his swan song and then laid down both text and score, convinced in his own mind that the English people would at once recall him to his lofty place in the concert of nations. There is an article in this same number on Marcel Prévost that is unusually illuminating. And there is, as always in this metropolitan paper published in the country, a short story. This one is by Henry de Forge.

Any number is good, which cannot be said of the leading dailies of Paris. Take that of October 25. They are having a deathless civil war in France on the relative merits, or expediency,

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of white and black bread. G. H. Rosny, *aîné* "of the Goncourt Academy", writes in a most diverting way on *notre pain blanc*. He shows what men of the type of Pliny have had to say about the cultivation of wheat in what is France. He remarks that the fact that England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy have to import cereals is fatal to their best interests. Then he comes to his own France, shows how fertile her soil is, and how easy it would be for her to raise enough grain to become an export nation if it were *suffisamment cultivée*. He derides the contention that the deficient and defective harvests of 1922 are traceable to unusual atmospheric conditions, and says with the vigor of a real Frenchman that the trouble is due almost entirely to the overpopulation of the towns and cities.

There is something *magnifique* about his article! But there would have been no use to send it to the "Journal des Débats". The Parisians merely eat bread, unaware, it would seem, of the *mot* of Balzac — M. Rosny quotes it — that *l'intelligence des nations peut s'évaluer d'après la quantité de pain qu'on y mange*. While "La Dépêche" is having a man of M. Rosny's calibre throw light on so human and apposite a theme as daily bread, "L'Humanité" of Paris is using up all available space in wild brained attempts to hold the existing government responsible for *La Crise*, or to give its very own *explication du texte* of the ex-Kaiser's "Mémoires". Concerning the latter, "La Dépêche" merely says: "These are his memoirs? *Eh bien!* He either has a bad memory, or he is a liar." Then it has M. Rosny explain why France does not grow more wheat in view of the fact that her *sol est le plus fertile du monde*. But what do they know about a fertile soil in Paris? And how many Americans realize that France's soil *is* so fertile that if adequately cultivated she might export bread stuffs to Minnesota?

Any number is good. Take October 28. There is an article by Edouard Conte entitled "Feuilles d'Automne". Reference is made here to two kinds of "autumn leaves": those that fall gently from the trees and do no more harm than is caused by cluttering up the sidewalks; and those that are published by authors who have nothing to say and which merely lend color to the hexagonal kiosks (of Paris) by reason of their gaudy illustrations. Well, any man can damn contemporaneous literature. But for Americans who fancy that all French literature is good literature, and that all good literature comes out of Paris, this studied essay, with its citations from the very Italian Pietro Aretino of unsavory memory to the very French André Chénier, should come as a message of light.

The number of October 30 pays its respects to Griffith's "Deux Orphelines", stating that while his intentions may be good, his film is utterly untrue to French history, misleading in its interpretation of the Revolution, and dangerous to the Republic. M. Aulard, the writer, concludes: *"Il faudrait que des films français montrassent la vraie France dans l'Histoire, qu'on opposât la vérité historique à ces caricatures grossières, œuvres d'étrangers qui sont peut-être nos amis, mais de ces amis maladroits et ignorants, aussi dangereux que des ennemis."* D. W. Griffith has the floor. His prime and initial difficulty will owe its origin to the hardship he will experience in refuting the literary support M. Aulard has preempted — from Shakespeare to Romain Rolland.

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His real troubles however will begin when he attempts to justify the Parisian crowd he has pictured on the eve of the taking of the Bastille. Mr. Griffith's is hateful, cruel, bent on destruction. The historical one was cheerful, buoyant, hopeful, fraternal, and as Michelet once said, shot through with an *élan d'amour*. All honor to the moving picture, but oh for a rationally critical audience, such as it has in Toulouse, 443 miles south by west of Paris!

An even better essay than this one is found in "La Dépêche" of October 30, written apropos of the opening, on the part of M. Gemier, of the old official Odéon in Paris to Max Reinhardt, and his company. The writer has no objection to Reinhardt on the ground that he is a German. He merely raises the question: Does France need Reinhardt's dramaturgic ideas as expressed in his stage settings and scenery? Agree with "La Dépêche" or not, its article is a veritable history of the continental theatre, based on facts, replete with penetrating observations, worthy indeed of translation.

But the most that I can do with regard to "La Dépêche" is to state that it is one of the greatest newspapers published in France — and it was founded fifty-three years ago. I cannot comment on all of its admirable features. I have no time, for example, to analyze the article written exclusively for it a few weeks ago by Guglielmo Ferrero on "The Riches of the World and War", in which the point is made that the world has been impoverished by the war immeasurably more than we fancy, because of the fact that it redistributed the wealth of the world, leaving the laborer about where he was but the middle class quite without economic hope, and shifting the power and responsibility — in Germany — from those who were abettors of the crime in 1914 to those who, eight years ago, were without power and consequently without responsibility. What the noted Italian historian means is that those who have the power in Germany at present have not the means to carry their power into effect that were placed at the disposal of their predecessors, and that they are consequently doomed to a slow death. It is a big issue and a black outlook.

There is just one trouble with "La Dépêche": it is sent to me once a week in bundles of seven, so poorly wrapped that some numbers get lost and others irritate our sweated postal clerks. I get the "Münchner Neuste Nachrichten" also in weekly bundles of seven, so well wrapped that they could be remailed over the rest of the world and still be intact, whole, perfect. If France were only careful in such small matters as the tying of a string! If she were only Germany's equal in this respect!

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

The New Italian Renascence

FOR those who are pleased to dismiss intellectualism as a taxable luxury apart from the needs of everyday life, Italy may offer an illuminating lesson. Whether or not a new intellectual renascence has come again to Italy in the full meaning of the word, the direct connection between her "bloodless revolution" and the intellectual movement invites consideration.

If there are still those who regard Premier Benito Mussolini either as a postwar opportunist, exploiting the

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refusal of youthful ex-soldiers to see the country for which they fought disintegrate, or as a rowdy reactionary adopting red-revolutionary tactics, they should know the truth. Mussolini is an intellectualist. He is the political materialization of that intellectual protest against the old order of things which was crystallized in the magazine "La Voce" in 1908. Earlier, in the review "Leonardo", Giovanni Papini had made his tormented and rebellious cry heard through Italy. Under the guiding genius of Giuseppe Prezzolini, Papini as well as Mussolini made "La Voce" a vibrant forerunner of the renascence, which was silenced temporarily by the war.

Today three names stand out vividly in the roster of Italian accomplishment — Mussolini, Papini, Pirandello. While Luigi Pirandello, a man of fifty-five, cannot be classed with the group of young thinkers who inspired "Leonardo" and "La Voce" he is, paradoxically enough, the most youthful and modern spirit in the new Italian renascence. Pirandello is a consistent part of this trinity of important names for several reasons. Most noticeable is the fact that he too is one of the chosen lights, cherished by the intellectual sponsor of Italy — Giuseppe Prezzolini. And most interesting is the fact that Pirandello, the university professor, who never wrote a play until he was fifty, sprang into dramatic being as a protest against the old D'Annunzio influence in literature and drama, and, more to the point, against the French influence in the Italian drama.

This revolt against the D'Annunzio influence was one of the dominant movements of the "Voce" group. They strove to tear themselves free from the wordy bondage of D'Annunzio. They wanted to give the truth in contrast to D'Annunzio's grand gestures which do not correspond with life. They sought to be concrete in politics and always they were stirred by the fervent desire to renew Italy.

While these younger spirits of the new renascence were patriotically inspired, and while their literature and their philosophy breathed national betterment, Pirandello always remained within the purely philosophical boundaries. To arrive at one's self through autobiography was the aim of these young intellectualists. And just that is a dominant note in Pirandello. Ruthless analysis now as before the war is the keynote of modern Italian literature.

To be sure, the forerunners of the renascence, breathing their hopes in "La Voce", have not found those hopes realized by war's great adventure. But just as with Papini — who began by writing against Christ and who has now become a pro-Christ writer — war has to some extent affected the flowering of the seeds sown in prewar days. The analytical quality has become decidedly more constructive. Mussolini, the political expression of the new intellectual renascence, analyzing relentlessly in order to upbuild an economic structure, is no more significant of the movement than Pirandello, with his unanswered analysis of reality and unreality or Papini with his literary vivisectionist methods.

Of the new writers, Papini has established the widest reputation outside of Italy, although Pirandello's vogue has commenced with a decided impetus. "The Pirandello conscience", the "cerebral drama", have become known through the stage production of "Six Characters in Search of an Author" and the publication by Dutton of a volume of plays including, besides "Six Characters", "Henry IV"

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and "Right You Are!" (If You Think So). Pirandello's influence on modern Italian writers has been largely through his novel "The Late Matteo Pascal" which inspired the grotesque movement in Italian letters. Pirandello is a Sicilian, and his strongest influence on the younger writers of the hour is upon a fellow Sicilian.

Rosso di San Secondo, writer of books and plays, is one of the most modern of the moderns. With him human beings are but symbols of life forces, helpless manikins, caught in the grip of some controlling fate, doomed to live and love, smile and despair as mere expressions of unalterable forces. "La Bella Addormentata" (The Sleeping Beauty) is one of the most exquisite creations of the new school, just as "Marionette Che Passione! —" is one of the most tragically hopeless.

Rosso di San Secondo is younger than the group fostered by Prezzolini, Italy's literary impresario, who is really responsible for the fact that Italy's rebirth has not perished in an embryonic state. It has been said that Benedetto Croce is the spiritual parent of the Italians. Prezzolini has performed a more comprehensive rôle. He has reared and nurtured and inspired with courage and belief the newborn sensitive literary souls.

Of course the greatest gift of this ever self-effacing intellectual was his early realization of the coming new order. For Prezzolini is still a young man. Just what he meant to a supersensitive mind like Giovanni Papini may be imagined. For to the seeming chameleon-like philosophy of Papini, Prezzolini responded with deep understanding. His recognition of newborn genius was of the constructive sort that opened the gates of publication when the big publishers, bound to the tradition of established names, shut their doors in the faces of the new arrivals. His sympathetic and analytical recognition of worth has encouraged not only Papini but many others figures in the new Italian literature — Panzini, Govons, Soffici, Renato — all of whom were given expression in "La Voce". (Of course we must not forget Mussolini.) A keen appraiser of values and a writer of clarity on all subjects, an intellectual patriot, Prezzolini, least known of the figures in the new renascence, is almost the most important.

Knowing the mind behind the intellectual revolt in Italy, it is not difficult to regard the "bloodless revolution" of Mussolini against the old political régime and the literary rebellion against old forms merely as two expressions of the new Italian renascence.

ALICE ROHE

Notes from France

THERE are two inexhaustible subjects for Parisian literary talk — one, the quarrels, the other, the prizes.

We are now supplied with a quarrel about Maurice Barrès and his last novel, "Le Jardin sur l'Oronte". The book was briefly commented upon in these notes. Curiously enough, the opposition came from what one should have expected to be the friendly side. Devout and sincere Catholics were shocked by the complacent, skilful, sometimes enchanting ways of Barrès in mixing the sacred and the profane. His heroine was both pagan and irresistible — and this provoked revolt. Whenever he portrays a hero that is both patriotic and faultless, the revolt bursts out on the other side of the political fence.

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Already a dozen important articles have appeared on the subject, signed by such authorities as Robert Vallery, Radot, Henri Massis, José Vincent, Jean de Pierrefen, Jacques Rivière, Paul Sonday, etc., and Barrès himself who fired back in self-defense in the "Revue Hebdomadaire" of October 7. Those who inflict literary and ethical excommunication upon him, do so in the name of uncompromising orthodoxy. Religion and human desire, they say, should not be treated on a par, as they are in Barrès's "Jardin". To make sin so lovely, so unescapable, to dress it in all the attributes of terrestrial perfection, is to forsake the duty of true service to the church. Defenders of Barrès might object first that he has never pledged his services to the church, then that some very great artists, before him, have integrated human passion and its most "pagan" aspects into a solid Christian system based on Catholic faith. Verlaine was one. Francis Jammes is another.

As for prizes, a new one has made its appearance. It is the "Prix Balzac", of 15,000 francs, which has been divided between Jean Giraudoux for his book "Siegfried et le Limousin" and Emile Baumann for "Job le Prédestiné". The jury, which deliberated in the little old Balzac house on rue Raynouard, included such brilliant and heteroclitous names as those of Paul Bourget, chairman, Georges Duhamel, Léon Daudet, Edmond Jaloux. It certainly cannot be said that Giraudoux and Baumann were chosen by a narrow clique. . . .

"Le Secret Professionnel", a tiny book of reflections by Jean Cocteau, has been received with more attention, by the critics at large, than his previous works. "Le Prince Frivole" was left behind, long ago, by the author of "Le Cap de Bonne-Espérance". "Parade" and "Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel" were considered as "stunts" in spite of Cocteau's serious intentions. The successful "Bœuf sur le Toit", with Darius Milhaud's music, two years ago, counted as a scherzo. "Le Secret Professionnel" finds readers outside of Cocteau's direct supporters and friends. The "Nouvelle Revue Française", which has always manifested a disagreeable disposition toward Cocteau, publishes a note which is quite considerate. Literary boundaries, like political ones, are being rearranged. . . .

Two novels by young men: "Silbermann" by Jacques de Lacretelle — the Jewish problem in the mind of an adolescent — and "Gérard et son Témoin" by Paul Brach. And a novel, "Carnaval", by a very young woman, Mireille Havet, published in "Les Œuvres Libres". And Colette (now Madame de Jouvenel, wife of the French delegate to the League's Assembly, a man who did excellent work at Geneva last month) has given us a new novel, "La Maison de Claudine", which is infinitely more serene, pure, and restful than such books as "La Vagabonde" or "Chéri". But it is not less full of talent. This author, first known through the "Claudine" series, which she wrote and which were signed by her first husband, "Willy", is one of France's greatest writers. Those who may not find interest in "L'Envers du Music-Hall", because of the special world, special setting, and special psychology it involves, cannot fail to respond to such exquisite accomplishments as her "Seven Animals' Dialogues" and its fellow book, "La Paix chez les Bêtes".

PIERRE DE LANUX

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THE BOOKMAN CHILDREN'S ESSAY CONTEST

Over five hundred essays were submitted for THE BOOKMAN *Children's Book Week prize this year. In quality, they averaged high above those of last year's contest, largely because of the stimulating character of the title, which was suggested by Miss Annie Carroll Moore of the New York Public Library.*

For the judges the task was a light one, since not only were the accounts of imagined book parties entertaining but the ones which displayed originality were quickly discernible. So many of the papers were exactly like most of the rest of them. The opening of the stories were either dreams or a sick bed — especially popular were broken legs. A phrase which recurred was: "She drew him into a corner for a few moments of quiet conversation." Why this is so popular with our BOOKMAN *young people, I do not know. It is always dangerous to generalize; but the judges agree with me that, in the main, the contributions from boys are better than those from girls, although there are not so many of them. They are more original, more vivid, and show a stronger imaginative quality. And these factors, rather than correctness of expression, were what the judges chiefly considered.*

The first prize goes to Frederick J. Steinhardt, age 12, of New Rochelle, New York. To Thomas Harris, age 10, of Little Rock, Arkansas, is awarded second prize. The other eight successful contestants are: Benny Fugate, age 11, of El Reno, Oklahoma; Junior Oweger, 15, Rockford, Illinois; Vahan Abkarian, 14, Rochester, New York; Gertrude Robinson, 15, Essex Fells, New Jersey; Mary Virginia Hailey, 14, Cincinnati, Ohio; Sophie Solomon, 15, New York City; David Huddleston, 6, Little Rock, Arkansas; John Pursell Roads, 13, Hillsboro, Ohio. The essay of Cynthia Mundy, printed in the December BOOKMAN, *which the judges rated very high, unfortunately could not be considered for a prize on account of its length.*

I should like to mention and to thank the school teachers, librarians, and parents who took so much interest in the contest, and the National Association of Book Publishers for their cooperation. I am grateful also to Miss Marian Cutter of the Children's Bookshop, Mrs. Sally Farrar, Miss Mary Frank, and Miss Julia F. Carter of the New York Public Library for their assistance in judging contributions. — J. F.

MY BOOK PARTY

By Frederick J. Steinhardt, Age 12

ONE beautiful evening in June I sat in the hammock watching the twilight fade into darkness, and the fireflies flitting about through the garden, and thinking about the book on my lap, (Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill").

Suddenly there appeared at one end of the terrace a Roman, wrapped in the stately folds of his toga. He raised his hand in greeting, saying, "Salve." Astonished, I recognized Mark Antony.

Five horses leaped the hedge, Hereward the Wake, Ivanhoe, D'Artagnan, James Fitz James, and Sir Richard Shelton, dismounted and saluted me.

From the rose garden came Sidney Carton, Henry Esmond, Sir Roger de Coverley, and John Halifax.

A giant of a man approached, bearing a holly staff. He said "May it please your Worships, I am John Ridd of Oare Parish."

Then I heard a clear, calm voice "Just is the Wheel! Oh Friend of all the World! I have come," and the Lama of Thibet appeared.

Now a fat little gentleman with a bald head, blue coat, and tight nankeen trousers struggled through the barberry hedge, exclaiming, "Bless my Soul! This is like a gooseberry thicket."

My guests seated themselves, at a table which had miraculously risen from the terrace, and proceeded to enjoy the sumptuous repast with which it was spread.

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Mark Antony rose and began, "Friends, Romans, and Countrymen, I know ye are all, all honorable men"—

Bless My Soul! this isn't Caesar's funeral! Let me speak," and Mr. Pickwick stood on his chair and adjusted his spectacles. He fumbled in all his seven pockets. "Bless my Soul! I've forgotten my notes," and Pickwick slipped down from his chair, to be comforted by Sidney Carton.

Then the Lama said, "Oh Chela, it is thy love that has summoned us here. Through thy reading thou hast acquired merit; books will set thy feet on the way, and also the Gates of Learning whither though goest every day."

I answered "Oh Holy One, I have long loved your gentle ways and holy life. These others here I love for their courage, strength, and skill. Then turning to the rest of my guests I said "What can I do to please you?"

"Tonight we come to please you," gently answered Halifax.

"Yes," all responded, "How can we serve?"

"Do as you would have done in the days of old."

"Speeches," cried Antony.

"Jousting," cried Ivanhoe.

"Holloa for a hunt," said Sir Roger and Fitz James.

"I would wrestle with yon great man" said Ridd.

"I'll measure swords with any here" boastfully cried D'Artagnan.

"Let us talk of the growth of steam power" said Halifax to Pickwick.

But already Ivanhoe and Shelton had mounted and rode at each other with such force that both their lances shattered in pieces.

"Come" said D'Artagnan and with a flourish of his plumed hat he bowed Colonel Esmond to the lawn, "Now I'll show real sword play."

For once the musketeer had met his match, and the bright steel flashed like lightning, until, as the Frenchman made a mighty thrust, the Englishman adroitly parried, and sent D'Artagnan's sword flying through the air.

"Do they hope to acquire merit thus?", asked the Lama, "What profit in learning how to kill men? Chela, how came you to love such, — for their skill as butchers of men?"

I answered "Thou hast misjudged them, Oh Lama. Ivanhoe is a gentle and brave knight. Shelton sacrificed all chances of preferment to right a wrong he had done. D'Artagnan's courage and swordsmanship saved his Queen. Henry Esmond is a perfect gentleman, 'sans peur, et sans réproche'."

"And the others?", the Lama asked.

"John Ridd is famous for his prodigious strength and simple honesty. Hereward gave much for the Saxon cause. Fitz James was a merciful king and an unselfish lover, Sir Roger a country gentleman, lovable, and charitable."

"And he who is so unkempt, and who drinks so much wine?" queried the Lama.

"His name is Sidney Carton. He is perhaps the greatest hero of them all. Without applause or glory he died an ignominious death to save those he loved."

Just then John Ridd threw Hereward. "Habet," exclaimed Mark Antony, turning down his thumb.

"Who is he?," questioned the Lama.

"Mark Antony was a great orator, who saved Rome from base conspirators."

"But see we must go hence, — is not that strange light the sun?", said Sidney Carton.

As he spoke a light shone in my eyes and a gentle hand touched my

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forehead. It was dear Mother Baer from Jo's Boys. I always loved her because she is so much like my mother, always busy, always hurrying, and always comforting.

"My boy — you musn't sleep out here." I rubbed my eyes, the light that was shining, and which had alarmed my guests was the light in the sunparlor, Mother was Mother Baer.

"Oh Mother! Such a wonderful dream I had! It's Midsummer Night you know, and they all came back like they did for Dan and Una in Puck of Pook's Hill."

MY PARTY

By Thomas Harris, Age 10

TO my Book Party I invited Tom Sawyer, Huckelbury Finn, Robin Hood, Little John, Sinbad, Robingson Cruso, Pollyana, Jimy, Alexander the Great, Caesar, Napoleon and The Sherieff of Notingham.

Caesar, Nopoleon and Alexander the Great arrived first. Ceasar started by saying he was the greatest warrior on earth.

Napoleon and Alexander said he was not and they began fighting to see who was the greatest. After they had fought a little while, Alexander and Ceasar said it was not fair for Nopeloen to use guns and that he should use swords and spears. Nopeleon would not agree to this and said they should go to the wise old owl.

Before he would say who was right he said they must bring him a basket of good apples. When they brought him the apples he said one of them was rotton and would not tell then so they came back to fight it out. Alexander and Ceasar with a sword and spear and Nopelean with a gun.

After they had fought a little while the Sherieff of Notingham came in and took them to jail for breaking the peace. While the Sherieff of Notingham was taking Ceasar Alexander and Napeloen to jail, Tom Sawer and Huckelbury Finn came in and put salt in everybodys ice cream.

Robin Hood and Little John came in next. They thought they would eat all the ice cream. When they found there was salt in the ice cream they knew Tom Sawer and Huckelbury Finn had done it because they were the only ones there, So they took everything they had and ran then home.

Then the sherief of Nottingham came back. He did not like Robin Hood and Little John and tried to take them to jail but they ran off and he could not catch them.

Then Sinbad and Robinson Cruso came in. They did not see the Sherieff of Nottingham. Sinbad told Robinson Cruso that he had had more adventures then he had.

Robinson Cruso said he had not This made Sinbad so mad that he drew his sword and cut off Robinson Cruso's head.

Then the Sherief of Nottingham tried to take him to jail, but he jumped out of the window. The Sherieff thought he could catch him and jumped out of the window after him. Neither one ever came back.

When Pollyana and Jimmy came and saw Robinson Cruso's dead body on the floor it frightened them so mutch they ran home.

My party had been so stormy that I decided to leave out the warriors at my next party so that we might have a more peaceful time.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

AN author wrote us not long ago from the country, "Should I come to town, in order to make contacts, and so better to sell my wares?" No, no! say we. What a sorry place for an author is a town. A famous old waiter in a New Haven café, when told that a young poet who had been working in an iron mill had just been given a position on a famous magazine in Boston, said, coloring a little at his unusual sentiment, "Thank the Lord, for I always thought it was like putting a fine canary behind iron bars to have him working in that there mill!" How much better for him will the city prove? At best, it's a trap for the soul. It slowly kills that peculiar freshness that should be the basis of all creative work. In "The Truth About an Author" Arnold Bennett "ran over the list of our foremost writers: they nearly all lived in the country". "In the country there is plenty of space", he says, "and plenty of time, and no damnable fixed relation between these two; in other words, a particular hour does not imply a particular spot for you, and this is something to an author. I found my days succeeding each other with a leisurely and adorable monotony. I lingered over breakfast like a lord, perusing the previous evening's papers, with as much gusto as though they were hot from the press. I looked sideways at my work, with a non-committal air, as if saying: 'I may do you or I may not. I shall see how I feel.'" Why cannot all books be written and all magazines edited from the clean winds of the mountains and the fresh sweep of the sea?

The reviews from readers are the most stimulating thing we have had happen to us since we commenced gossiping. Curiously enough, more arrived which discussed Ben Hecht's "Gargoyles" than any other book. They were, however, so violently pro or anti that they lost their force. The prize goes, this month, therefore, to Mary Ellis Opdycke, who objects to our editor's review of "The Boy Grew Older". More violence, cry we, gentle readers. Say what you think, even more vehemently (albeit *briefly);* but to win the prize which will be, for next month, Arnold Bennett's "Lilian", you must, at least, be coherent.

With Mr. Farrar's conclusion that "The Boy Grew Older" is "quite the most delightful evening's reading I can recommend this fall" it is easy for the reader to agree, but with nearly all his reasons for this preference, it is possibly easier to take issue.

"As a rule, stories of newspaper men do not appeal." How about Richard Harding Davis, or Kipling, or even the sections from Mr. Dreiser's career which he has recounted in THE BOOKMAN? The electrolysis of daily life, that very essence of journalism, is the charm of Mr. Broun's book.

"Characters jump into the mind to stay." Peter Neale has not jumped into my mind. He was already there under the name of Heywood Broun, professional papa, and matchless salesman of the common touch system. Maria has not jumped, or even danced or sung her way into my mind; she can hardly dance or sing on paper.

"Sex is here in good measure", perhaps, but in poor health. Of all the women, only the ancient Kate who is more human than woman proclaims her vitality.

With the paternal emotions Mr. Broun shows more skill, but his unhampered affection for his offspring has almost finished for the little man. The son of Maria would not have succumbed to the easy trick of discipline by disobedience. If his taste in records was originally reported correctly, he would not have strayed to Ziegfeld. Nor would the hero of his school gridiron have

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noticed the gastronomic tragedies of college football.

Peter Neale, Jr., is vivid so long as he remains news copy from Mr. Broun's trained pen. The weight of years stales his infinite variety and blasts his verisimilitude. He made one "delightful evening's reading", Mr. Farrar, but still — we must confess it, The Boy Did Not Grow Older.

Much writing in realistic manner has been done since the days when "Sister Carrie" was published, discussed, suppressed and discussed, republished and discussed. Theodore Dreiser, as a legend in American writing, is assured his place. He has recently published his unconventional autobiography, "A Book About Myself", and with its publication he returns to New York City from which he has long been absent. Tall, slightly stooped, with whitening hair, ruddy but not red, vigorous, he does not seem the lumbering, somewhat gross figure we had been led to expect from other descriptions. His only peculiarity of dress is a slouch cap, his manner of speech is careful, forceful, eager. We did not notice in conversation the looseness of phrase that appears in his writings. To many persons, it has been a mystery why this dramatic figure in American literature has been so long silent. "Why doesn't he publish a book?" they ask. "Has he finished? Is he an old man?" No, he is not an old man, nor has he finished. Dreiser simply does not believe in publishing a novel for the sake of publishing a novel. When he feels that he has something of importance to say again, he will say it. Meanwhile, he is working on a dramatization of his "The Genius" and turning out an occasional short story. New York City he finds sadly changed. "It is more foreign than the most European toned city", he will tell you; "no longer in any sense American. And the prices" — he throws up his hands in horror. "The profiteers have made it impos-

Theodore Dreiser

sible to live here!" Whereupon on that old, familiar, thoroughly Dreiserian text, he will talk *ad lib.*

We have grown solemn this season. So, as we went quietly away to spend a long week end hearing a gentle novelist read chapters from his new work, our fashion editor "in an orchid dress" butterflied to the Equity Ball. "When we opened the door to our apartment at seven o'clock the morning after", says she, "we felt insignificant, exhausted, but as happy as Alice in Wonderland and all ready to dream the dream over again. Our mind was kaleidoscopic: Anita Stewart in a lavender dress, and dark Lila Lee in orange velvet; Margalo Gillmore, quite the freshest actress among two thousand, wearing green satin; Queenie Smith in quaint pink taffeta, small but not nearly so minute as Frances White; Francine Larrimore, young and blonde and peppy; yellow haired Pauline Lord whose Anna

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Christie, we believe, should vie with John Barrymore's Hamlet; Tallulah Bankhead, in brown and orange, dancing seriously and remarkably well. Balancing precariously on half a gilt chair we tried unsuccessfully to see the 'Midnight Jollies' — we would swear there were fifteen rows of us on the floor, seated, standing, perched on tiptoe. Savoy and Brennan said, 'You should have been with us' — that's how we recognized *them.* Round five o'clock, amid great cheers, Rodolph Valentino, who apparently has the unleashed admiration of the entire world, and his tall, slim wife, both of them dressed in stunning orange and black Spanish costumes, danced their famous tango which we had been instructed to observe and remember. In six months, we predict, the tango will be the rage at all the college dances. The Dolly sisters were jolly white ponies with long feather manes, and Paul Whiteman, who is soon to go to Paris with his orchestra — or should we say orchestras? — played 'I'm Just Wild About Harry' to our great joy, which was unbounded when he played 'Tom, Tom', that wild jazz piece from 'The Queen of Hearts' which we vote the *very best.* Nazimova, not at all the elf we imagined, looking for all the world as though she didn't know what it was all about, was very much the grande dame with lorgnette and streaks of grey in her interesting bobbed hair. Her face is even more mask-like than Anna Pavlowa's. There was Ethel Barrymore, of course, keeping discreetly in the background. There was the first cinema actress we remember seeing at the age of eleven or so — Lilian Walker, she of the deep, deep dimples. There was big Thomas Meighan, and oh, just millions! We have saved Laurette Taylor till last because she stands out for us. Not that she is more vivid than the others; she is more appealing. Dressed in chestnut velvet with fur bands, gold leaves at each ear, huge, wide eyes smiling serenely, she danced till six o'clock. Dwight Taylor smiled upon her, as well he should, from the side lines, as she swung past him on the arm of a very pleased Marc Connelly. We spotted Mr. Frohman, Marie Dressler, the Duncan Sisters, and innumerable stage folk we recognized but couldn't identify. No wonder there was a curious audience just outside the front door of the Astor, even at dawn."

Bernie Babcock tells us that she is deep in the production of her new novel, and sends us a skit for the Gossip Shop which is most apropos in view of the pervading tendency to speak of life in terms of insects.

DUST OF DESIRE

The melancholy history of a Book Worm's desires and demise

Told in Book Worm Language

It was back In the Days of Poor Richard that the Book Worm said, "Prodigal Daughters shall not have had all This Freedom. Even The Whelps of the Wolf and The Hawk of Egypt are free. So shall I be."

Being A More Honorable Man than some of his fellows, a regular Foursquare fellow, he decided to sail from Fair Harbor to the land of Flowing Gold where he hoped to find The Flaming Jewel and The Bright Shawl, magic treasures for men of Perfect Behavior never found on Fool's Hill.

But alas! When he arrived at the harbor it was Rogue's Haven from which set forth The Cave Woman, Polly the Pagan, The Lotus Woman, Judith of the Godless Valley, Viola Gwyn, and other Wild Women together with The Evil Shepherd, Batouala, and Certain People of Importance whose method of Playing With Souls made them fit passengers for The Blood Ship, well supplied as it was with Old Crow which would be Swallowed Up when these Spellbinders got Beyond Rope and Fence with only The Glimpses of the Moon to accuse them.

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"This crowd is too Rough-Hewn for me!" exclaimed the Worm. "Even they are not Above Suspicion. The Tales of Lonely Trails that will be told will put their reputations In Jeopardy, and if any Escape the Broken Barriers of December Love, they will be fit subjects for Laughter, Limited of The Cortlandts of Washington Square and the unlimited merriment of the Gargoyles."

"Blame them not," said Babbitt, The Optimist. "They are but Children of Men. Being a worm you had better remain with The Captive Herd — at least until Cappy Ricks Returns. Go back to the Rolling Acres of your own book world and let the Captains of Souls — the souls of intelligent Book Worms, direct your course."

Acting on this advice the Book Worm returned to his native haunts, and being hungered he ate The Cat's Paw, The Shorn Lamb, The Witch Wolf, and The Three Godfathers. He even ate the Tales of the Jazz Age and nibbled at The Tale of Triona.

By the time he had eaten more than A Push Cart at the Curb could hold, his belly had reached The Breaking Point and he was ready for The Country Beyond where The Shadow of the East would never cast its gloom over him nor The Day After Dark bring its burdens.

"One Thing Is Certain," said his bereaved fellows as A Minister of Grace was performing The Mysterious Office of interment to the sad strains of A Vagrant Tune; "Carnac's Folly was not so great as this poor creature's appetite. Let The Happy Fool R.I.P."

The recent dinner of the P. E. N., that international literary society organized here in America last year, was not large, but it was vastly entertaining, even though some of us did run away impolitely to the first night of "Hamlet". We sat between B. Marie Gage (Floyd Dell's vivid wife) and Fannie Hurst, which company very nearly persuaded us to miss the Prince of Denmark. Mary Austin was there, back from her summer in the far west, with talk of proofs of her new book on American rhythm. There, too, were Daniel Frohman, sedate as always; Juliet Wilbor Tompkins and Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin); John Macy, whom the new task of writing literary criticism for "The Nation" does not seem greatly to have changed; Glenn Frank and Carl Van Doren, the editors of "The Century", Lawrence Rising and Alexander Black, novelists, and Milton Raison, poet. There were many more, doubtless; but we forget. We wished that Eugene O'Neill and E. A. Robinson, both members, had been present. We suppose that they will never break their custom of non-appearance at public functions, even to grace the board of so staid an organization as the P. E. N. Mr. Robinson we saw of late at lunch. He has accomplished much this summer: two long dramatic poems, and shorter pieces. One of these, "Roman Bartholow", will appear in the spring. Eugene O'Neill's "The Fountain" is to appear this season, we suppose. Floyd Dell, breaking away from work on "Janet March", his new novel, banished his accustomed shyness long enough to attend this dinner. He says that he will come again. He sat next Mrs. Riggs, and they discovered many things in common, one of which was that neither of them *"liked* to be shocked" by things found on the printed page, though they amicably decided that the things which shocked them respectively might be quite, quite different.

Children's Book Week was even more effective than usual this year, due, doubtless, to the continued and increased cooperation of booksellers, librarians, parents, publishers, and the children themselves under the able guidance of the National Association of Book Publishers. The Children's Room at the New York Public Library was so crowded that it was actually impossible to squeeze one more person in at the door. We found Stephen Benét and his nice wife in the crush and stood with them to hear Carl

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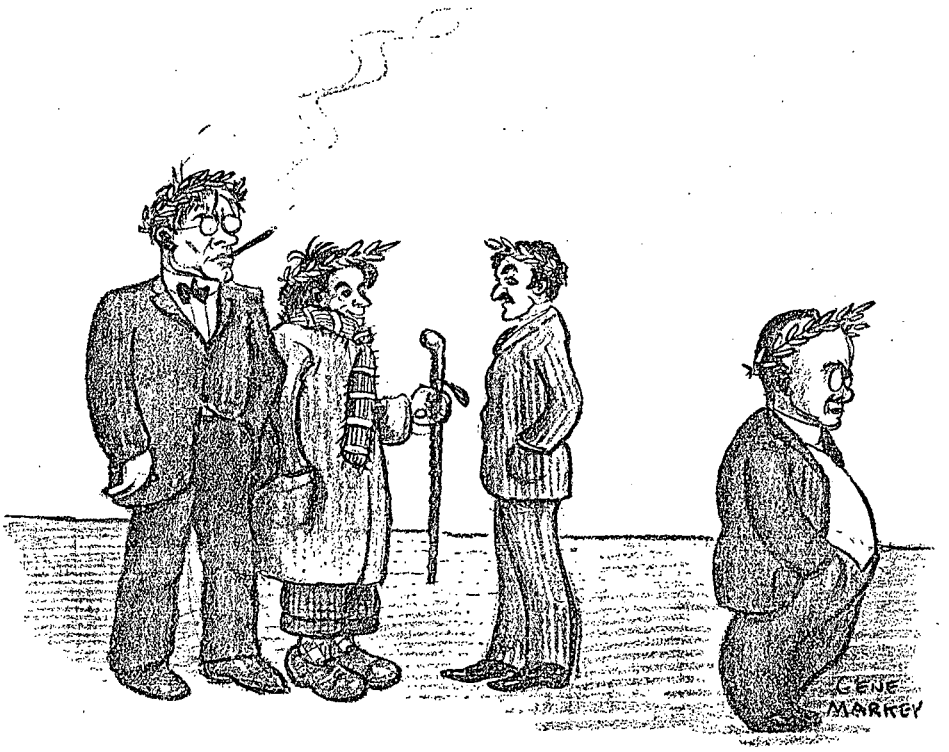

The Chicago Academy: Sandburg, Anderson, Hecht, Masters

Sandburg read "Rootabaga" stories under the instruction of Annie Carroll Moore. Miss Moore had just jumped off the steamer which brought her back from a hurried trip to France and England, where she visited with Walter de la Mare, talked to the Lord Mayor of London's party, and did all sorts of exciting things anent children's books and their authors of which she will probably tell you later in our pages. Carl looks just as ever, and in his new rôle of entertainer to children is as successful as he always has been whenever a sense of the dramatic was necessary. In addition to his many other qualities, he is a born story teller, that man. We have long had an ambition to manage him in a vaudeville act, and this is quite serious. Surrounded by a group of stage hobos before a campfire, singing American folk songs — what could be more delightful? Here's the beginning of an American "Chauve-Souris". Speaking of Carl Sandburg, Gene Markey sends us the attached macabre sketch of Chicago's laurel crowned literati. How they have been distinguishing themselves! Mr. Hecht with his sudden flood of books, scandalous and otherwise; Mr. Anderson with his "Many Marriages", appearing in "The Dial". Only Mr. Masters is silent, surveying all in gloom and ponderous thought.

One of the gentlest of essayists and of poets was Alice Meynell. We can remember carrying about the blue

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bound volumes of her work when we were thoroughly immersed in the 1890's in our undergraduate days. She, who was Ruskin's friend and Francis Thompson's adviser, seemed somehow one of that passed and beauty seeking group, that ineffectual yet awe inspiring parade of dreamers. Now, at seventy-two, she has died, not one of the last of her group, for there are one or two others; but surely one of the most loved. In America, Thomas Nelson Page is dead, after a life filled with literary, social, and political distinction. A southerner of charm and feeling, his writings, most of them, have the background and the sentiment of the south. His "Italy and the World War" was published as late as 1920; but it is to his "Two Little Confederates" that affection leads us back. Ambassador to Italy, honored publicly in many ways, he was an American gentleman of distinction, a man of letters in the most delightful sense of the word. Frank Bacon, the actor, who died during the run of his play "Lightnin'" in Chicago, will be mourned by thousands. Here was a man who waited all his life for the success which came to him in ripe old age, and he died at the top of the ladder. Surely there is no greater happiness than this.

The most satisfying single performance we have ever seen in the theatre is John Barrymore's Hamlet. We can't say much more than that. Satisfying to the ear, the eye, and the mind. We have never been lyric in our praise of Mr. Barrymore's acting before; but now he simply seems to us to be the only great actor we have ever seen. This first night was electric enough; crowds packed outside as one entered and left, the theatrical, motion picture, literary, and social world, most of it, present. Ethel Barrymore ringing down her curtain a half hour early to see her brother's last act. Arthur Hopkins appearing for the first time before the curtain. Barrymore forced to a graceful curtain speech. A vivid night, without doubt. We were most fortunate in our companion. He had neither read nor seen "Hamlet" before, and his only comment was, "Gosh, it's an exciting mystery play, isn't it?" So it is; but the little girl to our right who warmed at the first words of each soliloquy, repeated them over to herself to prove to her own ego her superior intelligence, and positively shrieked when she heard Mrs. Wharton's title in the mouth of a Barrymore, should, somehow, be banished to England immediately. It was entertaining to see the impeccable Rodolph Valentino in a box at the first night of "Merton of the Movies", Marc Connelly and George Kaufman's dramatization of Harry Leon Wilson's novel burlesque of the motion picture industry. However, Mr. Valentino seemed as pleased at the fun poking as was the rest of the audience. The playwrights have done a fine piece of work and have given Glenn Hunter the chance, which is all he needed, to create a laughing, pathetic rôle that will probably keep him high on the rolls of the matinée idols through the year. We saw "Rain", which seemed to us a good play badly acted. We saw, too, Zoe Akins's "The Texas Nightingale" which moved us and amused us even more than "Merton". It was not only because of the thrill of seeing THE BOOKMAN on the boards, either. We think Jobyna Howland is remarkable and we think the mother-son quality of the play as handled by Miss Akins an almost magic intuition, shrewd, kindly, and humorous. "Loyalties", according to John Galsworthy, gives

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one the thrill that only an almost perfectly made play can. He has done nothing so fine since "Justice". What a theatrical season this is! It is quite impossible to see all the things worth seeing, and so far we haven't heard either opera or concert, nor M. Clemenceau. What a complicated town it is, to be sure, and when do people work?

Of Birmingham's most famous writers, Dorothy Youngblood sends us the following sketch:

Among many things and people Birmingham (Alabama) has to be proud of are two of the leading writers of the nation. One is Octavus Roy Cohen who is one of the leading short story writers of the day. The other is Clement Wood who ranks as one of the nine poets of America. If you are a reader of "The Saturday Evening Post" you have met Mr. Cohen. His short stories are about our Birmingham colored population. Mr. Cohen was educated as a lawyer and practised law two years, but gave up law for his life work. He is extremely interested in sports as a number of his short stories will show. One of the local newspapers gives a loving cup to the man who has done the most for Birmingham during the year and Mr. Cohen has been nominated. Mr. Cohen seems to think that anybody can write if they just know how. He puts his best in every story and his works show talent and skill. Mr. Cohen is best known for his short stories but he has several books to his credit and a few plays also. In Birmingham Mr. Cohen's small son is almost as well known as his father. He seems to be as great a musical marvel as his father is a writer.

The writings of Clement Wood were brought before the public when he won the Newark Prize. When he was a small child he was musically inclined and when he reached the age of eight he began writing poems. His first poem was "A Valentine for Grandmother". Mr. Wood's education was unlimited. He is a graduate of the University of Alabama and has a LL.B. degree from Yale. While attending Yale he won many prizes for public speaking. From Yale he returned to Birmingham to practise law but later gave up his practice. Mr. Wood is essentially a poet in thought and inspiration. Is it not nice to have one of our own classed as one of the nine greatest poets of our nation? Mr. Cohen and Mr. Wood are somewhat similar. Both were educated for the law and both gave up law for writing but each selected a different subject.

Don't you think Birmingham ought to be proud of these two men?

Negro sculpture seems the latest of the "modernist" enthusiasms. Even Clive Bell (whom we have always considered one of the sanest and most broadminded of the critics in the new movement) places it higher than "true Gothic" though below the Chinese art of the great periods. And of course there are other writers not so cautious. . . . However, for our own part, after seeing the recent exhibition at the Joseph Brummer Galleries, we find our thoughts about it mixed. We could see, in such things as were exhibited (mostly ancient African fetishes and masks in wood and brass), great skill of workmanship, much finish in surfaces, even beauty in some cases, and a certain feeling for design. But beyond this we were unable to penetrate. In fact, at this point, they began to make us uncomfortable and to seem, like Scrooge's knocker, malignantly alive. . . . We departed, somewhat hastily, for the street. . . . The French and English modernist show at Ehrich's includes landscapes by Duncan Grant, whom many of the newer critics (notably Clive Bell) consider a potentially really "great" Englishman. He is not proved yet, but he is at any rate interesting, as are others in this same exhibition. . . . Expressionism has made its advent, we note, in the work of the German, Mollenhauer. And of course, American artists of all shades and tempers of modernism hold the field in various galleries. But to us some of the most interesting of all recent exhibitions have been the works of "middle course" artists, neither reactionary

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nor ultra modern. Such, for instance, were the delightful Walcott etchings, the Russell Cheney paintings, the Cappiello posters, and so on—there isn't space to mention all.

Sinclair Lewis, after a year in Europe, has picked out Hartford as his hailing port and has set up housekeeping in the Connecticut capital. The newspaper men of Hartford introduced the newcomer with a dinner given in his honor and immediately Lewis launched an attack and proved his special ability to start discussion as he had done with "Main Street" and "Babbitt". When Lewis first arrived in Hartford and sauntered up and down its Main Street and Farmington Avenue he found the city overproud of its place as the richest city in America, population considered. Lewis told his Hartford hosts that mere riches counted for nothing at all compared with the literary reputation which Hartford bore, and that the Hartford wits of post-Revolutionary days, centring about Joel Barlow, and the literary luminaries of a later day as Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, and Harriet Beecher Stowe had left a far greater impress than could be implanted by possession of dollars. Hartford has never been without pride for being the home of great writers, and it has likewise boasted of its financial strength and how Hartford fire insurance companies paid their great Chicago fire losses when other companies elsewhere located had gone out of business. It was in Hartford, too, that the first elevated railroad station was built. The idea of climbing stairs to take a train was ridiculed, but it brought Hartford leadership forward. Similarly Hartford was the first city in America to have an asylum for the deaf and dumb. It was Mark Twain who gave Forrest Street its name of "literary lawn". Mrs. Stowe was his near neighbor, while across the street Charles Dudley Warner resided and Professor Richard Burton. For many years Mr. Clemens continued enthusiastic about Hartford, but the difficulties of his publishing house sent him away and when he settled down again it was in a new home at Redding. The Clemens house flaunted a kitchen ell directly upon Farmington Avenue, the then leading residence street. When Mark Twain was asked why he had turned his house about and forced visitors to enter through his kitchen, he playfully answered that he had been entertained at so many homes where there was little or nothing to eat that he wanted visitors to his home to know what was to be had. Sinclair Lewis has picked out a location not so far removed from the old home of Noah Webster, lexicographer, in West Hartford — it may be that Lewis was attracted to the spot in appreciation of the author of the dictionary for having included even more words than are contained in "Main Street". Hartford has accepted Sinclair Lewis as a favorite citizen for the reason that Lewis selected Hartford for his home after having lived and worked in New Haven as a newspaper man, and after having attended Yale University as an undergraduate.

We went to one of Isadora Duncan's dance matinées at Carnegie Hall, and there was no doubt about the enthusiasm of the hundreds that jammed the hall. After numerous encores the orchestra pit was filled with cheering people who kept the orange-draped lady talking to them long after the electricians had left. She spoke in staccato fashion, punctuating her rap-

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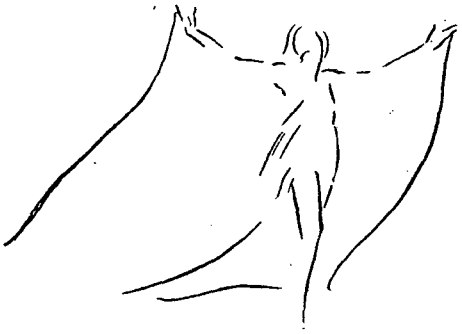
idly flung out words with the phrase, "You understand?" She talked vehemently of her "children in Russia", and asked unobtrusively for contribu-



Isadora Duncan

tions. She told of her dream of a school for American children who should be taught freedom of dress and her "new religion" (involving a discard of stays and shoes, we believe). We bow to anyone who at the age of seventeen went without lunches because she was too poor to buy them and at the age of forty provokes the admiration of a sophisticated New York audience, even though she enrages the authorities of Boston. An authentic personality, however strange her beliefs.

Some overzealous author once referred in these pages to the Greek Theatre at the University of California thus: "Directed by Sam Hume, it devotes itself in large measure (though not, I believe, exclusively) to experimenting in the artistic production of Greek classic drama." Which statement, it seems, was in large measure untrue. It produces everything from Shakespeare to Ibsen. It was here that Sidney Howard's first play was given. Opera, too, has been sung there. In connection with the Greek Theatre other plays of a more intimate nature are produced in Wheeler Hall, under the same direction. In the announcement of its fall program — to include "The S. S. Tenacity", "Enter Madame", "The School for Scandal", "Heartbreak House" and others — the following statement is made: "The present series of plays is a continuation of a program which the Greek Theatre has been carrying on for more than a year. Under the direction of Samuel J. Hume and Irving Pichel, eight productions have been made in the Greek Theatre and thirty in Wheeler Auditorium. Among the plays that have been performed are the following . . ." And to demonstrate the extraordinary variety of choice, there have been eight plays by Mr. Shaw, six by Mr. Shakespeare, three by Mr. Ibsen, two by Mr. Dunsany, Mr. Milne, and Miss Glaspell, and a variety of others by writers including O'Neill, Wilde, Schnitzler, and Galsworthy. Only one from the Greek Mr. Sophocles, his "Œdipus".

This has been a sad year for football! Or perhaps it were better phrased: football has been sad for us this year. However, since the sporting aspects of the game have made our Yale soul exceedingly unhappy, we shall turn away with a sigh to the picturesque literary and social side. For the first time, seated high in the press box with Heywood Broun, we saw a Harvard Princeton game. We wanted Harvard to win. It didn't. However, the night before the contest we heard the plans for Mr. Broun's new novel and also spent a most delightful evening at Professor Copeland's, surrounded by F. P. A. and innumerable Harvard youths, who listened to Mr. Broun with that degree of polite attention which characterizes the young men who live along the Charles River. Later, we had the privilege of hearing

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Mr. Broun and Miss Lowell discuss Sherwood Anderson. It might be called more of an event than a privilege. The game at New Haven was not so very different. We attended with the much esteemed editor of "The Yale Review". There were Hugh Walpole, the novelist, M. Clemenceau of France, Ralph Pulitzer of the New York "World" (sitting in the centre of the Yale side, with a tall red feather in his brown felt hat), Floyd Dell, looking far oftener at a young moon above the Yale Bowl than at the game, and doubtless a hundred more authors, at least, of whom we did not catch a glimpse. The football season is over. We can now turn our attention to art and music.

Reading through the season's volumes, we have become more and more firmly convinced that jingoism in American letters is a prime necessity. No one can occupy a firm place in our literature who has not at least *acquired* the American viewpoint, who has not made the American scene his background. This viewpoint, however, can be carried to a furious excess. Witness the following paragraph from "America":

Pseudo-Poetry. — "Spindrift" (Doran), by Milton Raison, is a book of verse which no self-respecting library will admit. It is un-American in tone, not because the author is Russian, but because it fails to stand within the decent ground which was and is cultivated by groups and individuals such as Longfellow and Lowell, or by Bret Harte and Eugene Field, or by Don Marquis and Joyce Kilmer. Such ranting and irreverent clamors as we find in this book of verse tend to de-Americanize the normal atmosphere of sane life and salutary ideals, a standard which our academy of opinion, Jew or Protestant or Catholic, is zealous to maintain. —— In "A Pushcart at the Curb" (Doran), John Dos Passos pushes his little wagon through pleasant places, but oh! so sordidly. Maybe a pushcart soul is effectively banished from the bright sun and high courage and sweet women and strong loves and deathless fidelity of a Castile, a Venice, an Asolo. The blatant blurb informs one that "Mr. Dos Passos brings to these poems an imagination that reflects his thought like a prism". But that is precisely what we cannot abide — his thoughts.

Now it seems to us that, while we do not claim greatness for either Mr. Raison or Mr. Dos Passos, they are neither of them completely lacking in Americanism. However, that is a personal opinion. We do not care for recent draggings into American writing of present day decadent tendencies in Germany. We do not think the American imitators of the Russian novelists are greater than the followers of our own James and Howells tradition. We consider Tarkington and Sinclair Lewis on a higher plane than Anderson and Cabell. However, we are old-fashioned and we know it. For years there has been an internationally famous group of poets and dramatists living on New York's East Side. Can they be called American? They still write in Yiddish. It's a nice question.

We have seen a giant! Jack, the famous killer, is in no way superior to us, except mayhap that we did not kill the giant! It was at the Salmagundi Club, where the first performance of Anne Stoddard's adaptation of "Don Quixote" for Tony Sarg's marionettes took place. After the play, a human being stepped upon the stage, and so perfect had been the illusion of the puppets, that for an instant the mind failed to adjust and the human being seemed no other than a giant. These are splendid puppets! To see Rosinante gallop, or Sancho Panza fight the bee, or Don Quixote himself tilt with the famous windmill — The most interesting act of the play as given is a puppet show within a puppet show, when the larger puppets, at dinner, are

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entertained by smaller puppets. It was this scene which Mr. Sarg chose to demonstrate the work of his manipulators. What skill of movement is necessary! Though the ladies and gentlemen above the stage performed with ease and grace their difficult string pulling rites. So splendid was the audience that it is hard to remember or to record. There were Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks whose presence has been so continuous at New York's functions that one begins to wonder if they ever sleep; Jesse Lynch Williams who is busy casting "Why Divorce?"; Frank Crowninshield shepherding his lions with unflagging care; Joseph Hergesheimer in New York for one of his brief calls; Dwight Franklin planning to model more pirates and an Eskimo or two. Wherever you are, if you hear Tony Sarg's marionettes announced you must see them. We believe that he has a traveling company. They renew one's youth, and strengthen one's belief in magic.

We were recently spending the weekend in a house with a delightful young lady of two or three years, we forget which. We admired her taste in reading. She seemed to prefer smudging the pages of a huge "History of Painting in the Renaissance" rather than the more usual "Mother Goose". Then, wishing to be gallant, we wrote her a verse as follows:

They say the hermit crab
Lives a very lonely life
Without a tutor, cook or nurse,
Without a child or wife.

With no one there to say,
"It's time to go to bed,"
Or, "Wear your rubbers in the rain,"
Or, "Wash your neck and head."

And yet I wonder how
That hermit crab must feel,
When he has to mend his shirts and socks,
And cook himself a meal.

Now she didn't like that poem at all! We don't blame her. She shouldn't have liked it. It's a bad poem, like many which are written supposedly for children. In the first place, she wouldn't know what a hermit crab was. In the second place, she didn't at all mind washing behind her ears, and she quite liked her nurse. The verse was an absolute product of the fact that when we went to get a pair of socks that morning, we found none, due to the fact that the more important member of our family was away on a vacation. We immediately translated all of this into what we fooled ourselves into believing was child psychology. Alas, alack, children, what sins are committed in thy name!

While New York is thrilling at the "Rodeo" brought from the west to Madison Square Garden, Fred Lockley is conducting in Oregon a more quiet though none the less thrilling round up of local writers. Here's his interview with Eva Emery Dye:

"I can't remember when I didn't look forward with eagerness to writing books," said Eva Emery Dye, when I interviewed her recently in her home in Oregon City. "I did not have a particularly happy girlhood, and I turned to writing as the one great pleasure of my life. I worked my way through Oberlin College, serving as librarian and instructor. While at college I boarded in the home of the professor of Greek. I read the Iliad and Odyssey till my whole mind was tinged with the beauty and romance of the Homeric legends.

"When I came to Oregon City shortly after I was married, I found that the one great outstanding figure in the history of the Oregon country was Dr. John McLoughlin. To me he seemed a blood brother of Homer's heroes. I longed for time to write the annals of his day and generation.

"The first work I ever had published was when I was fifteen. The first check I ever received was for a story which I sent to the 'Tribune' of Princeton, Illinois. Then

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and there the die was cast. I had tasted blood, I determined to be an author.

"When I came to Oregon City, the one-time provisional capital of the Oregon Country, and the former home of Dr. McLoughlin, I steeped myself in the atmosphere of the early days and presently my book, 'McLoughlin and Old Oregon', almost wrote itself. I sent it to 'Harper's Magazine'. They told me to cut it into separate stories which they would publish in their magazine. I could not bear to mutilate my book, so I laid it away in my bureau drawer. There it stayed for six years. A classmate visited us once and said, 'You gave such promise as a girl of being an author. I am surprised you do not write.' I spoke of the book which I had written. He expressed a desire to see it so I gave it to him. He submitted it to an eastern publisher who accepted it. It was published in May, 1900. The editors of the various literary magazines and papers were more than kind, and the book went through many editions. I followed 'McLoughlin and Old Oregon' with 'The Conquest' and 'McDonald of Oregon', and later with 'Stories of Oregon'. My checks for royalties have been very satisfactory. More than 50,000 copies of these books have been sold. There is great interest in western stories, particularly if they deal with the romantic period of the old west. I know of no theme in which there is more of romance and charm than in the settlement of the west."

Here's to the casual meetings at one club or another. They are, after all, the spice of gossip. Irving Bacheller was in New York not long ago, and what a delightful up state New Yorker! We wonder if he knew our grandfather with whom we once attended that famous countryside event, the Malone Fair. Bacheller says that he was once introduced as Eben Holden, the author of "Irving Bacheller"; and that he started his career in literature by writing love letters for the hired man. Oh, this business of love letters! We shall never forget attempts to do them in French for an ardent top sergeant at the Battle of Paris. Mr. Bacheller is a hearty, grey haired gentleman with a violent sense of humor. His latest book proves that he writes with continuing vigor, and that the historical novel is not dead by any manner of means. Harrison Rhodes, whose "Gift Book

Irving Bacheller

for My Mother" is as fine a piece of writing as we have seen in some years, has returned from Italy. He is a firm believer in Venice as a permanent place of residence, and advocates the publishing of THE BOOKMAN from the Doge's palace or some such watery neighborhood. Charles Hanson Towne says that it is impossible to escape the editor's chair once it has lent you its uncertain ease. He is returning to editing on "The Metropolitan" where he will be fiction editor as Carl Hovey leaves for, we hear, the Hearst organization. It is good to see Irvin Cobb again. (Last year he was sick; but now almost any noon his jovial presence may be encountered here or there.) Bayard Veiler, his arm in a sling, has returned from Hollywood. Oliver Herford and John Wolcott Adams may be heard at odd moments in loud argument over the Anniversary number of "Life". Mr. Adams is illustrating Fred Dayton's book on

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the steamship. Mr. Herford has just published a new book "Neither Here Nor There" and done those perfect examples of whimsicality, the illustrations for "The Bird-Nest Boarding House".

This morning we are thoroughly sleepy. The first of last evening we corrected papers for our class in book reviewing (is it possible to teach anyone to be or not to be a critic?) — well, at any rate, at eleven-thirty we sauntered forth with Rufus King, a young writer of sea stories, and found ourself being clubbed by policemen on Forty-second Street. Let us hasten to explain. We were attempting to attend the second first-night performance of Douglas Fairbanks's "Robin Hood" which has moments of such beauty as we have never before seen on stage or screen. Of course we wish that there had been more Robin himself, and less crusade; though, after all, the pictorial beauty of the first part of the production made up for its ponderosity. Theda Bara was there. So were Doug and Mary. Then there was "Oliver Twist" with Jackie Coogan. Liberties of plot have been taken; but it is skilful editing. There is no mustiness about it. Sentimentality is avoided, and Jackie has created a character which should be seen by every child in America. Perhaps it is cruel to compare this splendid production with the earlier one by Marie Doro (and we are under the impression that Tom Powers once did the rôle in an English film). At any rate it is a happy thought that we can at last have real boys to play real boy parts. Frank Tuttle, who was in college with us at New Haven, and is at present producing pictures with Glenn Hunter as his star, tells us that he is working on Percy MacKaye's "The Scarecrow". That should be an interesting picture. Tuttle's stories of how he persuades his actors to act are vastly entertaining. Finally, he tells us, he has come to believe in the "music while you act" school of thought. Anything that will help create an illusion in the studio is, he says, worth trying.

The Canadian Authors have organized in a most efficient and determined fashion. Recently we picked up a sheaf of Montreal papers in which we found a grist of information. There are pictures of Ralph Connor and John Murray Gibbon, of Basil King, Stephen Leacock, Frank Packard, Robert Stead, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Robert W. Service, Onoto Watanna, Sir Gilbert Parker, and at least fifty more. Says an illuminating editorial:

> . . . If you get down to the fundamental nature of most Englishmen, you will find that they do not believe in book learning. They are apt to suspect all theories, philosophical or otherwise. . . . It is to be feared that the public is very insufficiently informed about good books. There are many buyers of books who need enlightenment. The Canadian Authors' Association are deserving of heartiest support in their well-intentioned efforts to bring Canadian writers more and more before the Canadian reading and book-buying public. Mr. Gibbon, its president, has performed herculean work to make the Canadian Authors' Association a success, and has labored consistently and earnestly towards this very desirable end. There is always room for good Canadian books, and always a sale for the literary output of Canadian writers. We bespeak, therefore, a hearty support for the Canadian authors' book week in their self-imposed, though exceedingly commendable, efforts to widen the utility and circulation of good Canadian books.

Again, we care for only two poems, from the October magazines: "Avenel Gray" by Edwin Arlington Robinson in "Poetry" and "Refuge" by that most brilliant of the young poets, Hervey Allen, in "Contemporary Verse".

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